MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

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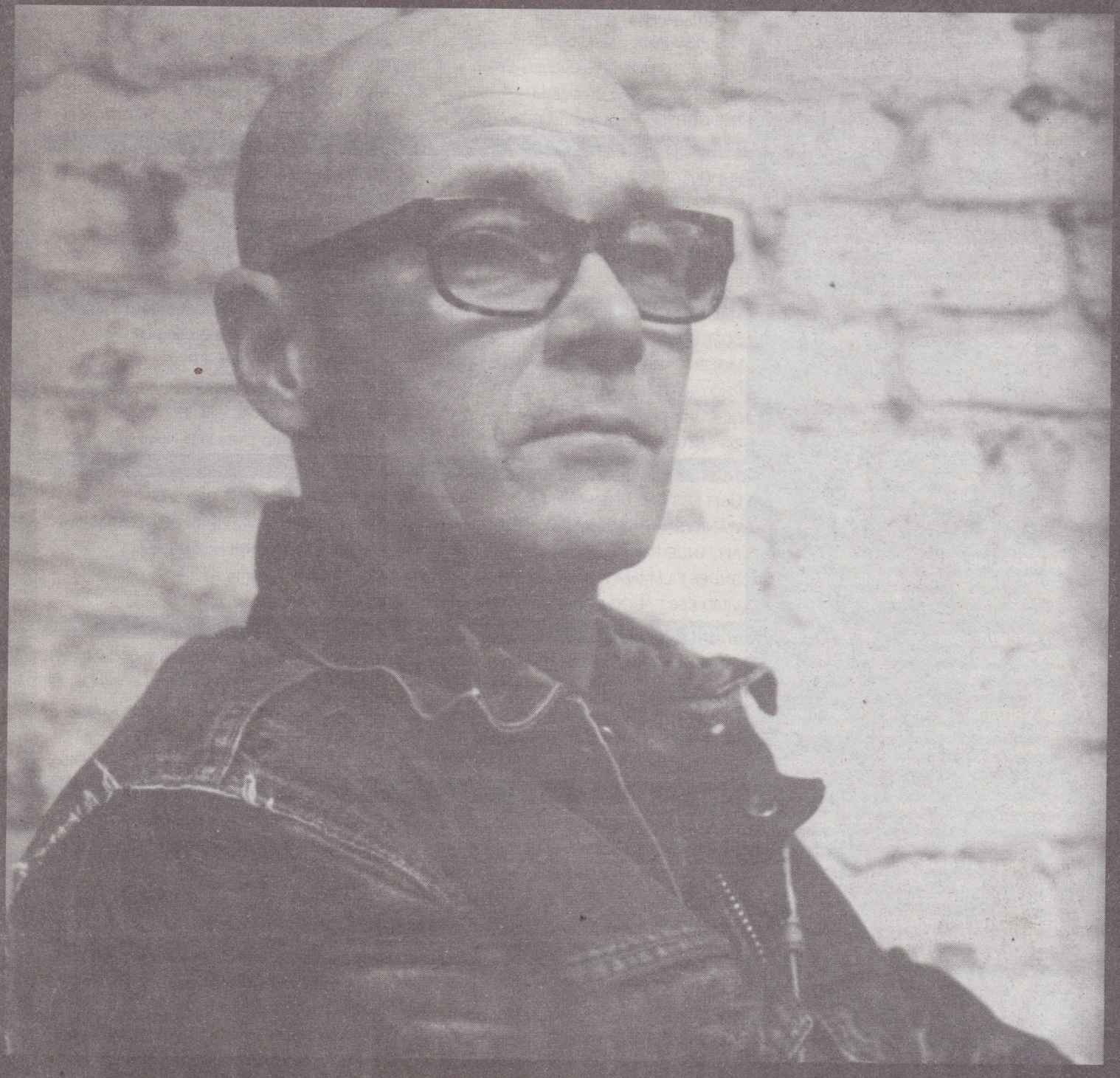

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
179-181, 184, 186-191, 195-197, 208-209, 214, 215, 218, 221-223, 225, 227, 229, 230, 233-236, 238-247, 249-251, 253-306, 308-320, 322-323

See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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1/6 page: (2.5" x 5") $33
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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

MARIAM BASTANI

- OS ESTUDANTES-Perdão-EP
- ASS PISS-Fuck off and Die-EP
- PROYECTO HOMBRE-Cuerpos-EP
- NÜ SENSAE-Three Dreams-EP
- THE CORPSE-Fight Against Rules-CD
- RED MASS-Too Many Parties/Kinda Funny-45
- ALLIANCE-Resonant Agiate-LP
- PUTAS MIERDAS-La Nacion Mas Pobre-EP
- NAZI DUST-EP / SPEED KILLS-demo
- ATTAKE DE NERVIOS / ACTS OF SEDITION-live

BRACE BELDEN

- SCHOOL JERKS-Decline-EP
- BUKKAKE BOYS-Elite-EP
- PROYECTO HOMBRE-Cuerpos-EP
- MIGRAINE-Premonitions-EP
- VOID-bootleg LP
- SLOBS-Memory Lapse-EP
- SCEPTRES-Flatline Generation/The Tow-45
- CHINESE RESTAURANTS-River of Shit-EP
- USELESS CHILDREN-Skin-EP
- TOTAL BS-live

TIM BROOKS

- SCEPTRES-Flatline Generation/The Tow-45
- VIOLENT ARREST-Minute Manifestos-CD
- PROYECTO HOMBRE-Cuerpos-EP
- DISKURZ-Repelent-Ep
- OS ESTUDANTES-Perdão-EP
- DEFECT DEFECT-Stolen Ground-LP
- MIGRAINE-Premonitions-EP
- CATBURGLARS-Banger-LP
- ESKORBUTO-Maldito Pais-EP
- STUN GUNS-And There Was Nothing...-LP

ROBERT COLLINS

- USELESS CHILDREN-Skin-EP
- WANKYS-Weapons of Musical Destruction-8"
- ALLIANCE-Resonant Agiate-LP
- SNUFF FILM-tape / PROYECTO HOMBRE-EP
- VIVID SECT / BOG PEOPLE-split tape and live
- LAMPS-EP / BUKKAKE BOYS-EP
- KRUEL / RAYOS X / ATTAKE DE NERVIOS-live
- ANATOMI 71-Mot Nya Höjder-LP
- SEX PRISONER-demo
- VIOLENT RAMP-tape

DOUGIE

- CATBURGLARS-Banger-LP
- CRIME AND THE TIMES-Arrears-EP
- CYANIDE PILLS-Break It Up-EP
- SCEPTRES-Flatline Generation/The Tow-45
- NOTHING PEOPLE-Soft Crash-LP
- BARE WIRES-Young Love/Keep Your Cool-45
- STEPHAN & THE PROBLEMATICS-In the City-EP
- GLITTER WIZARD-Black Lotus/Witch's Limbo-45
- DEFECT DEFECT-Stolen Ground-LP
- RED MASS-Too Many Parties/Kinda Funny-45

LAYLA GIBBON

- PROYECTO HOMBRE-Cuerpos-EP
- NÜ SENSAE-Three Dreams-EP
- SCEPTRES-Flatline Generation/The Tow-45
- VOID-bootleg LP
- POLLUTION-Nasty DNA-12" / NAZI DUST-EP
- WILD BILLY CHILDISH & THE MBE-12"
- BUKKAKE BOYS-EP / ROTSHIT-EP
- DISKURZ-Repelent-EP
- CREATURAS-tape / OS ESTUDANTES-EP
- AEROSOLS-LP / ASSPISS-EP

BOB GOLDIE

- BUKKAKE BOYS-Elite-EP
- NOWHERE FAST-No Escape-EP
- DEFECT DEFECT-Stolen Ground-LP
- L'AMICO DI MARTUCCI-2002-LP
- ESKORBUTO-Maldito Pais-EP
- THURNEMAN-Tegelsten För Tegelsten-EP
- TOTAL WRECK-Repition-EP
- CYANIDE PILLS-Break It Up-EP
- VARSITY WEIRDOS-Can't Go Home-LP
- MK ULTRA-Discography 2x LP

KENNY KAOS

- JOLTS-Kaminari Lover/Loser (Baby I'm a)-45
- LOS VIGILANTES-Mi Mami Dijo/Que Mal-45
- SONIC AVENUES-Hiding from You-LP
- PINK SEXIES-Bye Bye Zombie (baby)-LP
- BARE WIRES-Young Love/Keep Your Cool-45
- STEPHAN & THE PROBLEMATICS-In the City-EP
- CYANIDE PILLS-Break It Up-EP
- RADIO REELERS-Too Dumb to Quit-EP
- ATOMIC SUPLEX-Rock & Roll Must Die-EP
- ESKORBUTO-Maldito Pais-EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

CAROLYN KEDDY

- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-Rush...-CD
- COATHANGERS-Scramble-LP
- JAMES ARTHUR-LP and 45
- THE STICKS-On the Run-2xEP
- NOTHING PEOPLE-Soft Crash-LP
- WILD BILLY CHILDISH & THE MBE-12"
- MEGACOOLS-Introducing the Fun Police-LP
- VERMIN POETS-Vermin Poets-EP
- GLITTER WIZARD-Black Lotus/Witch's Limbo-45
- CHINESE RESTAURANTS-River of Shit-EP

RAY LUJAN

- SONIC AVENUES-Hiding from you-LP
- CYANIDE PILLS-Break It Up-EP
- PINK NOISE-Birdland-LP
- DEFECT DEFECT-Stolen Ground-LP
- SIGNALS-Too Modern World-EP
- HATEFUL-Killbowie Road-LP
- THE DESPENSED-Bury Your Heart-CD
- OBSESSORS-CD / THE GREAT ST.LOUIS-CD
- DIRTY FILTHY MUGS-All Yobs In-CD
- THE WONDER YEARS-CD / A GOOD DEED-CD

MARK MURRMANN

- ESKORBUTO-Maldito Pais-EP
- GERMAN MEASLES-Color Vibrations/I...-45
- JAMES ARTHUR-ManTT/Baby Blue-45
- ROT SHIT-Dead-EP
- DEFECT DEFECT-Stolen Ground-LP
- RED MASS-Too Many Parties/Kinda Funny-45
- BUKKAKE BOYS-Elite-EP
- GLITTER WIZARD-Black Lotus/Witch's Limbo-45
- CHINESE BURNS-Can Dig-EP
- APACHE DROPOUT-Do the Splendid Crown-45

BRUCE ROEHRS

"Everywhere working class men and women continue their struggle..."
RIP Bruce Roehrs 1950-2010

KEN SANDERSON

- ALLIANCE-Resonant Agiate-LP
- FEAR OF TOMORROW-No Fucking Future...-EP
- LOBOTOMIA-Extincaõ-LP
- TOTAL WRECK-Repetition-EP
- ANATOMI 71-Mot Nya Höjder-LP
- THURNEMAN-Tegelsten För Tegelsten-EP
- DIOS MIO/BRING THAT SHIT-split-EP
- SLUTTY CHURCH CHIXXX-God Bless...-EP
- UNHAIM-EP / PUTAS MIERDAS-EP
- MK ULTRA-Discography 2xLP

FRED SCHRUNK

- SHELLSHAG-Rumors in Disguise-LP
- DEFECT DEFECT-Stolen Ground-LP
- DISKURZ-Repelent-EP
- NÜ SENSAE-Three Dreams-EP
- STUN GUNS-And There Was Nothing...-LP
- PURPLE RHINESTONE EAGLE-Amorum Tali-LP
- MEGACOOLS-Introducing the Fun Police-LP
- KITTEN FOREVER-Magical Realism-EP
- PUTAS MIERDAS-La Nacion Mas Pobre-EP
- RAYOS X-live

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- WANKYS-Weapons of Musical Destruction-8"
- DISKURZ-Repelent-EP
- SCHOOL JERKS-Decline-EP
- PROYECTO HOMBRE-Cuerpos-EP
- SCEPTRES-Flatline Generation/The Tow-45
- SLOBS-Memory Lapse-EP
- PUTAS MIERDAS-La Nacion Mas Pobre-EP
- ESKORBUTO-Maldito Pais-EP
- MIGRAINE-Premonitions-EP
- BUKKAKE BOYS-Elite-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Mountza #4*
- *Tuff Town #2*
- *Middle Finger Response #1*
- *Slice Harvester*
- *Hoptic Times #3*
- *Counterfeit Garbage / Distort split*
- *I Was a Teenage Zombie #3 + #3.5*
- *Artcore #26*
- *Violins Aren't Punk*
- *Occupied Californian*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality."

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene. What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chrönics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Voetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, 1 Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, 1 Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla. Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories, Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kykloooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens, Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown, Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue, with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids, Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault, Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#320/January '10. MRR Top Ten of the Decade, D-Clone, Broken Water, Complications, Control, Ian Glasper (*The Day the Country Died/Burning Britain*)

#321/February '10. Photo Issue. SOLD OUT!!! Sorry...

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

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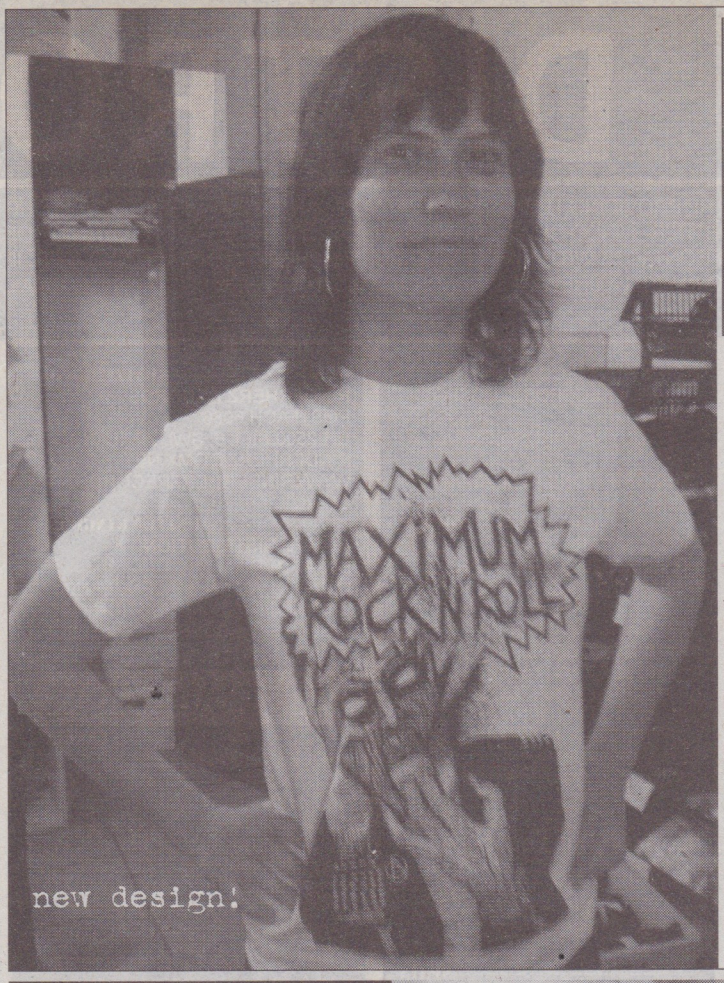

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LETTERS

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Dear Maximum—

I can't believe I've been reading this grubby rag for 25 years! And writing for it for ten and this is the first letter I've written! So I'm writing about your killer radio show... love that shit! The other week Hot Dog played a Skrewdriver song, which ruffled some feathers round these parts. You know what? I don't really give a fuck, I listen to Skrewdriver, GG Allin, Whitehouse....whatever the fuck, I don't care. I have made up my mind and am happy with where my politics stand. Folks have started dragging out White Power records 'cos they think they are "good" or to piss off the Commies here at the compound. Fine. Whatever. Yawn. The song was from the band's pre-White Power days (the band actually split for three years after the LP *All Skrewed Up* and returned in 1983 with the new Nazi incarnation)... so technically the song that was played had nothing to do with the later band at all (except in name).

Thought I'd give folks a rundown on the band just in case there's kids out there who don't know. It's rare that bands have a real political agenda. I mean bands ape the same tired sentiments whether it be "Fuck the Government" or "White Power." There's no meat behind it, it's just words y'know? Posturing? *Bullshit*. Skrewdriver (and their singer Ian Stuart in particular) had a real agenda and actually did something about it. Apart from organizing gigs with a bunch of shit bonehead bands in the woods up North, that were little more than a fly on the buttocks of the Anti Fascist movement, Stuart was also involved in a bunch of more sinister moves. He was instrumental in the Rock against Communist movement, as well as Blood And Honor (kind of the music wing of the National Front—England's extreme right wing political party). His band also had close ties with Combat 18 who were the violent Nazi enforcers on the National Front and Blood and Honor; their name is derived from Adolf Hitler's initials and their logo was an SS skull. The group was responsible for many violent attacks on immigrants (Stuart himself was jailed for one such attack).

They brought out a magazine called *Redwatch*, where they highlighted their left wing political opponents. In fact my friend Jono was on the cover with a "Wanted; Dead Or Alive" picture after he was photographed throwing stones at the BNP headquarters (the British National Party took over from the National Front). Blood And Honor were also linked with the KKK and Loyalist Paramilitaries in Northern Ireland (in fact one of the most well known Loyalist UVF killers Johnny "Mad Dog" Adair famously stayed with Combat 18 members after being expelled from Belfast). Luckily, Stuart died in a car crash in 1993 (making a left turn....guffaw guffaw), and the White Power movement being a bit short on braincells and movers and shakers has been unable to replace him with anyone who can rally the troops the same way he did. As I said, I don't give a fuck. I like Crass. I can listen to Skrewdriver. I think it's important to know the context of a band with as much mystique and controversy. I think it's *Maximum's* duty to keep people informed y'know??. It's always better to know and understand your enemies. Fuck Nazis.

—Tim

Dear MRR—

I'm so sick of this attitude that XYosefX typifies in his review of the Expendable Youth EP in April's *MRR*. You know what I'm talking about—the trend of barely thirties jaded "punk" attitude that these "old" punks like to spout. Like being involved with punk or political activism for ten years or so automatically gives you the right to ridicule *anyone* who still has that "youthful" idealism that you once had. Being close to 40 myself, I'm fed up with punx who have not only turned their backs on what they believed when they were 25 (vegetarianism, leftist politics, activism, etc), but then go on to make fun of younger punks who still have that political idealism. They may be naive to a certain extent, but what would you rather hear a band sing about, how war and capitalism is bad, or how a woman looks better with "something" in her mouth (a la Nickelback).

As punks get older, we may lose that sense of political urgency, or maybe not, maybe it's just that most of us learn to take things as they come, and pick our battles. I don't give a shit if you are some apathetic, jaded "old" punk, but to criticize the same beliefs you had five or ten years ago makes you a hypocrite. Period.

—Jordan

Dear MRR—

After reading the Tea Party rantings of Really Red's John Paul Williams in *MRR* #323, I was tempted to write my own screed about what seems to me a proliferation of oppressive and right-wing views in recent issues.

Then I read Layla's review of the zine *Endless Disappointment*, and her words expressed my own opinion of Williams very well: "I am sure there are a million angry old men in sports bars across the continent who share his opinions of fags and women, and it's always kind of mysterious to me why dudes like this get into punk when their views are so obviously reflected in mainstream culture." Add people of color and radicals to the list of hates and you have Williams in a nutshell.

I understand and appreciate *MRR*'s editorial stance of not censoring the opinions of interviewees, but I can't say I understand the reasoning behind accepting and printing stuff like the John Paul Williams interview or a praiseworthy review for an immigrant-bashing (frankly, white power) band. I'm used to being pissed off by the views expressed in *MRR*. But that's being pissed off with the opinions of folks who consider themselves involved with punk as a radical and emancipatory project, however they choose to define that. A dialogue, you might say, among people trying to travel the same road.

Now I'm coming away pissed off in a different way, one that makes me question whether I really want to pick up the next issue and be bashed over the head again by a zine that I've come to expect better from. From the columns in this issue and the last, it's clear that this is a big transition time at *MRR*. Maybe these are just speed bumps on the road. I hope so. But I respect you and *MRR* too much not to express my concern.

Sincerely,

—Greg Butterfield

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You are right that there is a transition in this magazine, but it's definitely not in the direction that you seem to be insinuating. I do agree that some of the views expressed in MRR are pretty much the complete opposite of our own opinions,

which is definitely the case with the John Paul Williams interview. With that said, I guess I should explain that I personally do not believe in censorship, but nor do I agree with surrounding myself with a punk community that thinks and acts just like me. In reality, I don't have a choice. Punk is mostly white and male. I am neither. While I have many friends who fit this description, I can safely say that they would agree that times have changed in the scene, and that the company we keep as punks is not afraid to get into dialogue about any issues. It's called restorative justice.

This trend that you seems to see in MRR does not exist in a vacuum and I don't know where you get your information from about various punk scenes around the globe, but these disturbing attitudes are a trend in punk all over. Check out message boards where people are "outing" rape victims or where people sit comfortably behind their computers using racial slurs. It is a slippery slope to print interviews that give a platform to fucked up racist and sexist views, but personally, I would rather have it out in the open. Keeping the happy status quo in the punk scene and only turning our "fight" outward to society is irresponsible, because there are plenty of problems right here and now. If you are pissed off, good, because as you seem to know, and I hope others do too, many punks do not have the luxury of "choosing" whether to engage in these dialogues, these are very real and ever present conflicts people have to deal with every day.

The punk world seems to have degraded into mythical camps of "PC" vs. non-"PC." I have friends in both camps, but they would never shy away from the discussion. Until people are ready to talk about these crazed ideas and shitty behaviors one on one and in an environment that isn't necessarily comfortable for them (not behind a computer), MRR will reflect the attitudes in punk, with discretion, whether we agree with them or not. I agree that these attitudes and behaviors cause damage, but sooner or later, everyone is going to have to answer for the stupid shit they have said or done, whether it's with words or fists. MRR will be most happy to give them a place to expound the words portion of that, but until then, it's time to smoke them out.

I appreciate you letter and hope it's the beginning of a continued discussion.
—Mariam

Obviously as coordinators of this magazine, Mariam and me choose what content runs, and who we give a platform to, and to be honest we decided to run that John Paul Williams interview because it was so ridiculous and wing-nutty. Well, that along with the fact that it was interesting reading his perspective on that era of TX punk, and his own family and background. But his tea party attacks, which are a very real part of the American cultural currency now—do those have a place in MRR? We obviously would not run a guest column from someone with that perspective, but we had a lot of internal debate here about running that interview, and in the end decided that while his rants clearly do not reflect our own perspectives, we respect our reader's intelligence enough to allow them to come to their own conclusions about what they read in the magazine. As the editor I often am conflicted about running content that I find offensive. I don't mean content that I disagree with—there's a lot of that in the magazine... Last month's George Tabb column created a lot of similar debate, it was a pretty ridiculous read, and yeah it was the April Fool's issue... But how different was it from his usual schtick?

Every time we get a letter like this I feel like I trot out a response along the lines that there have always been a multitude of voices in MRR, representing all different types of punk, from feminist through to bar rockin' creep. But it's difficult because I understand how alienating it is to pick up this magazine and feel like it's not for you because of misogynistic, racist, homophobic content, I often felt the same way about it as a teenage feminist punk reader. I try and counter the things I find alienating and depressing with writers and bands that represent other aspects of punk that me and my friends feel more represented by. Is that enough? Bear in mind that the magazine also gets written off as the "PC" police by certain other aspects of the punk scene. Whatever we do will be seen as a cop out by someone, but it's good to have these discussions, about what we want and expect from punk, and from MRR.
—Layla

[redacted]

Dear MRR—
I don't know if you guys have a spot where you put "Corrections" or not... but in a previous issue there was an interview with Pink Reason where he said that a girl told him that she had an orgasm from listening to Pink Reason while on mushrooms. I would appreciate if you put a correction saying that the music of Pink Reason has never actually given a girl an orgasm. Thanks!!
—Tina

[redacted]

Dear MRR and Punks in General—
There's been a lota talk of "all the punks" meeting somewhere. St Louis worked, and someone said New Orleans for 2010. But what about all of us in Europe?? It's hard as shit to get to the states so let's try and do something like that over in Europe. I say we do all the punks meet on the 5th of May, 2010 on the Isola Triberina in Rome, which is the smallest inhabited island in the world.
OK, I'm gonna go drink a buncha sambucha now.
See you in Roma!
—David Hale

SIX TWO FIVE

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Crazed 1000mph German fastcore!

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - COLL CD
Long awaited CD of TX Prog-violence

V/A-Bay Area Thrash Detonation
3rd CD comp of NorCal fastcore

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Split 12"LP-anthemic angry post-punk

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Debut-650/Bay Area Blasting Fastcore

INSECT WARFARE - 1-Sided 12"LP
Crazed-noise-blast.The last recordin

SFN - New EP
Midwest powerviolence-the new generation

GET DESTROYED! - Last EP
The final recording of this AZ blast-unit

INFANTICIDE - EP
Straight-forward,no-BS Swedish grind

FLIPOUT AxAx - Flipout CD
Classic Tokyo HC/Thrash-punk.Ex-LIE

DISCARGA - 3rd CD
NEW! 18-songs of highspeed thrash

RUNNING FOR COVER - LP
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Punishing HC ala RINWORM, X-SHANK

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Cult,all female thrash from Brazil

AGENTS OF ABHORRANCE - CD
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CHARM/UG MAN-Split LP:Tokyo thrashcore
CRUCIAL SECTION/HIT ME BACK-EP:Int'l HC
KUNGFU RICK - Disco 2xCD:Insane grind/HC
IRON LUNG/SHANK LP/CD-Audio Brutality
BREAKFAST 2nd LP:Tokyo skate-thrash
SECOND OPINION - CD High Energy thrash
BARBARIC THRASH CD COMPS:Euro,CaliComps
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SHANK-LP/CD: 1000mph power violence
MACHINEGUN ROMANTICS-CD: TX fastcore
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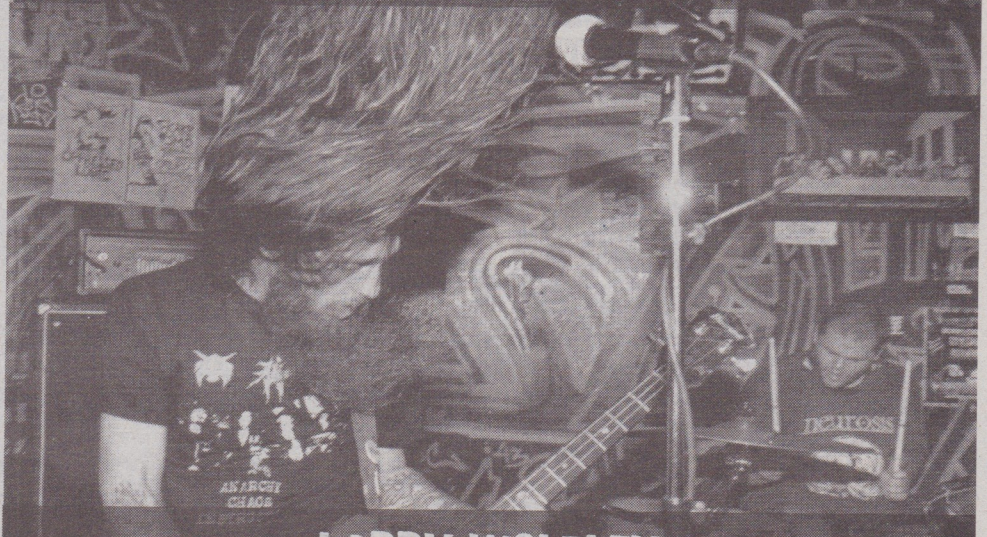

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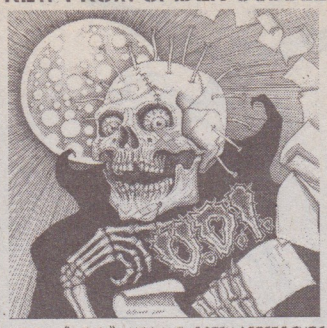

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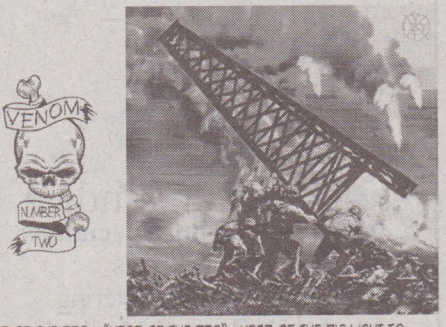

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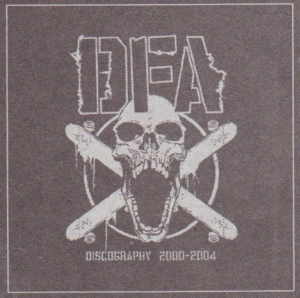
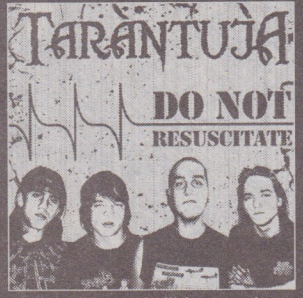


Discography 2000-2004 CD

An early years collection, featuring twenty-nine tracks of 'outta print' Canadian thrash from their split EPs, both LPs, plus unreleased material!! For fans of *DRI + Municipal Waste*.

Tarantuja *(tə-ran-tü-yä)*



Do Not Resuscitate CD/LP

This ten song tsunami will drown you in a wave of face-melting guitars, ripping drums and dual screaming!! An absolute thrash-ter-piece!! For fans of *Accused, Tank + Suicidal Tendancies*.

Lautsturmer *(Loud Stormer)*

Depopulator CD/LP

A twelve track D-Beat earthquake, featuring members of *Driller Killer* that'll make your teeth drop like flies as you scream for more!! For fans of *Anti Cimex, Motorhead + Mob 47*.

Disrupt

Disrupt DEAD 4xLP

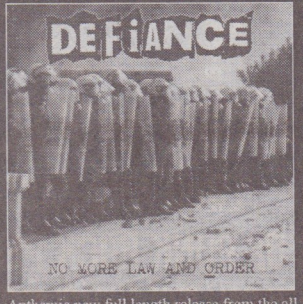
Disrupt's *Disrupt Dead* CD boxset released by *Relapse Records* will soon be pressed on vinyl!! This monstrosity will contain *Unrest, The Rest, Self Titled 12"* and a huge booklet w/ poster!!

Toxic Holocaust / Inepsy

Split 12" EP

Toxic wax containing radioactive material from both bands playing cover songs of one another!! Limited pressing!! Split release w/ *Tank Crimes*.

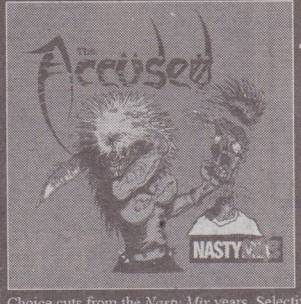
Defiance



No More Law and Order CD/LP

Anthemic new full length release from the all-stars of PDX punk, fortified w/ Kelly back on bass + second guitarist Hopper from *Hellshock!!*

The Accused



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Choice cuts from the *Nasty Mix* years. Selectively chosen bloak-soaked splatter from *Straight Razor, Grimmtng Like An Undertaker* and *Splatter Rock*!!

The Accused

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COLUMNS

TRUE TO YOURSELF

Fuck yes! Rock'n'Roll Disgrace has released a great LP by Sydney, Australia's T.H.U.G.!! This melodic Oi! demolition crew harnesses the sing-along punk'n'Oi! spirit of the COCKNEY REJECTS or the 4-SKINS circa 1979!! The guitars chug along with the vocals working on top in a perfect manner! The name T.H.U.G. has some powerful connotations. The British colonials borrowed the word "thug" from the Hindi word "thug" which means "con-man." The word has roots in the Hindi word "thag" (thief) and from the Sanskrit word "sthaga" meaning a cunning, sly scoundrel. Enough about the name – this is one of the best LPs to grace the chambers of *Maximum Rocknroll* in many a moon! Every song is catchy as fuck! Some of the killer tracks on this fine disc are: "Now's The Time," "Rabbit On," "One Man's War," "Gunnin' 4 U," "69," "Going Down" and "We Rule OK." Side A starts off with "Never give up, never back down—Never run from anyone." Song two on side A is a great skinhead anthem called "Going Down," with some well placed keyboards and a great slide guitar player that might remind you of the multi-talented guitar playing in ROSE TATTOO during the halcyon days of "Rock'n'Roll Outlaw." You are even treated to guest vocals on this track by Mr. Angry Anderson from the aforementioned ROSE TATTOO! One skinhead ballad that sticks in your head is the melodic Oi! chant "69". The words are optimistic: "Don't worry about '69 / Everyone will think you're mad / You've got the future in your hand / All you have to do is reach down and grab it." Another really infectious song is entitled "Gunnin' 4 U:" "All around now / I'm looking for you / Watch your back / I'm coming for you / We were friends for thirty years / Now you stab me in the back / That's the day you cut out my heart / Now I want it back / We fought our way to the top when we were just boys / Then you threw it all away…" Fuck! That's great rock'n'roll with bittersweet intelligent lyrics. Throughout this eleven-song skinhead album the lyrics ring true—the guitars punctuate the phrases and the vocals are right on the money! This Oi! group has resurrected the superior street-rock of a by-gone era and made it current and applicable to skinhead life today—in Australia, in England, in the USA. Everywhere working-class men and women continue their struggle!

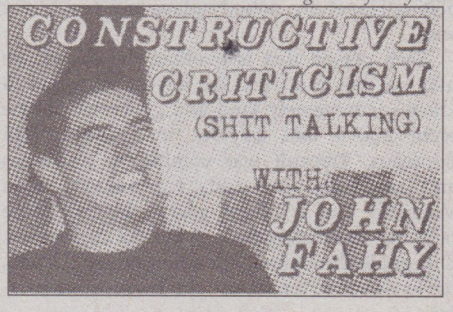
The other essential record from Rock'n'Roll Disgrace this month is the four-song EP by BATTLE RUINS. This is hard-edged American Oi! with all the necessary skinhead credentials in place!

Sadly, this was the last column begun by Bruce before he passed away peacefully in his home on March 17th… Obviously it is unfinished, but I can confidently say that he loved the BATTLE RUINS EP and would have had great things to say about it. I'm sure I'm not the only person in and around the MRR office that heard him praise it and play it at full volume for anyone who would listen to it!!

As the transcriber, or perhaps more of a "translator" of his column over the past two years, I had many moments of admiration (for his enthusiasm), inspiration (by his never-ending quest for discovering new bands), frustration (in deciphering his self-proclaimed chicken-scratch hand-writing), misery (of meeting deadlines) and above all else, complete and total respect for this man so completely committed to and passionate for rock'n'roll music!! As most of you who read his column know, Bruce always titled his columns, usually with a phrase relevant to his column. This month, he had not had the chance to do so, so I boldly took that responsibility and titled this column for him. I chose the title of a song by COCKSPARRER from their most recent album, Here We Stand *as I see that as being a very suitable farewell to this iconic man… One week from today, the day of his passing, Bruce was to board a plane with a group of us going to London to witness the first COCKSPARRER show in London in nearly 20 years. That was how passionate and committed he was—to make a pilgrimage to witness COCKSPARRER's long-awaited homecoming. To top that off, he had plans to see THE WHO at the Royal Albert Hall a few days later!! Keep in mind that this is a man who had already seen THE WHO perform live in their prime, complete with Keith Moon on drums, yet he still felt compelled to see them play in London, England!!*

Now back to COCKSPARRER… and that song "True To Yourself". I'm sure that many of you who read Bruce's column have also noticed that Bruce included a LOT of lyrics in his column, and as much as he liked to joke about how that was the only way he could fill enough space in the magazine, the lyrics were a very, very important element of the music to Bruce. He always took pride in what he wrote and his hopes were that people would really take to heart the messages that were being expressed in the music. I know that he absolutely LOVED not only COCKSPARRER, but their newest album "Stand Your Ground" in particular, and amongst the notable songs that he would rave about, "True To Yourself" was one of them. And in true Bruce Roehrs fashion, please read these poignant words: "Break out – Do what you wanna do / Find out – Who is the real you / Shout it out – I'll do it my own way / Always be true to you / Always be true to yourself." I could continue to write on and on about so many memories and good times spent with Bruce, but time and space will be limited with all the other submissions that will no doubt be pouring in to MRR as I type. But it is with those lyrics that I feel that "True To Yourself" is an entirely appropriate title for the man who truly did what he wanted to do, was the real deal and did it his own way!

Farewell Bruce… Forever at that bar—have a drink with Joey, Johnny, Janis, Keith, Bon and all those other rock'n'rollers that have gone before you!!



THE SHAME AND HUMILIATION OF AMERICAN BANDS TOURING EUROPE

Conclusion

Merkit tour in Europe thus far: One show in the squatted former Italian Communist Youth HQ outside Pisa, the next day we perform and humiliate ourselves in a field near Bergamo, Italy. Bordeaux, France is followed by Trier, Germany, and finally the massive stone mansion outside Frankfurt amazes us completely.

Our next stop is Versmold, Germany. We are playing in a wood shed behind the house of Lars of React With Protest Records. The house is seemingly in the middle of nowhere. Where people will be coming from to see the show, I have no idea. Lars' house is surrounded by beautiful countryside and directly behind it, is a Wheatfield. None of us have ever seen such a picturesque thing in our lives. We go out on his balcony and stare while he and Sabine fix us a meal.

Lars used to play in a band called Arsen, and now has started a band with his wife, Sabine, and some friends called Resurrectionists. Lars puts out a lot of screamo on his record label, but at home, he seems to listen to nothing but furious grindcore. He seems totally disaffected and bored with everything we say, completely fulfilling the stereotype of Germans made famous by Mike Myers' *Sprockets* sketch on *Saturday Night Live*. The patches adorning his jacket scream militant straight edge and vegan principles and he

doesn't seem to be interested in much else than pounding one non-alcoholic beer after another, cases of which line the staircase inside the house.

Some people do turn up and we play in the shed and it's a lot of fun. Lars mumbles some words of approval to bandmate Nevin after we play. We sleep extremely cozy in the playroom of his two children (Pictures in the house have the kids—three to six years of age—wearing patched-out hoodies while on tour with their parents. Pretty cool). When we wake up at eight am, Lars is blasting evil-sounding German grindcore yet again, while cooking us breakfast. We sit at the table and wait for our food and notice that Lars has all kinds of awesome vegan accommodations, like faux whipped cream and vegan nutella. Someone asks Lars if listening to grind in the morning makes him angry. Continually disaffected, he replies, "Only pop makes me aggressive."

We head to Lars' label office over his dad's house and buy some records before bidding him farewell and heading to Berlin. Lars left me feeling pretty cold, as hospitable as he was, but I misjudged him like I did our Euro-tour host, Iacopo. When we returned to the states afterward, Lars asked us to do a split record with Resurrectionists. He is booking our tour this summer and will join us as a host like Iacopo did before. Hopefully, nobody plays any pop in the van.

Each person that is booking the shows we play on this tour—that we have time to get to know—is extremely kind and generous. Sabine went above and beyond in Frankfurt. In Bordeaux, Tibeault was completely courteous and Lars, scary vibes aside, was tremendous in Versmold. This is a huge part of the experience of being completely floored by touring Europe. Our guide throughout the tour, though, Iacopo, never ceased to amaze us with his sense of courtesy.

After playing Berlin, we are taken to stay in a damp squat across the street from the venue where we have to find our beds and the bathroom by candlelight. Fortunately, as soon as we get close to the beds with our candles, the swarm of roaches covering them quickly scatter. There is some issue brought up about having enough sleeping bags and immediately Iacopo offers to sleep in the van and we have to fight to get him to stay. Roaches aside, this setup was much more comfortable than our smelly van. Iacopo would constantly put himself out for the sake of our comfort or convenience and defer to us again and again when we asked him what he'd like to do. Whenever we would approach him with different scenarios like, should-we-drive-or-sleep-now, he would pause and look thoughtful for a few moments before replying with his Italian accent, "For me, is the same. As you prefer."

I wake up in the squat the next day, sick and full of mucus. Bandmate Joe, listening to me breathe during our waking moments, is disgusted. Even though it's the middle of the summer, Germany can get pretty cold at night. We make our way to one of the best fucking record stores I've ever been to in my life, Bis Auf Messer. Robert, who also operates Adagio 830 Records, runs the store with some friends and while it's not very large, the selection is excellent and varied. I'm amped to pick up a Loser Life record that a German label released and get a bunch of silkscreened posters from the Neil Burke/Sam McPheeters art show the record store had had a few months previously. Robert is a fucking stellar guy so he hooks us up like crazy while we are there.

Our last show is in Austria, in a town called Leitersdorf. Really, the show is not in the town at all. It is yet again, basically in the middle of farm country outside of the town. This time, unlike in Italy, we are not simply playing on a stage in a field. In the middle of these fields (beautiful countryside that brings Ricola commercials to mind), a middle-aged man whom we meet upon arrival has renovated a small, old railroad station into a house. Next to this house, he has built a very-decent-sized venue with a large bar. Speaking with a Schwarzeneggarian accent, he tells us while holding his hands up emphatically, that, "*I wanted music to come to Leitersdorf, so I built this place!*"

When we show up, we're late and so we have to play immediately. The show is actually another fest like the one in Italy, and here we meet again with our Italian friends in Magdalene. The last they saw me, I was dancing on a table and making a buffoon of myself, so I try to avoid eye contact for a bit. Kids at this show are really into it and are having a great time. As soon as the live music stops, the DJ begins. This again, lasts well into the early hours and once again, my friends and I dance like fools and drink lots of free beer. I stay up, drunk and sick, but still having a great time. The music never stops. I attempt to sleep on the floor of the venue as far away from it as I can.

We wake up the next day and the fest continues. Iacopo's band, Cotidie Mori play a set and it's great to see him getting crazy and not being a benevolent host for a few minutes. After this, we decide to make the fucking nightmare of a drive to the Pisa airport. We arrive very early, and once we gain entrance to the building, we immediately put our backpacks beneath our heads and try to sleep next to some garbage cans so as not to get trampled by traveler morons. Tourists take pictures of us. As loud as the fucking Pisa airport could be, I was out like a light. Iacopo, again out of the kindness of his heart, decides to wait with us all twelve hours until we can go through the security gates. I give him a warm goodbye and thank him for everything.

Touring Europe is nothing short of incredible. The only drawback to the experience is you think, "Do I deserve this?" It's hard to look at how (most) DIY operations in the states pale in comparison. The standard is simply not the same. I think this is kind of what Born Against were talking about in the song, "Poland." I felt a little ashamed to not be able to tell my new European friends to come tour stateside for fear that they'd be let down. I am, however, really grateful for the experience and I can't wait to head back.

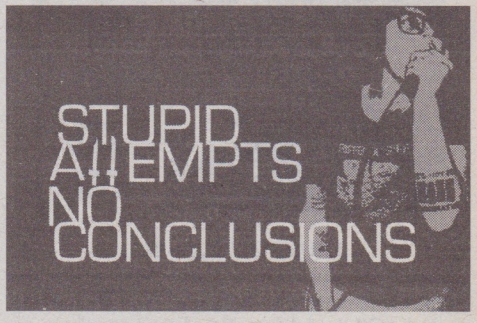
ENDNOTES:

1. Killer Records Dept: Got the four-song 12" EP from The Men from Brooklyn this week. Excellent sleazy punk riffs over non-stop battery. Listen to this and try not to bob your head incessantly.

2. Look out for some interviews I did elsewhere in the magazine. I've got some coming up with Pollution, Mehkago N.T. and Slavescene.

3. Nevin has some of the new Resurrectionists LPs that he helped release with Lars in stock. It is a fucking monster of a record. The immensely-heavy, sonic devastation sound that German (specifically Bremen) bands are famous for is carried on here, although with an A-side that brings to mind bands like Ampere, albeit with much more low end, grindcore elements and dueling male/female vocals. The B-side is a more atmospheric, dirgey jam. Excellent record.

4. Love getting mixtapes, love getting demos: John Fahy/15011 Lakeside View Dr./Apt. 2402/Fort Myers/FL/33919. fahy_john@hotmail.com. Panzram tapes are dwindling, but still a few left. Get a copy by sending five bucks ppd. to either address above.



I recently read a bio of my new band. It was weird. "Juls used to live in Vancouver and was in these bands and then moved to Newfoundland for work and started new bands." Nope! The truth is that I left Vancouver because of the impending Olympics. Additionally, I had burned too many bridges, mostly through complicated "non-monogamous" situations. Then I came to Newfoundland to visit a boy I liked and ended up staying. It's been fifteen months and here I am, still. In order to uphold my image of being a strong, feminist, punk woman or whatever, I will gloss over the mention of any boys and their involvement in my life, and go straight back to the Olympics.

The Olympics are fucked! I felt betrayed by my city when we voted to have them. Bern, Switzerland voted against hosting them—don't we know that Euros are always right? Anyway, after my house got raided three times in one weekend to pick up my casual-protestor-turned-librarian-nerd roommate, insisting there was an eight-year-old warrant out for his arrest (there wasn't, really), I got the fuck out. And while I was fucking watching *What Not to Wear* on graveyard shifts and arguing on the internet about bar shows versus all-ages shows, my friends back home were watching shit get real sucky.

Legs is 23, lives in the downtown Eastside, works in a hipster burrito joint, and plays in a pop-punk band.

Juls: When did it start feeling like shit started going down? Like, when did it feel like Vancouver was changing because of the Olympics?

Legs: I guess when I heard about UBC (University of British Columbia) professors, and other-well known activists against the Olympics, getting knocks on their doors from the cops and this creepy Integrated Security Unit run by VANOC, it started to sink in.

But it really didn't bother me until a couple

days in, when people started getting randomly picked up by cops, and when I had downtown errands to run and would get the stink eye from everyone for not dressing in red and white. Then it just became frustrating and sad. Also, with my friends and other people around me involved in show promoting, bar nights and stuff like that, it seemed to polarize, like either you didn't care and you'd attend these free Olympic shows, or bar nights, or you'd stay the fuck away at all costs.

Also my route to work, straight up Main St., started to become this gridlocked mess after they closed the viaducts (main routes to downtown), and everyday it was the same, angry bad drivers and sketchy lanes to ride in.

Juls: What's this Integrated Security Unit? And do you have any specific stories about people getting knocks on their doors?

Legs: VANOC's Integrated Security Unit is a special security force made up of RCMP, Canadian Armed Forces, and the VPD. They were created specifically in 2003 for the Olympic Games.

Chris Shaw, a professor at UBC and an open anti-Olympic activist, had his ex-wife and friends approached and interrogated about his "plans" for 2010. He was also stopped while driving past the police station in Vancouver, by an unmarked car, and asked to present identification from him and his three passengers. He was also stopped at Heathrow airport when he went to give a talk in London, and was grilled and interrogated for hours by British officials.

Juls: Woah, weird. So what were these free Olympic bar nights? And poseurs actually went to them?!

Legs: They had all these areas called like, LiveCity Yaletown, LiveCity Downtown, etc, where there would be free concerts. Shitty music like Nelly Furtado, Billy Talent, Barenaked Ladies, etc. Wilco played though, I don't mind Wilco. And the local bars, like the Astoria, were put on some sort of Olympic Night Life maps, so you'd go out to see a local band and find yourself in the longest beer line-up of your life, surrounded by douchebags in flag capes and face paint. And those big stupid hats.

Juls: What big stupid hats? I've watched zero Olympics coverage besides some riots online.

Legs: Like those weed hats that hippies wear at 420 parties, except with Canadian maple leafs. The tall Dr. Seuss hats.

The coverage on Youtube of the Heart Attack 2010 action on Feb. 13th is pretty extensive. There's some crazy displays of police brutality. The best is the footage of the guy who gets taken down by a cop, gets out of the hold, and just walks back through the line, super calm like. You should also check out olympictentvillage.wordpress.com for news on the tent city.

Juls: No! This is an interview, not a research project. What the fuck is the Olympic Tent Village? Who lives there? How did you get involved? How are you involved?

Legs: The Olympic Tent Village is an ongoing squatter occupation at 58 W. Hastings St. There was a protest on the 15th, I wasn't there, but people marched over to this vacant lot, cut the locks and moved in. PIVOT, a non profit legal advocacy organization in the DTES, supplied all these red tents that say Homes For All, and Housing is a Right.

I just heard about it the day after, and ran into Besh and her sister and they were like, "We're gonna go build some shit at Tent City," and I was like, "Let me go home and change out of my dress and I'll come help you guys." Then we built a platform out of plywood, set up a tent, and I ended up staying the night. I haven't stayed another night, I was outta town and now it seems all I do is work and stress about school. It's rad though, there's a kitchen tent, a medic tent, and last I heard they were planting a garden.

Juls: So how's the Olympic Tent village now that the Olympics are over? How is the whole city now that the Olympics are over?

Leggs: The Tent Village is gone as far as I know. I haven't been down there for a while. I heard that after the two-week celebration, there ending up being some riot cops and cop dogs down there which is pretty scary, but I don't think anything went down. But as a direct result of the Tent Village, 41 people who were residents got supportive housing in the DTES! Which is crazy and I feel like shit like that never happens from actions like that. I didn't believe it.

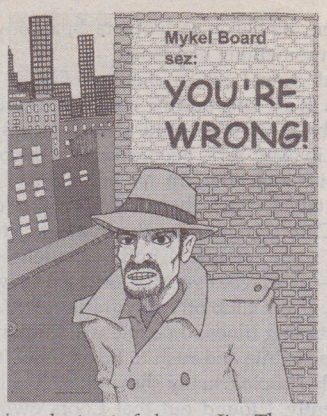
I honestly don't know about the city changing from the Olympics. I mean, the viaducts (that connect Downtown to East Vancouver) are reopened, so traffic is less crazy. I avoided downtown pretty much the whole time, except once when I had to go to the post office and it was crazy. I guess it was the second last day or something but everyone was lining up everywhere and the lines didn't seem to go anywhere.

I mean, I've always hated jock douchebags, and for a while it seemed like that was 80 percent of the city, but now most of them have gone back to Pitt Meadows, and Calgary, and Everett or something, so it feels OK to go outside again.

Juls: I mean, I hate jock douchbags as much as the next punk and/or reasonable human being, and traffic jams suck and mean higher gas consumption and drive people to hate humanity, but what was really pushing rioters to the point of rioting?

Legs: Well, that whole thing about BC having the highest child poverty rates in Canada, one of the poorest "postal codes" in North America, all these promises for social housing being ignored. Not to mention the one billion dollars they spent on security, cops on every corner, people being picked up off the street by police in a creepy kidnapping style. The blatant disregard of the general public if you were anything but gung-ho about the stupid games. Painstakingly long and crowded bus rides, roads being restricted, cops giving out tickets to cyclists for everything. Basically this city is fucked, the city planners don't know what they're doing, there's so much speculation that social housing is being bought up for "re-development" (gentrification) and then the developers go bankrupt and the 400-plus units of social housing stand vacant until they are torn down and the land serves as a temporary parking lot. This is what happened at Little Mountain with several blocks of social housing, up on Main and 33rd.

Vancouver is so hopped up on the idea of other people's money—foreign investment from China—that they don't give a shit about the people that live here, especially if you're not a seawall-rollerblading, downtown office working, cream-colored carpets kind of citizen.



A weed is a plant out of place. —Jim Thompson

I didn't think it was possible to catch Tourette's Syndrome, especially from a book. I was wrong. I'm reading *Motherless Brooklyn*, By Jonathan Lethem, it's fiction about a detective who barks, curses, twitches through a complicated plot about Buddhists and giant Polaks.

Now, I've got it. The syndrome, that is. Every time I pass an attractive person on the street I shout AAAAHOOOGAH! Like one of those cars from the 1920s. So far it hasn't got me punched. Hasn't got me laid either.

It could be my mood, though, not the syndrome.

Usually, I'm a jolly guy. Easily entertained. I enjoy the simple things in life... getting drunk, jerking off, taking a shit, being kidnapped in Albania. So how come I've been feeling so rotten lately?

It's not the politics. Dubya was as bad as Bambi.

It's not the age milestone. Just that I made it is cause for celebration, or at least amazement.

It's not the state of punkrock... In fact, sometime I'll write a column about the great state of punkrock in New York... especially the NEW SCUM scene.

I think I'm depressed by something I hinted at in an earlier column. Something you see in iTunes and Facebook. Maybe I'm barking at Twitter and Netflix. At the TV-sized screens in the local multiplex and the theater-sized screens in the apartment across the street.

Scene shift: Lefty Hooligan already complained about it. Now I will: I've got 764 friends on Facebook. What does it get me? Can I suck the squack from 764 vaginae? Can I wrap my rectum around 764 throbbing Vienna sausages? Can I ask 764 people to share my can of PBR? Sure I can. But will they show up?

For the past twelve years, I've had a group called Drink Club. It started with me and a couple Japanese students. We went to the same bar every Monday. Gradually, more people joined us, and we started moving. Then I saw *Fight Club.*

"Yow!" I thought, "That's us! Not Fight Club, but Drink Club!"

I made a website. All kinds of folks joined us. Once we had 35 people... from seven countries. Alcohol is the world's greatest social lubricant. Have a drink, talk, laugh. Have another drink. Music is good too. But if the music is good, it's hard to talk.

At the turn of the century, at least a dozen people joined us every week in our quest to discover new bars, cause trouble, slap each others'

shoulders, nibble on each others' buffalo wings.

Then something happened.

Right now I sit in Bamboo 52, in Hell's Kitchen. It's a long narrow affair. Up-front is the bar. In back are tables and a waitress. As is the fashion in New York, people stand at the bar trying to pick each other up. No one sits. So I snag a couple tables, push them together, put up the Drink Club sign, and let the manager know to expect some people... both Occident— and Orient— al. Maybe even a colored gal or two. It's 9:15pm. Drink Club officially starts at 9:37. I pick weird starting times so people will think it's like a train schedule and rush to be on time. It doesn't work. People usually show up at 10. I'll wait.

Recently, I found out that Coors owns Blue Moon. I order a Hoegaarten. The menu offers spurious Japanese food with a decidedly New York bend. Not a sushi roll, but a *Bagel Roll*: Eel, salmon, cream cheese and Tempura. Yuck.

I order noodles.

9:30: No one but me here.

I order a Kona Fire beer... a nice hoppy brew that's rare in New York. It comes with a lemon in it. What is it with bars these days? If it's from some warm place, throw a lemon or lime in it. Yuck!! If I wanted a fruit drink, I'd order a Fuzzy Navel or one of those other girl/yuppie abominations.

10:00: No one but me is here.

The only guy at the bar not hitting on one of the girls at the bar comes over to me.

"Hey," he says. "Did anyone ever tell you that you look like Jeff Van Gundy?"

"Ben Weasel told me that," I tell him.

He laughs like he gets the joke. There is no joke.

10:30: No one but me is here. I leave.

"Maybe if I find a gimmick..." I think. "People like gimmicks."

Flash ahead to next week: Drink Club will be at *Local 138* in the Lower East Side.

After a little bit of Googling, I find out that Drink Club Day is also *National Battery Day*. Huh?

On Facebook, I post that everyone should bring a battery operated *something to* Drink Club. It'll make for an interesting theme night. A gimmick.

On the Friday before Drink Club, I stop in the bar to make sure there's going to be enough room for us.

It's about 4 in the afternoon. I walk through the front door, halfway down on Ludlow Street. The place is empty except for the bartendress cleaning glasses behind the bar.

AAAAHOOOGAH!

I walk up to her. Six steps from the door to the bar. Six steps until my penis achieves full erection. When I reach the bar, I come.

You guessed it. The bartendress is the sexiest white female I've ever seen. Brown almost crewcut hair. Tall, skinny, with two teacup-sized breasts pertly and naturally aroused behind her t-shirt. If Lesbian Nation makes a recruiting poster, here's the model. I'll sign up. Now!

You know that *Guys With Pies* series? The butch lezbo equivalent of *Chicks With Dicks?* This girl is even better.

I push up against the bar so she can't see the wet spot on my pants.

"Oh hi," I croak.

"Is it so cold outside?" asks the enchantress. "Your face is bright red. You want something warm?"

"You bet, and it's right between your legs," I don't say.

"I just noticed it when I came...er... came in," I say.

She smiles one of those *okay-bud-tell-me-what-you-want-or-leave* smiles.

"A...act...actually," I stutter, "I do this thing called Drink Club..."

I hand her a card.

"Every week we go to a different bar. Next week it's here. I just wanted to make sure there was enough room for the crew."

"How many people will there be?" she asks.

"I donno," I tell her. "The biggest group was 35 people. The smallest group was... only me. We'll be here Thursday."

"No problem," says the messiahness. "You can have the back room."

She walks around the bar, toward the back. I follow at an admiring distance.

She shows me the room and I thank her.

On my way back home, I buy a toy tank from a shop in Chinatown. When you turn it on, it flashes. A Transformer pops out the top and shouts FIRE! FIRE!

I return home, set down the toy and scrape the semen from my pubes. Then, I send out 500 reminder emails, text a few people, print out more Drink Club business cards, and get a very good night's sleep.

The night of Drink Club: I'm at the bar half an hour early.

Her majesty is not working tonight. And the back room is closed. Locked.

Dejected, I take a table, put up the Drink Club sign, and wait.

In about a half hour, Evan walks in. Yeah, *that* Evan. The one who wrote *I Was A Murder Junkie*. The one who played in every George Tabb band since Roach Motel. That's the one who smiles and sits down next to me.

This is terrific. Last time I saw Evan was at my birthday party where I was almost as happy to see him as I was this girl Erin. Her, I'd met only a few times, but she was sexy as a lesbian and twice as friendly. I like Evan. Since he doesn't drink, it's strange for him to come to Drink Club. Still, I'm glad he's there.

"Well," I say to him. "Thanks a lot for coming. I thought it was gonna be only me... like last week. Did you bring a battery toy?"

Evan shakes his head. "Sorry Myke,l I don't have one. But don't worry. I think someone else will be here."

"I hope you're right," I say, starting my second beer.

Three-quarters of the way through it, my cellphone buzzes. A text message... from Erin.

"I'm in Chinatown," she texts, "I'll be there in a few minutes."

Yow! Maybe it's too bad it won't be just the two of us. Me and Erin. How do I tell Evan it was nice seeing him, but...

"It's from Erin," I tell Evan. "Maybe you met her at my birthday party. I have such a crush on her."

"Me too," he says. "That's why I arranged with her to meet me here."

I shudda known!

The night is Erin, Evan and me. Two guys who like the same girl. Two writers: *My book is bigger than yours*. Two smart guys, one nearing 40, the other just past seventy. Who has the best chance? I ask you?

Still, I'm game and I want to give it the ole' Drink Club try. There's nothing else to do anyway. Nobody else is gonna show up... and I need some human contact.

"I kinda set my partner limit at age fifty-five," says Erin sometime between the sixth and seventh beer. "Sorry Mykel."

Can you believe she actually says that? Set her limit? What's the deal? Is she afraid I'm gonna keel over on top of her like Nelson Rockefeller? (Look it up.)

I get home at 4am. Sloshed. A hangover precurser... or maybe just a headache from butting horns with Evan. Two horny rams. What's to do now? I can't sleep. Maybe I'll go to xhamster.com and check if they got anything new to jerk off to? I usually search under *Emo*. You may not like the music, but the porn is great. Or maybe they've got some excerpts from *Guys With Pies*.

AAAAHOOOGAH!

Instead, I check Facebook. There's a message from Jennifer Blowdrier, former *MRR* columnist, and one of the few Facebook *friends* worthy of the word.

Hi Mykel, she writes. *You know I had this writer's group here in LA? Looks like it fell apart. You can't do anything face-to-face anymore.*

I Facebook her back, telling her how right she is and how I've been thinking the same thing. And, oh yeah, isn't it ironic that we complain on Facebook about how virtual the world is becoming. I do *not* include a smiley icon.

Below Jennifer's message is an invitation to *The Bull Dyke Chronicals*. Shelly Mars, my pal, former next door neighbor, and George Tabb stag party performer, hosts a lesbian variety show in a small performance space on the Lower East Side. I think I'll pass on that one... yeah right.

I'm there.

Flash ahead: It's a little tough to find the small club. *Dixon's Place* is on Christie Street. Used to be a whore street in the days before people traded whores for virtual sex.

Now, there's a crowd of attractive young men standing on the street. As I approach, I see they are *not* young men. AAAAHOOOGAH! This must be the place.

As cross the last street before the bar, a giant Whole Foods truck slams into me, running me over. I die instantly.

I don't actually remember that, but it must have happened, because when I enter the door to the bar, I'm in heaven. Wall-to-wall girls! White girls. Black Girls. J.A.P.s and Japs. The only girl missing is that bartendress from Local 138. I'm sure she's here somewhere.

I stare.

Not the casual look-out-the-corner-of-my-eye-don't-want-'em-to-know-I'm-staring stare, but a Jezus-fuckin'-Christ-I-can't-believe-this-is-happening-to-me stare.

And these girls are just standing around talking. Elbows resting on palms. Drinks in hand, like being the sexiest creatures in an infinitude of simultaneous universes is no big deal.

In the back of the bar is a tiny stage surrounded by folding chairs. One each of these chairs

rests the glutei maxima callipygious of the audience. Other girls stand and face the small stage in friendly conversation, waiting for the show to begin.

And begin it does.

The lights dim. There's Shelly, dressed in sparkly tights and a gold lamé shift. She does a shtick about Joey Heatherton... a minor luminary. (Three people who read this might have heard of her.) She leaves the stage to applause; does a quick change; and returns as herself, the Mistress of Ceremony.

"Welcome to the *Bull Dyke Chronicles*," she says. "You know, I've been Facebooking, and Tweeting, and virtually virtualizing everything. It's a bitch, huh? Nobody really *sees* anybody anymore."

I can't believe it. It's ***me*** channeled through a lesbian body.

"Even if you go to a bar," she continues, "you never really talk. You just stand there with your arms folded, trying to pick up some girl. And what does it get you? A hangover?"

"Yeah!" I shout.

Everyone looks at me.

Shelly laughs.

"But when there's a performance, something to see and watch. People get together in a more human way. Audience and performers and all kind of mixes. It's... I donno... like real people...."

"Enough philosophy... And now, our first guest, from Macon Georgia, we have Debbie Mae Sue."

There's applause.

A pert twenty something with a huge blond wig mounts the stage.

"Howdy ya'll," she says in a drawl. "It's sure a pleasure being here with you tonight for the Bulldog Chronicles. The Bulldogs, that's the team from my hometown. So it's great to be celebrating with y'all."

She leads the crowd in a rousing football song, complete with barking. A hundred and twenty lesbians singing *We are the bulldogs, arf arf arf."* I don't know whether to laugh or come.

Following Sally Mae is Sugarbutch, a guy-with-a-pie and more personality than anyone I've seen on stage in the last ten years. She's a poetess who is not funny, but riveting. She's like those great actors you hear about, who can read the phonebook and make you cry. But her poems are much better than any phonebook, not sappy, not funny, but... well, you gotta be there.

"You don't like poetry?" she says. "Maybe you haven't had the right poet."

There's so much more. It would take another column to describe. You can't imagine.

The place is packed. People are friendly, laughing, chatty... even to me. Leave it to the lezbos to touch lips across the Facebook wall. I only wish I could fit in.

Last year, Jesse made me an honorary Hispanic. This year, I want to become a lesbian. I'll pray tonight for the goddess to shrink my outtie even more. I'll let you know what happens.

AAAAHOOOGAH!

ENDNOTES: email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column.

—>Last month I made a mistake on Kyle N's MySpace page: it's nothingisttrue. Note the two t's in ttrue... or is it the German "ist" plus true. Ask him. Besides he needs your support in jail. Write to him at: Kyle Nonneman, #691768, 1120 SW 3rd St, Portland OR 97204

—>*Only in America dept:* Everything has its price. A new web service PriceDoc.com will let you bid on the cost of hundreds of medical procedures if you pay cash or with a credit card. You can also reserve a price from published fees, make a lower offer or "name your price." If you "win," just call the doctor for an appointment. Cancer? Get a discount operation. It might work. Pretty sick, huh?

—>*I didn't realize dept:* The deadline for the *April* issue of *MRR* came and went without me realizing it. I *think* I managed to squeeze in a couple lines about being in jail. Of course, that was a lie. So far, they haven't got me.

—>*More on Obama dept: The Family* is a Charlie Manson-sounding secretive Religious Right group. It sponsors an annual *National Prayer Breakfast* in Washington DC. The group supports David Bahati, a Ugandan legislator who is pushing a super-hardcore anti-homo law.

The Ugandan proposal calls for the execution of gays and the imprisonment of those who promote homosexuality. Obama attended the breakfast and said nothing about the Ugandan proposal. Did you expect otherwise?

—>*Save a life in lust dept:* My pal Sid Yiddish sent me a link to a story about a town in Switzerland that is providing its brothels with defibrillators. Seems like... er... older gentlemen have been Viagring with the young women then kicking the bucket... mid-thrust. It's a good way to go, but it's even better if you get a second chance.

—>*Contact her dept:* I wrote about the great, Sugarbutch. Go to her website www.sugarbutch.net to find out more about her. And there, you'll find a great link to the lesbian porn of your dreams. Yeah, they sell the entire *Guys With Pies* series.

MEETING TOO SHORT... FINALLY!!!!!

So I did a stint working at Home of Chicken and Waffles in Jack London Square in Oakland. Quite the experience. Or whatever. I had needed a job and picked up the graveyard shift at the sorta-famous soul food joint. My plan was that I was over working in San Francisco dealing with all those dumb smelly asshole punk boys. I was gonna work wearing the tightest jeans ever meet Tyler Perry, have him wanna bang me and move into his mansion in Atlanta and finally I'd have health insurance! Score! This was going to be the long path to that... and how!

Now the very notion of Chicken and Waffles is a little foreign to everybody. Some people think it's Southern but that's total bullshit (my grandma who has lived in Alabama all her life was confused by the pairing also—she understood the chicken but couldn't figure in the waffle part). Chicken and Waffles is an invented coastal phenomenon. As the legend goes the jazz musicians in Harlem would get out of the clubs at 3am, and couldn't decide between breakfast or dinner and so the two got put together as a compromise, and decades later here I am.

Now I know a lot of people get annoyed that I write about race so much but I can't help it, it's all too interesting to me. So no white people worked at the restaurant. It was mainly Mexican, some Salvadorian, some Guatemalan, some African American, and sometimes it all got waaaaay too "them vs. us" for my liking. There was one Mexican that wouldn't feed the Black bus boys without a ticket despite feeding the Latino bus boys. One sister cursed him out about it, but then took it too far when she was like "I'd wish you'd all go back to Mexico." The head bus boy asserted, "I'm from El Salvador." Touché!. It was always some shit you didn't wanna co-sign on being perpetrated by either/or. But as humans do, a lot of it got tossed back because no one has time to do the Race War when the restaurant is packed, and the other side was when all the beautiful brown people chilled together until 6.30am cleaning the restaurant and chilling, smoking weed and teaching each other dance steps. This one brother Carlos taught the sickest Salsa two-step and I showed him the Cupid Shuffle.

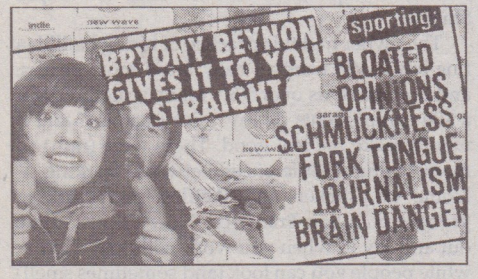
The owner had this practice of hiring hellllllaa fine boys. We were all baby faced more or less, and not one of us over 5'8". Many a night I'd get a 100 compliments on my "nice phat ass" and it would make me feel good. There were (duh) so many cultural differences between working at Home of Chicken and Waffles, and working graveyard in San Francisco. Now I'll just come out and say it; when you work with lots of punk white people you can look (and sometimes smell) as crazy as you fucking want and no one will fuck with you. Not the case here. I was working with all these hot groomed Black and Latino boys who were not going to let me bring the curve down by pulling my '60s natural bushy "happy too be nappy" shit. I had a tight fade all the time to keep competitive, and in the end am totally glad I went through the hassle. Total punk rock infiltration: I had some of Oakland's thuggiest Down-Low dudes eye-balling my ass all night which led me to believe it was a job well done...

On the real though, that job was fucking miserable-service industry-what can you do? We would wait till 6:30 in the morning for our tip out which was never over ten dollars. To even out the injustice I would steal cake and chicken wings.

One night around 4:30 this crew of foxes (three—one Asian, one sister, and one other who I really can't recall) came to the door demanding in—sorry foxes, we're closed. But oh wait... who was those dudes behind them? One random guy, and Too Short!!! (The head waitress explained he always came in after closing to avoid being mobbed). Now some other rappers came in—Mista FAB (Snoop Dogg's cousin) and some other local boys—but here was royalty. First thing you might not have ever noticed about Too Short. He's soooooooooooooooooo fucking dreamy!!! Like literally, the cutest man ever. Cute booty too. The owner went to talk to him and introduced me to him and I got bashful and Too

Short was all like "Don't get shy... I heard you're in a band. What do you play?" "Guitar." I said. He also said he liked my mohawk. Then shit got twisted...

The girls he was with got on the floor and got into this ass shaking contest. The little Asian girl got on the floor and put everyone to shame. The sista got jealous "my ass can't shake like that because it's firm..." So what bitch? Firm doesn't win the contest. Fluidity does and as a person with a jiggley ass, I felt completely validated. The sister then told me that she liked my ass. A lot. And would tip me four bucks if I gave here a lap dance. The owner chimed in, "He's knows how to do that little slutty hooker dance good... I've seen him" and then they wouldn't let up so I gave it to her. The random dude that was with them videotaped me and I told him to keep that vid on the hush because I planned on being a senator one day. The girl I gave a lap dance too told me I had a bright future in dancing. They got their food and left and I immediately made the 5am phone call back to all my uncles in Alabama (staunch Too Short devotees) and told them that I had finally touched the hand of god. Meeting Too Short was like fulfilling a spontaneous life-long dream I never knew I had. He came in like 30 more times when I worked there so eventually the whole thing kinda lost its magic. But, of course, whatever…



I suck. This month my critical faculties have entered meltdown phase due to that annoying bug of everything happening at once, which has resulted in this here thing, normally a refuge to write in a sea of more pesky tasks, being left way late, then I even sent last month's one thinking it had yet to arrive (what a schmuck) as there are very few outlets for this blessed paper in London, it's hard to get hold of so I go on my failing memory to remember the difference between drafted, sent and published. Any raging inaccuracies (with regards to arguments and their actually standing up) I can put down to the fact I didn't proofread, and thus somehow remove all culpability for my foolishness? Somehow. Part of my absconding from "real life" and chucking in a mistaken attempt at careerism, thus losing the ability to organise my brain, has including taking on various temporary shift jobs, and I've been lucky enough to get some at some kind of interesting places, the British Museum for one and the Southbank Centre secondarily...

Anyway, it's currently 8am. I worked a thirteen hour shift yesterday. Today I am dog-sitting a Swiss hound called Biagio who's actually Italian (don't ask), and going for a "meeting" at a very important gallery to fake act very importantly about doing scarily important things, then somehow go to work for another night, to serve ice creams and overpriced programmes to the Orchestral cognoscenti. That is to say, the aged generation who still recognise the strains of Dvorak over the din. I work increasing amounts of shifts in the Royal Festival Hall, which is the part of the Southbank Centre on the river here that looks most like a relic from brighter post-War period. It was built for the Festival of Britain, where it was constructed as a "tonic for the nation." It's a huge 3000 seat auditorium, a palimpsest to changing ideas of "innovative" architecture, so that Brutalist post-war British concrete angularity juts out into the Thames, buffered only by more 1990s style attempts at water features and glass frontage. Underneath it is probably London's most well known area to skateboard, but it's all location scouts and mall grabs. It's one of the few cultural complexes in London to operate an "open foyer" policy, and I find this, and how people react to it, endlessly fascinating. Lots of the walls on the lower floors are mirrored, which means, despite the overwhelming bias towards classical performance, in the Royal Festival Hall part at least (there are lots of other smaller spaces within the building) it is not an uncommon sight to see an impromptu troupe of criminally determined dancers staring at their synchronicity, bodypopping to this week's ringtones (did that make me sound about fifty? Shit, I'm so not "urban") out of tinny mobile phone speakers. Over and over again for sometimes far longer than my shift lasts. Patrons mostly just widen their eyes and step daintily over tracksuit bottoms to make it through to their £60 seats. That said, management recently rearranged a set of "lazy chairs" to make it so that a certain area was less attractive to homeless people, which shows something of a less laissez-faire attitude, but it's not uncommon to find a sleeping bag stuffed in a corner, jettisoned for more reliable heat. Still, it shuts at 11pm.

The staff at the Royal Festival Hall are an incredible testament to the over-qualification of service industry staff in this country, symptomatic of all that implies, but it produces this bizarre situation where the staff cloakroom becomes a contact zone for all kinds of amazing conversation about people's "real work." Everyone is writing or doing or making between shifts. Mostly graduates or practitioners in their field trying to supplement meagre income, art theorists work next to choreographers, electronic musicians next to confused punks (…hi). United by precarity and smiling in the face of time-sheets and queue management duty, I snag my fingers on illustrious patron's arty coats, make small talk about a man unbeknownst to me before I began work there: Yevgeny Sudbin. A young Russian virtuoso pianist and favourite of the old ladies who have season tickets, including an amazing woman who was tiny and smelt of pine cones, who told me she "just wanted to touch him." Amazing. I don't complain, because last week I got to watch John Cale perform the entirety of Paris 1919 for free (the programme's not entirely classical) it's actually really easy work, and it dampens my wider guilt at being agency staff in a unionised environment to know that no-one seems to resent it. Work is a strange beast, work on the front line of the UK's much-vaunted (yet slowly subsiding into the economic mud) cultural sector stranger still.

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So the dog has just realised that his mirror image is not just another dog and is going mental. This is going to be fun. His ears are literally bigger than his head. Amongst the world of things I need to do is book flights to Austin Texas for a little festival I don't think anyone's going to, and then a connecting flight to SF for a month of honorary shitwork. I couldn't be more excited! If you or anyone you know is subletting or has a spare room, attic, half a room or shed (!) anywhere in the general Bay Area I guess, for around a month and wouldn't mind the company of a baffled Brit, I'd be really interested to hear from you. I decided I had to stay until at least that Eddy Current show or I'd never forgive myself, so I'll be around til July, but I can always head back to my old haunt, the fuh-fuh reaky filmset gothic of permanently empty hostel El Capitan. Fear. I'm really quite nice most of the time, do a good mushroom and cashew strudel and put the seat down. Seriously, please get at me on bryony-beynon@gmail.com

A final note: When mysterious guy hardcore has a Facebook group and the Youth Attack store sells t-shirts made from bin liners (how-you-say.. trash bags?) it's possibly time to admit the mystique you're crying out for will not be found in manufactured rarity, codified hype, cassette tapes you'll never play, or some digital cash flow for the gotta-catch-em-all pokemon punks. Please kill me.. as a wise man once said.

It's frequently asserted in the mainstream culture that hardcore "died" in the mid 1980s. While we lifers know this is not true. If you were just following the career of some of the most popular hardcore bands of the '80s by their recorded output, you might actually come to believe in this point of view. Submitted for your approval are the great sellout/buzzkill records of the mid/late 1980s. Put yourself in the shoes of someone my age or older. You discover this great music called hardcore and it's full of fire and energy. There is anger and protest and high ethical standard of integrity and a great deal of optimism and desire to create something new and different. Then a few years later there is a bunch of bands selling out or going in different directions playing weak metal, shitty pop, or tepid rock. Strongly held ideals are made into mockeries, and fan bases are insulted then driven away in droves. This is the story of a lot of the most popular hardcore bands of the '80s.

I don't care what any revisionists say, the most popular hardcore punk bands in the '80s were Black Flag and the Dead Kennedys.* The Dead Kennedys were probably the best known and most accessible (that is to say, sold in chain stores and played on college radio). But Black Flag were known for their grueling tour schedules. I remember being really into the Dead Kennedys

as a teenager and later barely listening to them at all. It seems like their career peaked with Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables, followed by In God We Trust Inc. After this there were a few more LPs like Bedtime for Democracy, on which they tried to compete with faster thrash bands. In doing so, I think they lost a lot of the surf punk melody that made their songs so memorable. Frankenchrist was known for its controversial cover, but I don't remember listening to it more than once. There might be another record after that too. I don't think DK really sold out—just fizzled out.

I will get myself into trouble here, because Black Flag seems to be the subject of the most revisionism of almost any '80s hardcore band. For a whole generation of hardcore kids Damaged was probably the hardcore record. I know it's fashionable now to disavow the Rollins material in favor of the earlier singers. However, this LP was one that you could find in almost any chain store and was totally powerful, energetic and angst filled, especially if you were coming straight from the world of Sabbath and Judas Priest. The first two times I saw Black Flag the shows were packed and there was tons of energy. I'll never forget the show with Seven Seconds at the Wilson Center. The last time I saw Black Flag there were like 20 people there hoping they would play one of the old songs. This band went down hill into stoner rock territory really fast. *My War* and *Slip It In* have a few good songs between them, and the records after that are just junk. I know that since these came out legions of pot smokers have embraced the later records and they are now subject of a cult following all their own. But at the time Black Flag was widely rejected after *My War/Slip It In* and certainly thereafter.

Dirty Rotten Imbeciles' *Crossover* (Death/Metal Blade, 1987): DRI's 22-song LP was one of my very favorite records in the '80s. Although it's long been surpassed by faster records, at the time it was just the fastest and most powerful hardcore imaginable. I will forever associate the 22-song LP with learning to skate, and teen angst. There was a lot of controversy when DRI, Dr. Know and COC signed to the Metal Blade subsidiary Death Records. There was still a lot of DIY ethic in hardcore at the time, and signing to a major label was still taboo for a hardcore band. Furthermore, these bands left the world of DIY hardcore and started playing bigger clubs on metal bills, with bouncers, promoters and the like. This rankled a lot of people as well. It seems quaint today, but check out the letter columns of any zine circa 1985-6 and you'll see what I'm talking about. That said, DRIs first "crossover" LP *Dealing With It* is another total rager. The sound was more metal and more produced, but the songs are still raging and you could tell the brought their hardcore into the metal business world rather than the other way around. I still back Dealing With It, despite its label affiliations. However, Crossover was the process working the other way. A hardcore band trying to sound metal. This just falls flat. The songs are too slow, overproduced and the whole record just sounds too much like they are trying too hard to be something they are not. I pulled out "four of a kind" as well when writing this, but couldn't bear to listen to it a second time.

Corrosion of Conformity's Technocracy (Death/Metal Blade, 1987): COC were pretty popular in the '80s. Eye for an Eye was a very powerful record and they were just on fire live. I can remember when DRI and COC were the only bands whose set lists were two flyers long. At the time they seemed so incredibly fast. COC's Animosity was caught up in the controversy surrounding hardcore bands selling out and going to metal labels. However, its sheer power and intensity actually worked in the other direction for me. I was so impressed by *Animosity*, I started checking out more metal bands like Slayer, Venom and the like. This record was widely anticipated, and it just falls kind of flat. The new singer sounded kind of uninspired and the songs were OK, but lacked the fire of the *Animosity* LP. Furthermore, despite being on a big metal label, this sounds like it was recorded in a dumpster. You usually find these bands on metal labels to be over produced, not thin and watered down. While Animosity succeeded at being a great hardcore record and a great metal record, this one falls just short of being either. COC's career entered a downward spiral after this as they decamped for rock/metal territory. No one can touch those first two LPs though.

Seven Seconds' *New Wind* (BYO, 1986): A whole crop of bands from the early '80s tried to play what was then called "college rock." They saw how REM and U2 emerged from the underground to become super stars and thought they could take their music in a more commercial direction and become rock stars. The tension between this and playing DIY hardcore is what caused a lot of popular '80s bands (notably Minor Threat) to fall apart. It's hard to believe now, but in the early '80s Seven Seconds was one of the most popular hardcore bands in the USA. I can hardly think of anyone who would admit to liking them now. I still swear by their 7"s and the *Crew* LP. A lot of people were disappointed with *Walk Together Rock Together*, and it was criticized by some for its poppy over tones. This *New Wind* record though is just dog shit. And moreover, it inspired a legion of imitators, weak hardcore inspired soppy poppy rock. I was physically ejected from a Seven Second show at the 9:30 Club for heckling them to play faster and calling them sellouts about this time this was released. Two bouncers swung me by my arms and legs and threw me out the front door like a wild west movie. I was asking for it, but hey, I had to take a stand.

The (Youth) Brigade's *The Dividing Line* (BYO, 1986): Like the above, but with a horn section and keyboards.

Hüsker Dü: I think they actually the first hardcore band to sign to a major label. They had already abandoned fast hardcore by the time they signed though. Given these guys talent and their apparent love of '60s psychedelic pop like Donovan and the Byrds, it's plausible that if there was any band that was going to emerge from the hardcore scene and actually play successfully play commercial pop music, it would be Husker Du. However, you only have to listen to *Candy Apple Gray* once to see that it didn't work out for them.

Crass' *Ten Notes on a Summer's Day* (Crass Records, 1986): Crass was one of the most influential punk bands of all time. It seems like they are a lot less popular/well known today, but their aesthetic, politics and business practices cast a long shadow over today's punk. When I was young you could divide the punk scene into kids who dressed "American" or "English" that is to say kids who dressed punk and more clean-cut hardcore kids. The "English" section could be divided into peace punks/anarcho punks who followed Crass, Conflict, Rudimentary Peni and the like. While the other half were into Exploited, GBH and other cartoon punk bands. These two groups didn't mix too well. I always thought it was a little weird when "street punk" got big in the '90s to see kids with Crass and Exploited painted next to each other on their leather jackets. I remember a lot of controversy from vegan peace punks who thought it was fucked up to write Crass on a leather jacket period. These kinds of distinctions are lost on today's punks where everything gets kind of throw in a blender, but they were taken quite seriously at one time. That said, Crass put out some really great bashing punk records and stellar singles, but their punk energy seemed to start to tail off and they got more arty and weird as the '80s developed. As for *Ten Notes on a Summers Day* I remember one day holding it up at the record store, Todd from Misery was there and said to me "that's a really good record." I was somewhat incredulous, "It's really great for when you want to take a pizza out of the oven and don't want to burn your fingers"

In the hyper political anarcho scene, several bands tried to justify playing commercial pop music as a way to reach more people with a political message. I just remember a string of disappointing records from Omega Tribe, Hit Parade, Zounds, and the like. But the top spot is reserved for Chumbawamba, who after spending years playing punky disco and Abba covers to punks, actually succeeded in "reaching a larger audience" in the '90s with some techno dance music. I'm not sure the world is a better place because of this; perhaps the message needs a little more time to sink in?

Discharge's *Grave New World* (Clay, 1986): This was the ultimate buzzkill. Discharge was and remains, my favorite band. Just the most intense band ever. As each successive Discharge record came out, they got more metal, more disappointing, but I hung in there with them all the way to the *Ignorance* 12". This record though, was just a total fucking shit fest. Talent squandered, dreams shattered, such a bummer. Still a very common used record as most copies are only played once.

DOA's *Let's Wreck the Party* LP, (CD Presents, 1985): DOA was one of the biggest bands in the '80s, their sound straddled punk and hardcore and their mix of sarcastic and political lyrics and packed energetic shows seemed to endear them to a lot of different sub-scenes of punk. Their early releases went in and out of print fast, so most non collectors knew them from the War on 45 12" and especially the *Bloodied But Unbowed* LP which was a singles compilation. When this LP came out a lot of people were just like "huh." Before I continue, I will say from experience, that on long drives on tour it's hard to just keep blazing fast hardcore tapes. When you've been driving for hours and the sun is going down, sometimes the Thin Lizzy, AC/DC, and Aerosmith

tapes make it into the tape deck. After a while, they started getting played more and more, soon air guitar is being played along in the back seat, and before you know it, the influences are creeping into the music. Add a few joints to this equation and you see how so many hardcore bands "go rock" after one or two LPs. A lot of people had set higher standards for DOA because of their outspoken political lyrics, and depending on which side you came down on this record was either a blatant attempt to sell out, or trying to "reach the masses with a more accessible sound." Really overproduced, but still kind of thin sounding hard rock played by talented punks. There are a few songs on here that are OK, but the whole thing comes off as cheesy and embarrassing. I haven't really taken DOA too seriously since, although I did go see them circa 1990 and thought they were pretty good. I still swear by the early singles though and DOA are probably still on the road somewhere singing about hockey, beer and class war.

MDC's *Smoke Signals* (R Radical, 1986): MDC was one of the most popular bands in the early '80s. Their confrontational stance, political lyrics and fast powerful hardcore thrash put them on the front burner again and again. MDC's self titled LP was a staple in record collections in the early '80s. They were one of the first US hardcore bands to tour Europe and they headlined the Rock Against Reagan tours. This LP followed two popular 7"s and has another 7" worth of good songs on it. However, the cover art and a lot of the filler tracks are really cheesy and it takes the whole thing down a notch almost to the level of self parody. I just think these guys were stoned. That said, MDC were still DIY and didn't sell out. I would have to say that MDC and Poison Idea were the two popular hardcore bands to emerge from the '80s with the least amount of pie on their faces.

Bad Brains' *I Against I* (SST, 1986): I remember I was in San Diego hanging out with the guys from the Neighbors, having this discussion about being let down by so many of our favorite bands albums in the mid-'80s. We were kind of listing them back and forth and out comes "I against hardcore" and I started laughing so hard puke came out my nose. I can't begin to explain how crucial Bad Brains are to my understanding of hardcore. The ROIR tape remains the most blistering, powerful expression of hardcore, just so unrelentingly insane in its energy. If you grew up in DC in the '80s Bad Brains and Minor Threat were your main bands. (although Government Issue was running a close second/third). Bad Brains moved to New York, then broke up for a while. Then reformed in 1985 or so. They played a few "comeback shows" one of which is etched in my mind as one of the high points of '80s hardcore (the WUST radio hall show, I was too young to get into the 9:30 show). They played a few of these songs live in that era, but really everybody was there to hear Big Takeover and Banned in DC right? This LP came out and it was a real buzzkill. Don't get me wrong, *I Against I* is not a bad record, it's just not a hardcore record. It is a particularly influential record—that is if you are into Red Hot Chili Peppers, 24-7 Spyz, Primus or Mindfunk. The Bad Brains were still great musicians and songwriters, but turning to pop/funk metal was a huge letdown. A side note, HR recorded some of the vocals to this LP over the phone from jail. A vocal style that is now imitated in studios with special microphones and such.

The Descendants: This band might have started out with hardcore punk roots, but I could never abide by them, because every time some rich college "punk" kid started trying to run the scene they were always wearing a Descendants shirt. I always associated this band with rich kid posers and college kids who got credit for their zine or videotaping a show with a camera they checked out from the AV room. Most of these kids later became ALL fans or Dag Nasty fans. I just could never relate to this group.

SSD's *How We Rock* (Modern Method, 1984) and *Break It Up* (Homestead, 1985): This band's later career is really one of the most complicated to evaluate. In my opinion SSD weren't terribly popular in the '80s outside of Boston, or at least the East Coast. Today they are much better known, but at the time Seven Seconds, DOA or Youth Brigade were much better known. SSD's blatant attempt to sell out *How We Rock*, was provocative and controversial. But I have to say, it's a really insanely good record. Over the years countless bands have decided to "go rock" but again and again they are shown that it's not so easy to write catchy, memorable songs at half the speed of a hardcore band. SSD actually nailed it on the first try with this record, probably the best mix of hardcore and hard rock. However, the follow up *Break It Up*, is pure garbage. So whatever they were smoking on *How We Rock*, was no longer available by the time *Break it Up* was recorded .

Misfits' *Earth Ad* (Plan 9, 1983): This is another odd case. I'm not sure what the Misfits objective was with this record, were they attempting to play hardcore thrash? Or to grasp at some kind of metal sound they just weren't quite able to play. At the time many "punk" misfits fans felt betrayed, that the Misfits had gone thrash. I however, love this record and it ranks among my favorite Misfits material. To reiterate what many have said. The Misfits popularity is entirely a late '80s to '90s phenomenon and not too many people were into them in the early '80s. A lot of people said they were surprised when Danzig started Samhain, that it wasn't in the thrash or metal direction, but gothic and spooky, and then that he came out a few years later with his goth led zeppelin solo project. Either way Earth AD is a ripper.

Abrasive Wheels' *Black Leather Girl*: Abrasive Wheels was one of my favorite UK punk bands in the '80s. I loved their classic LP *When the Punks Go Marching In* and the singles were all great. This LP though, was a big disappointment. Many UK bands tried to go in this kind of rock direction, Cockney Rejects, Anti Nowhere League, Sham 69, Vice Squad, One Way System and more.

Some more honorable mentions, mostly bands that didn't come around until later in the '80s, or weren't so influential. Social Distortion's *Prison Bound*, Adrenalin OD's *Cruising with Bigfoot in Elvis' UFO*, Uniform Choice's *Staring at the Sun*, DYS' *Fire and Ice*, Dag Nasty's *Field Day*, Scream's *Banging the Drum*, Circle Jerks' *VI*, Raw Power's *After Your Brain*, Verbal Abuse's *Rocks Your Liver*, Suicidal Tendencies' *Join the Army*, Agnostic Front's *Cause for Alarm*, Necros' *Tangled Up*, Channel 3's *Airborne*, Effigies' *Fly on a Wire*, Die Kruezen's *October File*, Verbal Assault's *On*, GBH's *Fridge Too Far*, Conflict's *The Final Conflict*, Gang Green's *You Got It*.

So there we have the evidence. Did hardcore die? Certainly not. However, the majority of the popular bands of the early '80s chose to "stretch out," "reach a bigger audience with the message," "broaden their horizons," or just plain tried to sound like Aerosmith, REM Or Metallica and couldn't pull it off.

*This has been touched on many times before. To look around at shirts and playlists today you would think that Urban Waste and Koro were the top hardcore bands of the '80s. That's just not the case. Many of the popular bands today have followed the Negative Approach trajectory from mid level band, to collector item, to bootleg, to re issue to household name.

PINK HATS AND CONSERVATIVES

Honest to shit, I don't know what I find more annoying—female Boston Red Sox fans wearing pink hats or conservative punk rockers. Make that alleged punk rockers. The reason for my sour feelings on the former is the upcoming baseball season and passing a woman who was wearing one while I was out taking a walk earlier today. The pink hat is emblematic of what's gone wrong with some segments of Red Sox fans. "Pink hat" is an epithet for bandwagon-jumping, clueless fans whose knowledge of the team goes back to about 2004, when the Sox finally won the World Series for the first time in 86 years. Many of these people think of Fenway Park as more of a theme park than a baseball park—where it's more of an attraction to sing "Sweet Caroline" between the top and the bottom of the eighth inning than the game itself. At least that's the feeling I get. My friend Andy and I were at a game a few years ago and there was a row of ladies in front of us who were singing along at the top of their lungs and giving us grief while we were sitting there with our arms folded just waiting for the goddamned game to start again. At the last game we attended, in '08 (I didn't bother in '09 since tickets are too fucking expensive if you want to sit any closer than the next county), we were in the bleachers. It was a crucial moment in the seventh inning—a one run game, runners at second and third and two outs. And this fucking bozo in front of us has his back to the action and he's trying to start the goddamned wave. So lest you think I'm being gender specific/sexist when it comes to "pink hats," I'd call this guy a pink hat since he's more interested in doing stupid shit like starting the wave and not watching the game. Or I'd at least call him a yahoo and there are more than enough of those at Fenway. That's nothing new. A traditionalist Red Sox fan, male or female, wouldn't be caught dead wearing any Sox hat that veers off into the trendy

realm. Andy is more old-school and cranky than I am (it's true, I swear) when it comes to people who aren't at the park to watch the game. He probably wanted to pop the guy more than I did but we both yelled at him to sit the hell down or at least turn around and see what was happening on the field.

Andy's the man—he's been one of my best friends since the early '80s, when I met him through the hardcore scene. We used to go to shows together quite a bit. He was a long-time contributor to Suburban Voice and my partner-in-crime for our short-lived metal 'zine The Bludgeoned Ear. Every so often, someone has to bring up the three issue run of that highly-questionable publishing enterprise. It was during the late-'80s thrash metal explosion and, since we were both into that type of stuff, I rolled out the metal section of SV into its own zine. It wasn't a great idea. First of all, getting advertising was a nightmare. Getting decent photos was a big challenge as well. And most of our interviews were done over the phone, set up by the particular band's label or publicist. Since the person/people from the band were likely doing another dozen interviews that day, there was a cookie-cutter quality to them, canned answers and the like. Once in awhile, I'd luck out. Away from Voivod was an interesting subject and the Sacred Reich guys were quite intelligent and politically progressive. I guess all the weed they smoked didn't dull their brains all that much. By the way, I should mention that I'm the proud owner of a Sacred Reich bong. At the time, they were on Hollywood Records, which was owned by Disney. Yeah, Disney was peddling drug paraphernalia. Actually, that's not completely true. The culprit was their independent publicist. Needless to say, it's quite a conversation piece. It's also never been used due to the fact that I've never smoked pot. Let me amend that a bit... when I saw AC/DC on the *Back In Black* tour, one of my Boston University dorm-mates passed me a pot pipe and I put it in my mouth but, honest, I didn't inhale, just like Bill Clinton only I'm telling the truth!

But enough about metal zines and bongs. I just had my 50th birthday in February and, to celebrate, put together a show. Since Andy doesn't go to shows that much anymore, he passed and also missed my birthday dinner the night before since he had to work, but I hold no grudge. He's been trying to find part-time work in addition to his full-time gig, trying to make ends meet, and his lack of attendance is completely understandable. As for the show, it featured Payload—that's the band with John Sox from The FU's, his Straw Dogs band-mate Slade Anderson and three other gentlemen. They do all FU's songs from the three albums, plus *This Is Boston, Not LA*, and do it damned well. Yes, they played the song "My America" but didn't dedicate it to Mr. Yohannan. And, as I've said in this space before, it was a spoof. I got to cross one thing off my proverbial "bucket list" by singing my favorite FU's song, "What You Pay For," with them. I sang it during No System's set last summer in Richmond but this was closer to the real deal. The mighty Male Nurses (my favorite local band at the moment) also played, as did Philly grind bands Nothing Is Over and Backslider. It was a chore getting this show together, since I asked a lot of bands and they couldn't do it for one reason or another, but it ended up being a great time after all the hassle.

I forgot to mention that there was also an appearance by Isolated Youth, who 99% of you (maybe more) have never heard of. That was the first band I played in way back in 1982-83—I was the bass-player but calling me a bass-player was a huge stretch. It still is but it was even more truthful back then. It turned out that my three bandmates—Marc, Dan and Russell—were all going to be at the show so I thought it might be fun if we did a short set of our songs and maybe a few covers. Just for shits and giggles. I did jam with Marc and Dan for a few months in 2006 but nothing came of it. When the four of us got together for a few practices before the show, it was the first time that had happened since early 1983. We did a grand total of one show back then and that was at a party. We never did any recording. The only artifacts I have are a couple of photos and a 7:13 long practice tape recorded on a boombox. So this would be our second-ever live appearance and first "real" show, some 27-plus years after the last one. While we practiced, I wondered if we were crazy to even consider performing in public. To say we were a bit rusty was an understatement. Well, Marc and Dan were fine but my bass playing was definitely rusty. I did get to play a nifty vintage short-scale Vox bass, which looks more like something you'd see in a garage band, but was light and easy to play. I was grateful for that since it's still only a few months since my shoulder surgery and I didn't want anything too heavy on there.

But I made an allusion to conservative punk way back at the start of this column. Well, it turns out Russell and, even more so his brother Colin, are very conservative. Both he and Colin contacted me on Facebook a few months ago, so that's how I know about their politics. Colin said he's glad he contacted me and was impressed that I was still around doing punk rock stuff, even though he disagreed with most of my viewpoints. He's the prototypical Glen Beck/Sean "Manatee" Hannity/Fox News-loving guy who prattles on about "Marxist Czars," praised Beck's psychotic address at the Conservative Political Action Committee convention a few months ago, etc.

If I had to put a fine point on it, I'd say Colin's more of an economic libertarian of the self-centered, Ayn Rand variety. He's socially moderate but a complete fiscal nazi. When he started writing to me, he dished out the rhetoric straight from the Fox handbook and it wasn't too hard to hit back with info. The "Marxist Czars" thing was easy to debunk—for one thing, the Marxists overthrew the Czars. There also seems to be great confusion about nazis, socialists, communists and fascists but what do you expect from the teabagger acolytes of Fox "News"? Colin's not dumb, though—just misguided.

Colin told me he thought that, since punks rebelled against Reagan and the conservatives in the '80s, why shouldn't there be a conservative punk "rebellion" against Obama and the liberals now? Actually, I agree there should be a rebellion against Obama and the liberals—one from the left, from those of us who are tired of him being Republican-lite. Of course, many punks have no patience for politicians and political systems of any stripe. There are other people with punk and hardcore roots who have shown right-wing leanings on my page. What's kind of cool, though, is they usually have their arguments beaten down pretty quickly and effectively by the leftists who also post on my Facebook threads.

How ludicrous, though—the more political strains of hardcore had a message of inclusiveness—acceptance of gay people, in favor of social justice, compassion, anti-racist, against warmongering, etc. That's not the case with the current strain of conservatives who, at the core, are pissed as all hell that there's a black man in the White House. Who don't give a rat's ass about people dying since they're without health insurance. Who are willing to piss away their civil liberties for the cause of the "war on terror." These people are bigots, they're neanderthals, they're the nazis! And that has nothing whatsoever to do with punk, at least my definition. I know there was the whole "conservative punk" site some years back and I'm sure it's still out there but I don't feel like looking it up. Why spoil the fairly good mood I'm in, at the moment? And there are people into punk who are apolitical. That's fine as well—I'd rather have them be that way instead of being a reactionary conservative.

As for Russell, without delving into it too much, he's a born-again Christian who, to mention a couple of things, thinks marriage is between a man and a woman and that any religion that's not his is a "false" religion. That includes Hindus, Buddhists, Catholics and Jews. This came up at practice and, when I took quite a bit of offense at the latter since my background is Jewish, he did back off a little by saying the Jews were a real religion but "didn't take it far enough." That sounds an awful lot like Ann Coulter saying that Christians are "perfected Jews." Marc and I share pretty much the same worldview and he had warned Russell that we didn't want to talk about religion or politics at the practices.

I was against having Russell involved at all but they talked me into it and I'm glad all four of us did it because it ended up being a lot of fun. Sloppy as all hell, although we did sound as if we were playing the same song at least a few times and our cover of Government Issue's "Sheer Terror" was a crowd pleaser. If you missed it, that's it. One and done!

I should also mention that I insisted we do a cover of No System's "Holy Vision," a vehemently anti-evangelical song that I sang. I convinced Russell it was just about the TV evangelists who scam on people for their money, but there's actually a lot more to it than that. It's a song about the evils of mixing fundamentalist Christianity with conservative political beliefs. You know, the type of lyrics written by a naively idealistic, mad-at-the-world 24-year-old hardcore punk guy—namely me—and still backed by a naively idealistic, mad-at-the-world 50-year-old hardcore punk guy... well, maybe a bit less naive, much less idealistic but still mad as hell at the world or, more accurately, those people and institutions who keep messing it up...

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See You Fucks at the Bar

Bruce Roehrs was *MRR*'s longest running music columnist. I've laid out the columns section for the past fifteen plus years, and what always impressed me was Bruce's dedication to his writing. He didn't type, and didn't want much to do with computers. Yet month after month he turned in a column written longhand, on half a pad of yellow legal paper, four to six lines scrawled to a page. This, of course, meant scrounging up someone to type Bruce's words into the magazine's computers. I typed in one or two of them myself, when Tim Yo was still around.

Bruce's take-no-prisoners style of music reviewing always seemed extemporaneous, off-the-cuff, jotted down in a fit or a rage. He was notorious however for rewriting long after deadline. Have you ever wondered why Bruce's pieces consistently appeared toward the end of the columns section? It wasn't because *MRR* considered his stuff an afterthought, to be tagged on at the end. Bruce frequently tinkered with his columns—rewriting, adding, revising—well after the columns section was laid out and the magazine ready to go to press.

Bruce's columns were also the most edited (read censored) in the magazine's history. He often liked music and bands whose lyrics and politics were thoroughly un-PC. And a Roehr's music review was nothing without copious quotations from this or that song's often-offensive lyrics. Beginning with Tim Yo, and continuing through every subsequent set of *MRR* coordinators, Bruce's columns were regularly scrutinized and his words routinely excised, to satisfy the magazine's standards of political correctness. Yet Bruce always deferred to this editorial control, affably accepted the changes to his writing, and continued to write for a magazine whose biases time and again infringed upon his self-expression.

Much will be written about Bruce's friendship and loyalty, his sense of humor and raucous storytelling, his passion for and knowledge of punk music whether live or recorded. It's all true. He was a nice guy, gracious and old-school. What I remember about Bruce was how polite, courteous and respectful he was. I think of Bruce as gentlemanly, even with his bare knuckled, into the pit approach to both music and life.

I miss him. Punk rock, this magazine, and Bruce's friends and family have suffered an incalculable loss. I wish I believed in a soul and an afterlife, in the comfort of perhaps seeing him again some day. Bruce Roehrs is gone, and I miss him.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia @mac.com.

One thing about recording in your spare time or on an amateur basis that I think can be really frustrating is the amount of jargon you sometimes have to wade through to understand stuff that's relatively simple. A lot of people who record music as a business went to school for it, and a lot of people who work in the big chain stores dealing equipment both for recording and playing music are trained to be professional salespeople that cater to this crowd. It can be really quite a headache walking into one of these stores and dealing with the "members-only" type barrage of information. I'm not a professional, and if you take the time to read this section of *MRR* every month, you're probably not either. So here's... let's call it a glossary, of some basic stuff to make it a little bit easier to do the stuff you want to do, which is lay down some songs you like onto tape/hard-drive/whatever, and be able to play it back later.

Microphones:

Microphones exist for all sorts of weird documentarian purposes, and there's always some science genius out there working on some sort of futuristic contraption like laser microphone for invading your privacy and adding your personal transgressions to the CIA-data hive, but for inexpensive rock music recording, there's really two main things that "we gotta know." Dynamic Microphones, and condenser Microphones. If you stick with it long enough you might find yourself dabbling in Ribbon Microphones, but they're not particularly practical or necessary if you're working on the cheap, so I'll set that aside for now.

I don't really want to get into the technical principles too deep here, but let me try and break down the simple/important stuff. Inside every mic is a capsule that responds to the initial sound that's being made. Sometimes they call the capsule and element. Microphones are generally categorized first by the basic principle the capsule uses to capture the sound. The capsule on a dynamic mic (like a Shure SM57 for instance) uses a coil of wire suspended between two magnets and when this coil moves in relation to another piece of plastic (the diaphragm—said in the Elaine Benes voice) it creates an electrical signal which ultimately is sent to your mixer (possibly after passing through a pre-amp). Not really that interesting but when you read "dynamic microphone" on the side of your... dynamic microphone... that's what it means.

Condenser microphones aren't terribly different to the layman or laywoman... wait... layperson. Inside the capsule of one of these you've got a diaphragm that's thinner than the already thin one in your dynamic microphone that sits in front of a metal plate (also quite small). When a small amount of electrical voltage is applied to the two it make a static charge between them. The diaphragm (still saying this in the Elaine Benes voice) will vibrate whenever there's a sound, and thus creates a change in this tiny electrical field. The change in that field is what's amplified, and ultimately how the sound is born. Again not really that interesting if you're not into electronics I suspect. At any rate, for this reason, a condenser mic needs a small amount of electricity to work. Some of them are set up so that they have to be plugged into a mixer/preamp that has "phantom powered" meaning, basically that it can send the electricity to the mic. Sometimes they can use a little battery, sometimes they use an external power source. Make sure you do a little research at your local store or on GOOGLE-CIA so you know what you're going to need before buying a condenser.

There's virtually an unending supply of different condenser and dynamic mics, and they all have different qualities they emphasize in sound, and you probably won't ever find two that are alike. That said condensers tend to pick up the initial attack of a sound better which makes them good for drum overheads, acoustic guitar (for your "Fade To Black" parts in your arena-crust band), and generally, ambient sounds (like as a room mic for vocals or maybe a guitar). Condenser mics break down into two sub-categories, large diaphragm and small-diaphragm, so named for obvious reasons. The difference in sound is that large-diaphragm condensers (speaking in a very broad and general way), tend to have a better low end response and have a little bit less self noise. Small diaphragm are a little more even, if you're not careful they can seem a little shrill when they get too close to things with a lot of attack. I have a small diaphragm condenser I like to use to pick up a bit of the ambient sound from really treble-heavy guitar tracks, that I think helps to keep things from sounding overly dry/thin.

On the other hand, dynamic mics generally will accentuate the mid-range a bit more and cut down on some of the attack that condensers emphasize. Most of the mics you'll probably use to record punk music are dynamic. For instance, a Shure SM57 (always an easy example) works reasonably well on vocals, snare and toms, guitar speakers, and in a pinch can get a kick drum sound that, while not awesome, you can probably live with. Not that it's necessarily the only mic you'll ever want, but as I've said before in this column, it's sturdy, you can use it for a lot of things, and it's very easy to find cheap used ones for sale online.

Beyond this any mic you pick up is also going to be classified by its polarity pattern. If you think of yourself standing in the middle of a four-sided room, there's theoretically 360 degrees of sound around you. If you're holding a microphone and you want to know how to best pick

up a sound from in that room, if would help to know its polarity pattern. There's a lot of little variations, but there's three big ones you will probably become aware of. An omni-directional is made to pick up sound from all 360 degrees around you. A cardioid mic (sometimes just called a uni-directional) is made to pick up sound directly in front of it, while rejecting the sound behind it. If you look at a diagram of the polarity pattern, and where in this 360 degree room it would be picking up the sound from, it's kind of heart shaped—hence cardioid. Last biggie is a figure-8 mic (sometimes bi-direcitonal). If you imagine the shape of the number "8", and then you imagine that the bottom and the top of the "8" are where the sound enters the mic, that's basically the deal (in very rudimentary terms). Obviously certain polarity patterns can be more advantageous for certain applications. An omni directional mic is going to capture the sound of a whole room better than a cardioid. A cardioid pointed directly at a guitar speaker is going to offer a lot more clarity than an omni-directional mic.

I think this is probably the most in-depth I've ever gone with just nuts and bolt stuff, and it should be obvious this is both very simplified, and that I'm not exactly an electrical engineer. There's a lot more you can read about this kind of stuff if you're interested and GOOGLE-CIA is probably the fastest way to find it in this day and age. Probably for every piece of actual hard fact that you find, you'll get someone telling you their personal opinion on what's "the best" too, just try and remember it's all relative. Next time, more hardcore punk, less technical junk.

I'm turning red in front of a room full of students, their eyes are intently resting on me. I am struggling hard, floundering under the weight of a complicated undertaking. That it was simple for most of the people sitting before me, makes it even more embarrassing that I'm not finding the right words. Looking for focus, something to steady myself, I glance at the blackboard behind me and the words scrawled in chalk: Introduce Yourself! Name, major, class rank, career aspirations, and hobbies.

So far, every other student has had variations on the same narrative: Undecided, freshman, successful, shopping, talking to friends, sports—"y'know, the usual stuff."

The only thing on the list that is easily clear to me is my name. I do have a tendency to be existential about simple daily tasks, but in this instance I am feeling anxious and oppressed by the assumptions made by the list looming behind me.

"My current major is nursing, my class rank is, uh, I don't know. This is my second degree and I'm transferring, so I only have a year after this, so junior, sophomore? I'll have to ask my counselor, I suppose." My professor has his arms crossed with a displeased grimace. He's got the face of a cop telling me to "just answer the question, miss." I gulp, and fidget with the loose threads on the bottom seam of my shirt.

"Career aspirations are numerous, and varied, though I guess…" As I am contemplating the word career and all it's implications, my teacher says "Nurse?"

"Yeah, sure."

Now, hobbies…

I think of all the things I do in life, all the things I care about and invest my time in and I think the word hobby is a shitty, dismissive label for them. Hobbies are things you tinker at, things you do half-heartedly in your leisure time. My bands, writing, art: I can't bring myself characterize them this way. Clearly, I'm loath to make them "career choices" either.

This recent impulse to be a nurse, to help people and do some good in the world seems much more like a hobby to me. Something I've taken up to build skills and character; something useful to know and do. I think it's really interesting, and that I could do a lot of good, but it's not something I want my whole life to be about. Like where I have a bumper sticker of a nurse joke, and a nurse coffee mug, and an apron that says "Hello Nurse!" Eww, no thanks.

If I were being truthful, here in front of the class, I'd have to challenge the whole notion of career-ship vs. hobby-ism. We are no longer in the days of tradesmen and guilds, when your last name reflected your place in society, your role you inherited from your forbearers. The tradition that gave birth to the many Smiths, Fletchers, Millers, and Taylors seems worlds away, but it's lingering attitudes still shape how the people I'm interacting with here see the world. To them your hobbies are just what you do for fun. Your defining characteristics, your career, your title, is how you make a living. This worldview seems so backwards and upside down that I'm tempted to just sit down and say I have no hobbies. But, I need a good grade in this class. So, while my annoyed teacher looks on, I bullshit to a room of students that deserve to be told that they aren't their jobs, and that the things they love shouldn't be reduced to ways they pass time. Instead I say, "I like to travel, and drink coffee." To score some lost points with my guitar-print-shirt-wearing teacher I add, "and I just started playing guitar." He perks up at this and says, "Well, your life will never be the same, music will change everything."

I sigh and sit down, because it already has. It doesn't matter what this man or any of these people know or think about me, but it still stings that he assumes that this is my first foray into music. As he launches into an anecdote about his many guitars and people he's jammed with, I wipe the sweat from my palms onto my jeans. I'm a little sad that no one here really knows anything about me despite my harrowing moment in front of the class. Well, maybe now they know I'm shy.

Labels are powerful things, useful for getting information across quickly, or for quick categorization, but dangerous when used to frequently, or treated as if prophetic or absolute. The implicit message in the question, "So, what do you do?" is that your vocation, or profession choice, is core to how society will perceive and treat you. Even as a truly harmless item of small talk, it reinforces what is already there lurking.

I'm taking on another resolution this year, even though we're well into things now. If anybody asks me what I'm doing with my life, or what my career aspirations are, or what I'm want to be when I grow up. I'm gonna be honest, I'm just gonna say "lots."

And if I find myself meeting somebody new, I think I'll try asking, "So, what do you like to do?"

Endnotes:

1. Just FYI, hobbyists have made loads of major scientific discoveries. The most cited one is, of course, Einstein. But one you may not know was Anton van Leeuwenhoek the "father of Microbiology." He was a Dutch cloth merchant who had a knack for grinding and polishing strong glass lenses. He looked at all kinds of tiny things, like sperms and algae, but most impressively he was the first person to observe bacteria. Were either of these men "scientists" while making their discoveries? Or did that label come only later looking back through the lens (no pun intended I promise) of recognition and mass approval?
2. Yeah, I get really hung up on language and subtext. Maybe it's silly, but I'm trying to make a better world: more neutral, precise communication with each other couldn't hurt.

No really, tell me, what do like you do? Send all complicated descriptions of life paths and passions to arielawesome@gmail.com. You can also see some things at arielawesome.blogspot.com, but I can't promise you've never seen them before. To send me a real letter? Pass it to the front of class, I'm the flustered girl with the red face.

Should I be allowed to smear you?

That's the question journalists ought to be asking in the wake of an Italian court decision that found Google criminally responsible for content uploaded to one of its sites. (The case revolved around the video of an autistic boy getting beaten up in Turin. The father sued, successfully arguing that his son's privacy had been violated. Three Google executives were handed six-month suspended sentences in absentia.)

Instead, the story has been framed as an attack on freedom of speech.

"The Web as we know it will cease to exist" if the ruling stands, claim Google's lawyers.

"It absolutely is a threat," affirms Danny O'Brien of the Electronic Frontier Foundation. "If intermediaries like Google or the person who hosts your website can be thrown in jail in any country for the acts of other people and suddenly have a legal obligation to pre-screen everything anyone says on their website before putting it online, the tools for free speech that everyone uses on the Net would grind to a halt."

Even the State Department has issued public statements supporting Google.

The more I think about it, however, the more I think it's time to civilize "the Web as we know it."

Let's return to the question I asked at the beginning of this column: Should I be able to libel you as, say, a drug-addicted child pornographer?

This column appears in print newspapers. If I were to write that you were (for example) a drug-addicted child pornographer, my editors would ask me if it was true and demand that I source my allegation. Worried about getting sued, they'd either redact the relevant section or refuse to run the piece entirely if I couldn't answer them satisfactorily.

And editors should be worried—publications are legally liable for what they print.

On the other hand, there are no gatekeepers online. Because there are pesky editors worried about getting sued online, I can post that atrocious lie about you being a drugged-out kiddie porn entrepreneur to my blog and to my Facebook page in a matter of seconds. I can sum it up on Twitter. Within a few hours, thousands of people will have read it. They might forward it to tens of thousands of their friends—two of whom might be your spouse and your boss. And there's nothing you can do about it.

Of course, you could sue me. But because I'm not rich, there's no big paycheck down the road. You'll have a hard time finding a lawyer.

Not in Italy, though. Lawyers, juries and judges would look at my blog, which is hosted by Blogger, which owned by Google. They'd ask: what difference does it make whether Ted Rall's column ran on Blogger or appeared in *The New York Times*? Answer: there is no difference. Without a medium—printed or online—the libel wouldn't have occurred.

In Italy, these Internet companies would have to dig deep into their very-deep pockets and pay you for the harm done to your reputation if the column ran.

Google and other self-styled "intermediary" online companies argue that they shouldn't be held responsible for material hosted and posted on their services because they don't have editors and aren't selecting the content. "They didn't upload it, they didn't film it, they didn't review it and yet they have been found guilty," said Google's senior communications manager, Bill Echikson, of the three execs.

This reasoning is common in the online world. Several years ago I learned that NYTimes.com didn't have editors—it had programmers. It was astonishing. Syndicated and wire-service content was uploaded directly to the site without anyone at the Old Gray Lady's online version bothering to even take a look-see and make sure things were spelled correctly, much less check to be sure it's accurate or, say, non-libelous. Among this unedited content were my cartoons. Naturally, one or two a year—out of 150—were controversial. If they'd had an editor, they probably wouldn't have run those particular pieces. But editors cost dollars, and newspapers are pinching pennies. Ultimately the paper canceled all of my cartoons. It was easier and cheaper than hiring an editor.

I suspect that courts, and not just in Italy, will see Google's "free speech" argument—"We don't review content! We let anyone post anything they want whenever they want!"—as less of a defense than an admission of culpability. After all, Google chooses not to review content, at least in part to reduce their costs.

It might be different if Google and other Internet aggregators weren't for-profit enterprises. It also might be different if they were what they say they are: service providers. You can't sue a service provider for the nature of the content it carries. The phone company merely provides a platform; it can't be sued if someone uses their lines to slander you.

From a legal standpoint Google is an old-fashioned content provider, relying on a business model that is no different from *The New York Times*. They post content—much of it stolen—in order to generate ad revenue.

Of course, Google is a little edgier than *The Times*. A late 2009 study by the Fair Syndication Consortium found that the company was responsible for 53 percent of the overall piracy of copyrighted newspaper articles online. Google illegally scanned millions of books without asking the authors' permissions. And the ad money rolled in—$1.97 billion in profits during Q4 of 2009 alone.

It's not like Google can't afford to hire an editorial staff. Shouldn't they have to make sure that, for example, I don't libel you as some crazy porn gangster?

Twisted and retching, eyes open wider than they've ever been, enormous white orbs with black yolk dots that dilate, pulse big then small, blind to everything but a huge red black hate and the ceiling, but the ceilings got an old evil Jew face, the longnose type like me and it's scowling and it's mouth is pissing on my face and everything above and below. Drenched in a hot sweat, it's like a steam bath in this fucking room, every pore crying scorching tears, the bodies lament for its owners demise. Head's been jack hammered, lips are chapped and mumbling, zits and pus and ugly scars.

I wake up and walk out, with showering and shoe tying in between, and in no time at all my feet are clacking on the pavement so loud that men turn, cocks already beginning to harden, before they realize it's just some queer in Cubans and they go back to painting the wall, up and down, back and forth, softening in the repetition. Sometimes I walk to go buy drugs, sometimes I walk to find a job, sometimes I walk just to walk. But I always, sooner rather than later, end up at home, back in my room. Christ, I probably mention my room in every column I write. Anyways, I'm in here a lot, and it's starting to get to me, though that may just be the drugs. But it's not and I know it; it's not me or the things I take, it's them, and it's you. You know why I stay in here? Why I can't go out, why I don't go to school or go on dates or go jogging or any number of other typical things done by so-called typical people? Because those things happen outside, outside my room and its orderly saintly sanity and wholeness. Outside of my room are awful men with psychosis so advanced that doctors would have to scurry in labs for millennia to name them all, women so degraded and degrading that a thousand eyes could cry for a million years yet still wouldn't be able to produce enough rolling salt tears to even make up for one moment of the horror they endure and inflict. Outside my room is insanity, sometimes creeping sometimes encompassing but ever present insanity, and I hate it and I fear it and I lock my door and my windows, and I sit here in the dark and I tremble.

But outside sometimes there's sunshine and girls in dresses and dogs running, but it's raining right now and even if it wasn't there'd still be rapists and perverts and murderers, and hell, even worse, I think, IPads and Blackberries (always uppercase now) and blacks on the bus and whites on the street, both out to get me in terrible ways. Most of the time I think that everyone in this entire world is insane; you ever walk down the street and just think that? It's an awful feeling to be walking down the street, maybe to go buy a pack of Camels or a case of beer and you bump right into somebody, some person with their eyes glazed and glued, stuck on a Kindle. What kind of dirty son of a bitch buys a Kindle? You've got to be some kind of sick fucking pervert to buy a god dam Kindle. A real deviant. Book on a screen, can you believe it? Someday the world's going to catch on fire everything's going to melt but the fucking Kindles.

You don't believe me that this world is awful? Think I'm paranoid, dramatizing a situation that hasn't essentially changed since the day I was born? Look out the god dam window of your house in fucking Thousand Oaks, California-you see the sidewalk? Sidewalks are the saddest god damn things in the world, if you look at them right, and after a while you can't help but look at them right, though right might not be the word I should use. Fine, easier then, take a look at your parents. Fat pigs most likely. Or divorced or dead, anyways, loveless and lost but stuck and dying. Look at your mother, think about the time when you were in her belly and think of the time when you were thrust out her cunt, think of the time you suckled her breast, think of the time she taught you to shit. Look at your father, his cock soft in his khakis, if it's there at all, doesn't matter, either way you want him dead, just as bad as he does.

You look at this non-scene, this non-happening that's occurring in thousands millions billions of houses and homes and hovels dotting this too crowded too hot world and how can you believe in anything? Reality is in front of you, watching the Food Network in an undershirt. (It might sound like it, but I assure you I'm not nuts, and in fact I'm completely totally perfectly normal and in control of my emotions and thoughts. In front of you, though, there's facts and there's eyeballs and ears and noses and hands to touch them with, but maybe there's something good on HDTV. The Food Network. The Food Network exists and God does not). (The worst, and in fact only sin is self-delusion, belief in anything but what is happening directly in front of you. What's happening in front of you may be and

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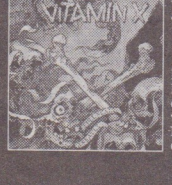

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probably is horrific and terrible and not nice at all, but it's still happening and you've got to face it at some point. How can you believe in God? You might as well believe in fucking Tarot cards for all the good it's doing). Be nice and go to heaven, be bad and go to hell. I'm neutral, I'm going to live this day again and again and again until I finally pinch out my wick with a .38. Blow your brothers, finger your sisters, if Christ comes back, what's he going to say about Wavves?

Who the fuck knows, no one talks about Wavves anymore anyways. Let's say Christ does comes back, holy and pure and White, and he wants to have a small short chat with me, which wouldn't be too far-fetched if you're willing to believe in this whole bible business anyways. Let's say he's gonna sprawl down on the couch in my living room, or you know what, no he's gonna sit on the end of my bed while I'm under the covers, curled and crying, and he'll and open his slit-like almost-vag beardmouth (my god how I hate beards) and tell me in this omnipresent type holy-voice "You don't have it so bad, Brace." And I'll shrug and concede that maybe I don't. I'm not rotting from some unnamed disease in the slums of Calcutta, or selling my sister into slavery or working to feed fifteen children on South Van Ness and 16th. But I'll tell him the truth, I'll tell that I live in San Francisco, California and that it's 2010, they're out there, right now, wearing fedoras. It's 2010 and they're watching a video on you tube of Devandra Bendhart playing acoustic guitar on a boat with his rich hippy friends. I'll drive myself mad with fury, because oh those Fifties greasers sixties hippies seventies punks eighties who knows what the hell nineties coffee shop Al Gore two thousands I Was A Teenage Nazi Punk And Now I Am An Adult And What the HELL IS GOING ON HERE? 2010 2010 2010. I start twisting and raving on the floor, lunatic like in my manic thrashings, foaming and drooling and yelling that "Things are not going to get better and we are not going to win." What does that even mean? I'll ask myself in my own head but of course he can read my thoughts because he's Christ and all and His smile will be sad and gentle but with that little turn up of the corner of his lip that just tells me how pathetic my flailings are. He grabs my shoulder, slaps me on the face hard and barks in some angelic pseudo-Latin tongue at me so I sit up.

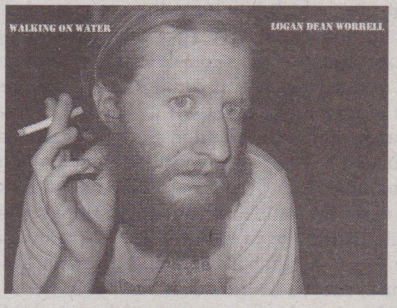
Soberly and deliberately, I tell Him about the time I saw 40 hippies chasing a Nazi outside a Phil Lesh concert, yelling "Nigger" as loud as they can. The time a guy on the street said to me "I just found this baby," and he was holding a small little baby boy. I tell him that somewhere, out there, a marriage is ending over Facebook Chat. People think Conan O'Brian is funny, people rally for him, while hippies call a Nazi a nigger in front of City Hall. He'll twist his brow in honest and holy confusion, as these things do not make sense, though I suppose they do in weird ways. He'll put on that grin again, at this point I'll be getting sick of all this smart-smile business and start to get a little huffy.

I'll tell him quite firmly that it's crippling, almost, being one of the last sane human beings walking the streets, and what fucking gives? So I tell him all this shit that's in parenthesis (I walk past a Tapas restaurant [7 a plate, no dollar symbol or period or change, just 7 on the menu] where you sit with your coworker, laughing about last night's episode of fucking *30 Rock*. I sit on the bus and you play rap on your cell phone then ask me how my balls fit in my pants. I lie in my bed and you throw up outside my window, and I can hear the sick stew of black tar and St. Anthony's free meal go sliding down the sidewalk. I see you eating a slice of Sbarro and dripping it all over the the crotch of your apple bottom jeans, I see you cutting me in line, I see you punching me in the face I see you have a nautical star and a diamond tattooed on your index and middle fingers. God dammit I see you everywhere, all of you, and I think to myself, is this what America is? Over two hundred and fifty years and you're wearing a fedora with an untucked black shirt with a rhinestone dragon design and you're calling me a hipster because you almost hit me with your fucking car? This isn't society, this is god dam madness and insanity and it it it it it it—listen, I like the new Home Blitz album—if you made that you're alright. But everyone else, all the rest of you sick fucking bastards, I hate the god damn lot of you). (Christ is everywhere they say, so the *you* means him but it also means you)

He nods in understanding and makes sympathetic motions with his hands on my shoulders, not quite a pat but not a squeeze either. This motion, this one touch of humanity from someone who doesn't exist and that I'm only using (quite poorly I might add) as a literary device in a column ostensibly but almost never actually about Rock and Roll, breaks me down at last. So I kick the creep out of my house, "Don't let the door hit you on the way out," and later when I go out to get a bottle I see him scurrying up the street towards Divas to get his cocksucked by a cocksucker with a cock herself, himself, who fucking cares.

Sometimes things get bad, like real bad, like death on the corner bad and you have to retreat, or at least I have to retreat. And I'm in retreat now. But now I'm backed up, I've thrown myself into my own terrible too-hot oubliette where I just lie down and worry. You see I got this terrible awful crippling nervous worry that's not in my toes and not in my crotch like most guys but in my stomach and in my forehead and in my hands, and in my heart sometimes when it thumps too fast and I feel like it's going to burst out of my chest and waltz across my unpainted wooden floor and out the front door and into some strangers chest who needs it more than I do. Heaven knows I don't need the damn thing, not in this life.

And when things get that bad, when things get so bad that every move is a mistake and every mistake you hope is your last, not as in you'll start making good decisions after that, but as in you hope you die that instant, because black nothing is better than this multicolored hell world. Sometimes you accidentally bump the turntable and something comes along that is so god damn beautiful and flawed but perfect at the same time that you love it like you wish you could love anything else. You get a feeling similar to the one you used to get when you'd see a pretty girl when you were younger, and she talked to you, or you win something in some contest that is of course inane but if you win is important, that sort of pleasant churn and lightness that makes it seem like, yeah, she can call me and yell at me or he can punch me in the nose but I still got you, I still got Rock and Roll. You see, Rock and Roll is all I got, Rock and Roll is the only thing in this fucking horrible dungeon of a city that I can truly with all of my still-there heart love. I got this old splintery wooden shelf packed with Pere Ubus and Rolling Stones and the new Home Blitz and my old friends Lou and Ig and Patti and Dick and sometimes, when the rain is pounding and my head is pounding and the world is pounding on my bedroom door, desperate and pleading to get in and trample me underfoot, I can look over at that shelf and I can smile the only smile that ever really matters. Ain't no such thing as Jesus Christ, but there's always gonna be *Blonde on Blonde*, Amen and Hail Mary.



By the time this piece of shit comes out it'll be summer and that means fests. So many fucking fests. Every asshole and their mother has a fucking fest. I'm sure a lot of people have a lot of fun and I'm sure a lot of great bands play, but let's face the facts, most of us have really short attention spans, drink too much, and could probably care less who's playing just so long as there's a nice beat you can dance to. One year I had to have hit most of the fests on the circuit. For sure at least like six of 'em. And yes, most of them suck. So many fucking dogs and spare changers. Ugly people, and not in that awesome way. I don't like the acoustic guitar in general. What exactly makes you think that you playing a Woody Guthrie song earns you a dollar. You should pay me a dollar for not beating the shit out of you.

Pointless Fest:

Let me start by saying that I love both the men who did this fest. I thoroughly enjoy the Philadelphia metropolitan area. Well, maybe not west Philly. There are a lot of amazing people there, some great food, and some solid vibes. They got gangstas riding ponies through the streets. An amazing Rocky museum that also has some art pieces. Cheesesteaks made of actual meat. That being said, what's the deal with all the train hoppers and oppressive heat? I 'bout died and I'm from fucking Texas, man. Damn near lost it when Limp Wrist was playing. Room full of about 500 ugly motherfuckers, naked as the day they were born, beating the shit outta each other. The smell, my friends. They smell like what I would imagine cancer to smell like, but worse. There were these huge industrial fans going ape shit. Which should have been amazing, if it weren't blowing crusty ball smell all over the place. Lance Hahn once said that no one should bring an acoustic guitar on tour because someone might play it. That's what I thought when me and Barfield got wind of some kinda DIY secret

show in the park after hours. Intrigued as we were, seeing as we have our own renegade show space down here in Austin, we decided to peep the scene. To our disbelief, there was nothing, but ass flaps, dreadlocks, and some weirdo playing folk songs in a sea of black denim. Everyone was singing along, loving every fucking minute of it. To date, I've never been angrier than I was that evening. It was like Bloomington, Indiana, had thrown up on Philly.

The Fest (Florida):

No Idea Records does this cute little fest every year chock full of every goddamn pop punk band on the planet. No shit, every fucking one of 'em, and I'm ok with that. Do what you do. I ain't the fucking cops. Most of them are bands I've never heard of and the ones I have, I wish I hadn't. One thing I will say is they feed the bands that play, which is a huge thing for me. I don't drink, and could give two shits if there's free booze. You give me a couple slices of pizza and a Dr. Pepper a day, you could kick my mother in the face or make me listen to Raydon. Actually, scratch the whole Raydon thing. Not worth it. You also have to go to Florida. There are lots of good times to be had there, I'm sure, but it doesn't make up for the amount of flip flops or fanny packs you have to endure from the punks and the tourists. Now, if there was a fest in Disney World, maybe in the adult part where you can gamble, I might change my tune, but it's not likely. Once when we were there years ago, Hans pulled a knife on some frat boys in the street and our roadie shit his pants. So yeah. No Dice. Have you ever noticed that every time you read one of those "News of the Weird" or "wacky news" or whatever it always goes down in like fucking, Panama City? Like some people shoot their kids with pepper spray and it's no biggie.

Chicago Fest:

Jesus H. Christ, how could I forget Chicago Fest? Where to begin? We drove all night. Got kicked out of a place in Champaign-Urbana, where we were trying to sleep. No, that's a lie. They got kicked out. I was at a bar down the street hitting on girl I went to high school with, but regardless, it sucked. Dude asked us to come stay at his place and when everyone went to sleep, changed his mind and kicked us out. On the way to the van some crusty shit bag offered to cook for us if we came to his place to crash. "Hey, I got a few bell peppers and a tortilla and a chair." One chair, motherfucker? The fuck am I gonna fuck with a bell pepper, one tortilla, and a fucking chair? Not happening. Ended up staying at a hotel and between Eric Fly's snoring and *Family Matters* on full blast, I slept like shit. Once we finally got to the fest I saw Jack Control slap some kid (which was cool) and later saw him with his makeup running down his face like a jilted prom date (which was cooler) due to extreme heat. BSA killed it and I met a lot of good friends, but I also had to watch The First Step. Over all, Chicago is a great city, but cold as fuck. Fly home and met a pimp named Sleepy on the CTA waiting to go to the airport. Kinda tolerable, but still pretty much weak.

Maryland Death Fest:

A, metal sucks and B, Baltimore sucks. C, I'm not going to anything called "Death Fest." That sounds like the worst thing a person could ever do. Fat metal dudes, horrible bands that all sound the fucking same minus a few random hardcore bands thrown in the mix to spice up this musical equivalent of a shit omelet. The mere thought of having to sit in a crowded room full of these assholes makes my skin crawl. Nothing more to be said on the subject.

Chaos in Tejas:

See, I'm not playing favorites. Now this may be the fest I prefer, but hey, I gots to keep it real. I like most the bands, hate some of the bands, and am less than thrilled to have to wait longer for tacos so train hoppers can count their change at Tamale House. Last year Amebix played. I actually heard some scum fuck yell out (dog in tow), "this show should be five dollars" and another "or free for squatters." Frankly, I agree. That would be fine with me. Separate shows for taxpayers. I'm cool with that. All I wanna do is sleep for a week after it's done. The whole place is fueled by cocaine and bullet belts. Neither of which I partake in and I admit that maybe if I did, it might be more enjoyable. I guess I have just too much self-respect and dignity. Psych. Yes, it's hot as balls here, but hey, we got AC fucking everywhere. Yes, everywhere.

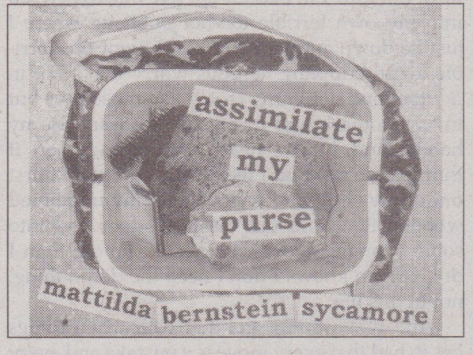
Hell Fest:

This is a fucking fest, man. Twisted Sister, KISS, Alice Cooper! Get the fuck right out! I will unfortunately not be attending because of undying hatred of the French, but goddamn, KISS? Who the fuck needs Bastard when you got KISS? Hell, even Bastard would rather watch KISS than play. The Deftones are playing too and frankly, I respect the hell out of that decision. Not a fan, but fuck it man, do what you want. Think outside the box.

Lollapalooza:

Saw Cypress Hill. Got my nipples pierced. Made out with a dude while on ecstasy. Not bad, however the bottled water is too expensive and Sonic Youth played for too long. At least I think it was Sonic Youth. I can't remember; being a total fucking loser will do that to ya.

Send bullshit to Ldworrell@gmail.com



The Social Totem Pole

When JoAnne started doing heroin, it wasn't a big deal, or at least it didn't seem like a big deal. She would sit in her room on the rocking chair, eyes closed and I would ask: are you sleeping? No, she would say—no, I'm wide awake. What do you see, I would ask. Everything, she would say.

Then the next day, we would go on making carrot juice and reading, and JoAnne would tell me: you really have to work at it, you have to work to get addicted. It's not like crystal, she would say. We both knew about crystal—you definitely didn't have to work to get addicted to crystal. Sometimes JoAnne would sit in her room on heroin and paint—she thought we should do it together, it would be fun. I didn't want to make art on drugs—I'd stopped doing crystal when I realized I needed it to dance, or not to dance but to really dance. I didn't understand why JoAnne was shooting heroin instead of snorting it, but the truth was that heroin just wasn't the drug for me: I wanted to be on all the time, I didn't want to close my eyes and watch. I don't even know if I wanted to close my eyes.

Before Garrett moved out, back when we were still friends with Angie, or friendly at least, we all went over Angie's office and got together with a few of Angie's friends who were maybe still our friends and made a zine together. Maybe Andee was there too, was Andee there? Laurie was probably at work. Angie worked at a non-profit, and she had the key to the office, where there was a photocopier, so we were taking advantage of the resources. We each made a page in this zine and a lot of it was about rape and incest and sex work and rage and it's funny to think we made the zine right before we became enemies, because at that moment it felt like we were finally getting along. Maybe that's why I ended up talking about riot girl, I mean when I started to write about this period of my life, even though riot girl never meant anything to me: we were writing about rape and sex work and rage and then we were enemies.

Andee says: yes I was there, I was there when we made that zine, it was called *The Cruelest Zine*, and you were supposed to write about the cruelest thing you had ever done to anyone. Me: that's a different zine, I don't think I was there for that one. Andee: yes you were, we only went there once, I have that zine in storage in Montana. Me: but I have it right here, and it's not called *The Cruelest Zine*. Andee: that's right—we made two zines, there was the other zine where I drew a diagram of a cock ring unfolded, because that's when I was making sex toys out of rubber with Vanessa, and then I wrote: "The Day I Learned Codependency Was the Word" on Valencia. Me: I don't think that's what it says, maybe that was in the other zine. Andee: no, that's definitely what it says, because in the other zine I wrote about throwing this boy out of a party in Seattle because he told me he'd slept with my boyfriend, I picked him up by the collar and dragged him out of the flat and down the hall and threw him out into the rain. And then I wouldn't let anyone let him back in, even though it wasn't my apartment. Me: that's right, I remember that story, we talked about it in the kitchen beforehand, and you were still angry at that boy. Andee: But I felt terrible about it. Me: I know—that's why you wrote about it in *The Cruelest Zine*. But what did I write about? Andee: you did that stream-of-consciousness piece that was a list, like two cups of this and a teaspoon of that and I can't remember exactly what it said but then at the end you said—add concrete. Me: oh, right—like a recipe. Andee: yeah, like a recipe—and everyone was stunned. And fawning, because you had just pulled that out and it became the central piece in the zine, even though the whole thing was a setup so that Ellen could write about that dinner party at your house, now they were all saying to you: that's amazing,

you're amazing. Me: oh, right—Ellen wrote about how that dinner party was the cruelest thing anyone had ever done to her—no wonder I don't remember that zine.

Once I moved to Boston, someone was always playing the *Priscilla* soundtrack, I mean when they weren't watching the movie again. My room was right next to the living room, sometimes I would wake up to *Priscilla*, I couldn't think of anything worse. Except when someone was cooking bacon in the kitchen. Or playing Abba, which was also on the *Priscilla* soundtrack. The Pet Shop Boys were bad enough, but when their new album came out at least there was a break from *Priscilla*. My roommates even liked *To Wong Fu*, where Wesley Snipes, Patrick Swayze, and John Leguizamo play drag queens on a road trip—it was *Priscilla*, relocated from the Australian outback to the US heartland—in Boston, I was living inside gay culture. JoAnne would call me up and say: you know you're an addict, don't you? She was high, I could hear that hollow sound in her voice—kind of like Erin, the coke-head hairstylist who my Boston friends and I would run into at all the clubs, whenever she was really high all she could talk about was quitting: as soon as I finish this, I'm going to quit—do you want a bump?

In Boston, sometimes drugs were the best thing in my life, a good night would start with a few cocktails, continue with a hit of ecstasy, maybe a bump or two of coke while waiting for the ecstasy to kick in and then oh, that place in the sky and then Special K when it was fading, so you could sink into the ground while flying, pot to bring it back on, a Xanax to relax. When the drugs got really bad, it was the dealer's fault—the dealer gave us something awful. Like that batch of big flat tablets a yellow brown color instead of white, there wasn't really any ecstasy in that ecstasy I called it sketchtasy. You would take the pill, and just when it started to kick in you had to rush to the bathroom to vomit—because of the heroin, that's what we thought, and then when the speed kicked in it would knock you over the head like the whole room was expanding and contracting at the same time. Everyone got used to that back and forth slam, and then when we got real ecstasy again people complained—where was the rush?

The problem with real ecstasy was the crash, that beautiful place in the sky your body it wouldn't last. I remember this one time when I crashed I kept taking more, in the café across from Neiman Marcus that was somehow the big gay hangout, that's how awful Boston was, I walked down three stairs and into a hole and when I woke up on a sofa it was like reverse ecstasy: people were talking to me through a cave and there was this buzzing in my head, everything vibrating and dark, when someone looked at me I could see their eyes in my eyes. Kind of like the ecstasy that just made you nod off—that was the worst kind, heroin for sure and one time we tried to fix it with more K and then I opened my eyes and there was this show on TV that was all about K I mean I can't remember what it was really about—oh I think it was the KKK, do you see what I mean about how everything could go wrong? Then there was Madonna in a video fitting herself into boxes—Madonna's in a K-hole, everyone kept saying—and one of our friends kept trying to crawl or fly or fall out the window when we all started nodding off again—someone would open their eyes and say: what are you doing? JoAnne, I would say, I know I'm an addict, but you're the one who's high right now.

JoAnne was turning tricks on Capp Street, I can't remember when she started but Capp Street was the bottom of the line for hookers, why not take out an ad? JoAnne said she liked it on Capp Street, the girls watched out for each other, she wouldn't be able to turn tricks on her own—and I'm a fat dyke, she said—no one would call my ad. JoAnne was proud of being a fat dyke, she was just reading the marketplace. She would get in cars for $30 blow jobs, but it was so convenient—Capp Street was literally a block away from the house where we used to live together. In Boston, sometimes I went to the boy block, usually it was empty but I did get my best trick there, I mean the one who paid me the best, by the hour. We would always talk for at least two hours before doing anything else, but then during the sex part it was so hard for me not to freeze because of the way he touched me so soft and his body was all bones. I want to say that he was a crackhead, but actually I don't think there were drugs I think he was dying. I liked the part where we talked about music, he would get all excited and even though it was classical music I would get excited too.

The first time I worked the boy block, my friends got worried because I didn't come back for a while, they left me notes on the parking meters: call us as soon as you get this. We'd gone out to the block together but they hadn't turned tricks before or if they had they weren't admitting it yet. Gay culture was scary, but I did appreciate the camaraderie. It wasn't so lonely at the clubs, waiting for the music to become everything. I mean I still had to wait, but it didn't feel so lonely. Now Gabby and I would rush to the photo booth to get pictures of our outfits, at the big club that happened every Sunday, the highlight for Boston gay nightlife and I always stayed in the back where the music was harder but we would all reconvene at the end of the night to get home or to figure out the next stop. JoAnne started taking care of one of her lovers who was kicking heroin, she'd hold her in all that shit and vomit and I can't remember what happened to that lover, I mean whether she got off heroin but then JoAnne was trying to kick, she sent me a book that I never read because it was about recovery from drug addiction as a spiritual quest and I wasn't interested in spiritual quests. In the margins JoAnne wrote: considering my place on the social totem pole I'm rare to be alive at 21. And: addicts are my teachers now.

JoAnne didn't want me to leave San Francisco, and I'm not sure I wanted to leave either, I mean right at the moment when I did leave it actually felt like home, at least in our kitchen, making stirfries and reading everyone. Later I would realize that always happens right before you leave. Afterwards, JoAnne tried to be friends with Angie again, or the people who were friends with Angie, or both, and I was never quite sure why except that it was hard to be a certain kind of dyke in the Mission unless you were friends with certain people. But now JoAnne was a junkie and the rule in the Mission was: a junkie will steal everything from you. It's not that they didn't talk to her, but they wouldn't let her in and I blamed them, blamed them for everything.

The writing in this column is an excerpt from some crazy memoirish thing I'm working on called The End of San Francisco. *My most recent book is a novel,* So Many Ways to Sleep Badly. *I'm also turning lostmissing, my public art project, into some kind of book-type thing, yay for more books! And I recently finished a new anthology called* Why Are Faggots So Afraid of Faggots? *I know you're wondering the same thing. Now I'm just waiting for someone to publish it. You can communicate with me via www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past* MRR *columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.*

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

Just coming out of a sweltering Melbourne Summer with little sleep into a damp, drenched Melbourne Autumn. With no sleep. It's giving me plenty of time to walk around the house feeling sorry for myself, which is a bad mental state to be in when writing about punk records. I can't wait it out any longer, I've got to get this to the insomniac *MRR* staff before they pull my column to make more space to Belden's feeling sorry for himself. Punx.

POLISH FANZINE

Sing it with me if you ever had to sit through *The Sound Of Music*: "A Span-ish de-mo, a Port-ugese cass-ette / A Finn-ish sing-le carv-ed in plastic / A Mex-i-can 12", a Pol-ish fan-zine / These are a few of my fav-o-rite things"

Severed Ties sees its first issue from the mean streets of Wzykychkskwyschwskkk, Poland, written and edited by Hubert who co-runs Blinded Records. If you're a COLD SWEAT freak, you might have already picked the connection there: *Blinded* and *Severed Ties* are two of the best hardcore records released last decade, and these Poles are paying tribute. The intro explains a four-day festival in Copenhagen as the inspiration for starting work on a fanzine, and explains that the intent of the zine is to circumvent the "mass flood" of useless recordings from inept, green bands who haven't realized any kind of potential with rushed recordings. Hubert intends to focus on that cream, to celebrate and froth it.

Interestingly enough, this issue features COKE BUST and BLANK STARE, two straight edge bands from the USA. I haven't heard enough COKE BUST to make an informed judgment, but I can definitely hear COLD SWEAT in the best moments of BLANK STARE, and I suppose Hubert could too. This side of COLD SWEAT – the hardcore band which severed ties with hardcore at the time, presenting itself as a bunch of North West US psychos shacked up in a city characterized by miserable weather and miserable music—has had a slow but steady resonance throughout the hardcore scene. The other side of COLD SWEAT's *Blinded*—by a horrifying

hatred of the world—is a lot harder to tap into, so most bands haven't attempted it. But there is such a potency to Blinded that hit me with the same kind of impact that Die Kreuzen did the first time I heard it or *Dead Man* did the first time I watched it: a desolate landscape of violent deeds and determined conclusions. I'd like to see this record have its due without having to sit through another generation of self-hating waifs, because there's a time and a place for wall punching horror, and there hasn't been a band for years capable of capturing it in a matter comparable to COLD SWEAT. I just see a lot of guys with expensive "body art" lamenting relationship decisions.

There's a series of eloquent reviews of vinyl and cassette tapes to round the issue out (he made some band called VOGUE sound great), and a few cool photos/fliers to illustrate. My big gripe is that he's used a computer to lay this thing out, and at several moments used low quality images that look fuckin' awful on paper. The fractured, blobby pixilated images really grate against the eyes, and the low quality print job (no blacks, only shades of gray) also don't do him a favor here.

Severed Ties is a fanzine to check out if you're into ugly, heavy hardcore post-COLD SWEAT. Another issue, Hubert, if you please.

AUSTRALIAN CASSETTE

CONSTANT MONGREL and TACO LEG are two of the best new Australian punk bands, so I've been blasting their split cassette tape of rehearsal recordings released for the TACO LEG Melbourne shows a couple weeks back. Both bands favor an underhanded approach: TACO LEG leans on ineptitude, CONSTANT MONGREL settle into stoned grooves. TACO LEG are like the baby brother band of FANG—that detached, acid casualty observing his mental instability and laughing about it, bluesy misery, but way more stumbling and idiotic than even FANG could manage. CONSTANT MONGREL are like the baby brother band of BLACK LIPS—specifically Let it Bloom era, when the MONKS and RED KROSS shook hands and compared notes on the weather, elements of surf rock and doo-wop and excessive masturbation.

Both bands sound unrehearsed here, and their songs (especially in TACO LEG) rely on clunky transitions (or none at all), so a rehearsal tape is perfect. This is the good side to the new generation of punk bands—easy net access afforded teen years of immediate access to MODERN LOVERS and VOM tunes, film clips/live footage and archived reportage, whereas boring old people spend time complaining about how they didn't have such simplicity when they were pre-period, and everyone has it easy. I have no problem with feeling like you've missed out on something, but I don't mourn it myself. These young assholes are starting bands and filling the space where old people's words hang around like their stench, so hopefully we won't have to hear too much more of it.

ENGLISH VINYL

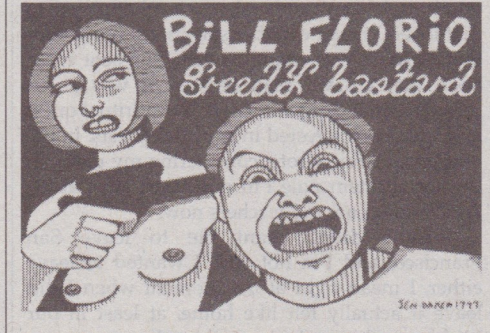
The UK GG ALLIN tribute 7" *Violent and Obscene* features four bands who favor a garage punk/low-fidelity scuzzpop approach. It's great to see a tribute to GG that focuses on the strength of his songwriting as opposed to his ability to rape and shit his pants. The bands are FAIROHS, MALE BONDING, PENS and GRAFFITI ISLAND. None of these bands sound like ANTI-SEEN or HAMMERLOCK, in case you were wondering.

The highlight here is GRAFFITI ISLAND, who released a killer one-sided 7" last year (B-side a glued slab of snake skin). They take "Drink, Fight & Fuck" and amplify every hook that GG threw into it. And GG was a hooky songwriter: "Always…" is a great example.

You take a guy whose only aspiration was to ride the post-glam STOOGES/DEAD BOYS style offensive punk rock shtick into the charts, you add a few years of failures, disappointments and substance abuse, and eventually you get someone with a pretty sharp mind who realizes he's going to face a choice between scratching the lumps of dried shit out of the side of the toilet bowl in a small-town Burger King or scratching the lumps of dried shit out of the side of his head in a small-town dressing room after the manager gives him a paltry share of the door and he can spike vein, get dick sucked and hopefully avoid arrest for the night. With an audience happy to deal with the threat of an occasional piece of turd on their cheek or slap of free swinging balls whack in the eye or a layer of semen/smack/piss sweat from the guy stumbling naked around or at the very worst a drunken piss-weak punch to the face for looking bored if only to see either A) a tight band chugging through some offensive punk slop or B) a retarded individual humiliate himself, GG knew that he could travel around, make a little dough, play r'n'r (his dream) and die.

Most people focus on this side of him, because that's easy, but there's a songbook behind him, especially early-on when he thought the radio/corporate America could potentially throw money at him, which is easily as good as any power pop/post-glam punk of the time, and these four limey bands have done a great tribute to this side of GG's life.

If you play punk, hardcore, garage noise or any music with a bit of grit and rawness to it, or if you write a fanzine that loosely covers the same sonic territory, and you don't live in the US, Japan or Sweden, please get in touch. My address is: Daniel Stewart: PO Box 239 North Carlton Victoria 3054 Australia.



I like surprises. For example, I'll go and see a film based solely on a director, an actor, but I do my best to not have any idea of what the plot is about beforehand. I do the same thing with a lot of things, while generally I like to feel like I'm prepared for anything, I like the idea that my mind and emotions will be tested a bit. For a wide margin of my life this works. Yesterday, it really didn't.

I generally do not make long-range plans. I spend a few minutes in a day figuring out what to do and I'm pretty happy with a win-some-lose-some approach to life. I feel when you over think things you tend to either raise your expectations to a point of where you're always disappointed, or psych yourself out and decide things aren't worth the effort once looked into in advance. Of course I'm not talking about important things, if there are a whole bunch of other people relying on a decision I need to make, I'll actually work on making sure I don't screw everything up, but then generally that type of stuff falls more into a work thing and not a fun thing. I like to keep the two separate, spontaneous good times and serious task mastering only meet for very brief periods.

So I'm at a show last night, everything seems a little bit off. There's two or three decent bands playing and yet I know not a single person in the place. I try to rationalize,

1. This venue is usually more of a hipster type place. I generally also avoid it.

2. The cover is slightly higher than the show seems to warrant.

3.While it's a hipsterish type place, the crowd seems without real style and they smell worse than what I expected. Maybe there's a vermin problem.

4. I notice three or four of those bike messenger hats. You know the ones that look like a hat made for a three-year-old but worn by some unshaven bi-valve.

5. I could put a dark light on this and try to decide if I want to leave, but so far I'm tolerating like weird curly mustache guy who smells like death and is dancing around like the midgets in the Stonehenge portion of *This Is Spinal Tap*, and the guy with a bike helmet strapped to his backpack that's whacking people in the head while he pushes around through the crowd.

So, right before the band I came to see comes on, a drug dealer looking person and a Hispanic guy with a rubber skull mask on who speaks as if he has 35 gobstoppers in his mouth get up on stage. They start making announcements that are is some vernacular that is unfamiliar to me. You know when people get all nerdy and proprietary about something or another and while you understand each word as English, your zero context level makes it seem as though you're in another country where people ear fluffy dogs and shit in a compost heap.

The dynamic duo pause for a few minutes because some guy named Larry cannot be found and they refer to him getting high in the bathroom. At this point people start complaining that it smells like burning plastic. I make a loud statement that considering I've smelled nothing but rotting curly mustached guy, BO, stale beer, skunky pot and cigarette smoke, I wholly welcome the cleansing uni-odor of burning plastic. A couple of people laugh.

Seventy minutes later, I'm about to wretch as what seemed like two drunken, bored morons grabbing the mic in between bands, is actually a full on bike messenger awards ceremony. I'm totally not making this up, I'm not sure if it was something all day where they tea bagged each other in some stinking gladiatorial bout or demonstrated who could have the most annoying way to scream at me at 8am while I'm trying

to cross the street and they feel a need to run a red light into me, or just who could have the rattiest hairstyle and cracked out boyfriend/girlfriend or pet flying squirrel. They came up one after another making meth-induced acceptance speeches while the skull dude handed them ugly looking messenger bags tires and bike frames.

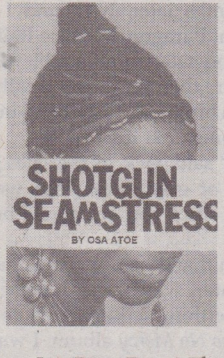
While I realize I got stuck at a bike messenger party for about twelve minutes in 1999 and the memory still haunts me, this was something I couldn't stop watching I was awful, but each person coming up and bragging about their accomplishments in a way that made no decipherable sense to me was very attention grabbing.

I remember in sixth grade Phoenix House sent someone to speak to my class about drugs and what could happen to you if you start using. The guy was once World Featherweight Champion before he became a heavy coke user. While this may have worked on a few people and made them wary of using drugs, what did it do to prevent them becoming bike messengers.

I propose someone get a government grant to just say no to bike messengers. While I'm totally open to all lifestyles, points of view and alternate realities, I feel this one has gone a little too far and God forbid if being a bike messenger ever came to epidemic proportions, our entire nation and probably our entire world will eventually be doomed to acrid grease and rusted oniony smelling existence. I think re-enacting what I witnessed last night would scare any kid into doing well in school and ensuring he/she never succumbs to the lowest levels of human existence. Screw health-care reform, terrorism prevention, keeping kids out of bike messengering will be the best cure we could come up with as a society since the polio vaccine.

Thank you.

bill@candids.com



All eyes on LA Raw Ponx! This kid named Austin just got in touch with me the other day. He's involved in *Silenzio Statico*, a zine that documents what's going on in the South Central LA Latin/Chicano/hardcore scene right now. Before he'd gotten in touch, my friend Candice highly encouraged me to check out Tuberculosis, and I did and I thought they were hella cute, and then I watched an episode of LA Raw Ponx video fanzine *Fronteras Desarmadas*. They totally got it goin' on down there and I'm so jealous!

When I lived in the Bay Area circa 2005, I remember having conversations with other brown punks wondering if we could ever have our own scene the way women in punk did with riot girl. I know damn well there's a tendency to romanticize past happenings that you weren't around to see first hand. I know it's not like every time Bikini Kill played a show, someone rolled out a pink carpet for them to walk down and then all of these perfect riot girl bands opened for them and then they all got naked, smoked some weed and prayed to Gaia together. But still, riot girl made other girls want to get involved with punk. It made women want to make their own feminist DIY punk culture.

For whatever reason, Afro-Punk doesn't seem to be doing that for black kids. Or perhaps it's doing it for individual black kids across the US, Canada and Western Europe, but we don't have any kind of political DIY art movement yet. And, hell no, I'm not counting the corporate sponsored Afro-Punk tours as signs of a movement. Please.

I think mostly it's just a question of numbers. In LA and parts of Texas, everywhere you look, you see a (light) brown face looking back at you. And since Latinos generally don't have that same kind of pressure to like a certain type of music according to their race, like black people do, it's generally gonna be easier to find LatinPunx than AfroPunx. There's always been a Latino HC scene in Cali, and Mas Alla De Los Gritos ("Beyond the Screams") came out long before the Afro-Punk documentary did. Of course, it all depends on where you are. I'm thinking about my friends Ana and Mando surrounded by all those white people in Portland, Oregon. They're Latin art punk kids orginally from LA and they play in a two piece called Magic Johnson, in which they sing all of their lyrics in Spanish to an audience who mostly has no idea what they're saying. I hope one day, they get to play with XYX from Monterrey, NL, Mexico cuz obviously not all Latin punx play hardcore. Adding Mutating Meltdown (Austin) to that imaginary lineup = dream show.

Having missed the '80s, I've never been much of a HC kid myself, but I'm inspired by how overtly political many of those bands are. The LA Raw Ponx are no different. From what I've seen, they can't wait to speak out about the fact that we still live in a racist police state that we should all be actively critiquing and resisting. Whenever I'm in a band, my lyrics tend to get kind of dreamy and personal, but after watching that Tuberculosis interview, I finally wanna try to speak what's on my mind instead of hiding behind abstractions.

This is such a cool time for punk rock! I'm so glad I didn't give up on it! *MRR* is run by feminists; brown punks across the country are trying to get together. This is the moment many of us have been waiting for. We can still change the world, and in fact we already have.

For DIY punk shows in New Orleans or to get in touch: nomorefiction@gmail.com

"I am the Antichrist," I yell at the top of my lungs, as sweat pours down my face, past the Sears headphones, and to the exercycle below. Images of The River Styx, Satan, and me on a surfboard, riding through it all dance in my mind.

"Are you OK?" my mom asks as she opens the door to my basement bedroom, which is completely devoid of light. A black hole. A black, sweaty, sticky hole. With me at the center, sucking in all the hate, anger, and confusion I can.

"I am the Antichrist, it's what I was meant to be, your God left me behind, and set my soul to be free," I yell along with Slayer, not hearing my mom at all.

"George," she yells, "you are singing in 'that' voice again. You sound like Kermit The Frog on steroids. You're scaring me!"

I kind of hear what she says as I stare at her silhouette against the kitchen light. Sweat is pouring past my eyes, and I keep blinking, as I pedal faster and faster.

"George?" I see her mouth to me.

I pedal even harder, feeling my sweat jacket stick to me like wet paper. From the kitchen light, I can see that I'm about to turn over the odometer on my second exercyle. Another thousand miles. Big fucking deal.

"George," I hear a male voice yell.

I look over, and through a sweaty haze see my mom, and stepdad, Nick, staring at me.

"I am the Antichrist, All love is lost, Insanity is what I am, Eternally my soul will rot," I scream.

I see Nick shrug his shoulders to my mom, and then turn to leave. Suddenly I hear a loud snapping sound, feel a sting against my ankle, watch in what appears to be slow motion as the weighted wheel in the front of the bike rolls forward on the floor, and then I topple over, yanking the headphones and stereo over on top of me.

"Are you OK?" my mom asks me as I lay flat on my back on floor, drenched, with my exercycle and stereo on my stomach. I think I detect a small smile on her face.

I look up at my exercycle. The belt had snapped, again, but this time the wheel had fallen off. This caused the bike to fall over and break the fork that holds the wheel in the front. Another bike down the toilet.

"You know Barbara," Nick then says to my mom, "I think maybe it's time he joined a gym. This is getting expensive. Let him destroy someone else's property."

"I am the Antichrist?" I manage to whisper as I push the stereo off my groin.

"Good idea, honey," my mom says, "he screams so much when he works out. And he sounds worse than Henry Rollins. He scares the neighbors."

My mom was right. But I bet the gyms I joined wished she'd kept me in the basement.

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I started working out when I was in my late teens. It wasn't like I was out to get in shape or anything. Actually, it was far from that. I was very happy with my beer and hamburger diet. So happy, in fact, that I'd gained twenty pounds my first quarter in college. Everything was going fine. Well, almost everything was going fine. Except for my colon. For some reason, that had stopped going all together.

"George," explained Dr. Axelrod, the college's in house doctor at the infirmary, "you just

don't get it, do you?"

"Get what?" I asked the guy with the curly brown hair, and curly mustache. I had never really seen a curly mustache. It looked like he had pubic hair on his face. So I laughed.

"What's so funny?" asked Dr. Crotch-Face.

I said nothing.

"Anyway," he continued, "you don't seem to understand that your system works as a whole. You must treat your entire body like a temple. Take care of it. Nourish it. Make it grow."

"It's growing fine," I said to him, rubbing my big beer gut.

"Look," he said, starting to get pissed, "what you need to do to make you pass stools again is to drink Metamucil, eat more fiber, and exercise daily."

"Pass stools?" I said, actually not understanding him. I pass stools all the time. Especially at the Orange & Brew, the campus beer joint. They had orange ones. And blue ones. Near the bar. Wow.

"Defecate," said Dr. Axelrod.

I looked at him with more confusion.

"Take a crap. Shit. Dump. Lay a log. Poop!" he yelled.

"Oh," I said, "that."

"Yeah, that," he explained, "if you don't cleanse your system, the toxins can build up and you can get sick. When is the last time you went?"

"Went where?" I asked.

He then explained to me that I should start getting into the habit of taking a dump. Either in the morning or evening. And to try the same time everyday. He also said I should exercise daily, eat more salads and less hamburgers, and drink Metamucil, which he gave me a canister of.

When I got back to my dorm, I tried the Metamucil. Blech. I then jogged half a mile. And I had a salad for dinner.

The next morning, I sat on the toilet like Dr. Axelrod had told me to. Just to try to go.

Nothing.

I did the same routine for the following four days. Metamucil, jogging, and salads.

On the fifth day, as I sat upon the toilet, reading my roommate's Penthouse, I felt my stomach start to move. First a little. Then a lot. All of a sudden, I had cramps so bad I swear I was gonna give birth. I screamed for help, and lots of guys on my floor ran into the dorm bathroom.

"Arrgh," I yelled, in total pain, from stall number two.

"What's the matter Tabb," I heard Rich, my next door neighbor ask me.

"I dunno. I think I'm gonna have a baby."

Suddenly my colon exploded, and I went like I never did before. It shot out like a cannon ball, and when it hit the water, it soaked my ass good. Then my butt made all sorts of farting noises, and I heard Rich, and the others, laugh and laugh.

After that, they started calling me names I would rather not repeat.

***

The rest of my college days were spent drinking, fucking, playing punk rock, and running. A lot of running. I got up to running ten miles a day. First I did it just to clear up my system, but soon I grew attached to it. It made me high. I mean, like totally wasted. After I'd run, sometimes I'd taste the alcohol I had a day earlier. But even if I didn't, I'd feel totally good. And happy. I think they call it *runner's high*. Whatever.

During that time, I also started doing weights at the school gym. I did bench presses, curls, and all that stuff. My girlfriend at that time was Natalie, and she started to workout with me. Soon, her muscles were bigger than mine, and she could literally beat the hell out of me. So I stopped with the weights. And stayed with the running. Soon Natalie was able to lap me when I ran. Women. But I stuck with it. Just for the high.

When I quit/got thrown out of college, I moved to New York. For good. I took the train up to Central Park to jog a few times, but that was lame. All these yuppies were up there, with their matching clothes, and attitudes. I'd show up in sweat pants and a Ramones t-shirt, and they'd stare at me like I didn't belong. And I didn't. Plus, I hated riding the train home all sweaty. I like to be clean.

So I started to jog around Washington Square Park. At first, during the day. But there were too many people. Tourists, college students, punk rockers, drug dealers. They just kept getting in my way. So I began to jog later. Like early evening. Still too crowded. Then I went later, and later.

Soon I was jogging around Washington Square Park every night around two a.m. And that seemed to work. The only people out there were drug dealers, and me. I'd run around the park, like ten or fifteen times, and the drug dealers at every corner would count my laps.

"That's five man," they'd yell, as I'd pass them and wave.

"That's ten, guy," they'd say, as I'd sweat and smile.

"Keep going," they'd cheer me on as I would get to around fifteen.

They were my biggest fans. Soon I got to know them by name. And they got to know me by name, too. Crazy White Boy.

Eventually, my knees and back gave out from high impact exercise. I started to jog around the park less and less, and the drug dealers began to miss me. Once, while walking past the park late at night, in my leather jacket, with a really cute girl on my arm, one of the drug dealers asked me where Id been.

"I fucked up my bones and shit," I said to the guy.

"Come on," he said to me, "I'll run with you around the park once for old times sake."

As we both jogged around the park, the other dealers cheered us on, as did my date, who was slightly confused. But then again, the girl was always slightly confused.

As we were running on the final stretch, to the arch, where I'd left my date, we broke out, and ran full force.

Suddenly I felt an arm grab my shoulder and yank me back. I looked over, and the other arm had grabbed the drug dealer.

And attached to those arms was a cop. A big cop.

I spent the next half hour explaining that I enjoyed running around the city in my leather and jeans. And that I didn't deal drugs.

That was my last run around that park.

"I dunno, George," explained Nick, as we looked at all the exercycles upstairs at Paragon, "are you really gonna ride the thing? They're damn expensive."

I explained to Nick that I would ride it, everyday, and it would be better for me than running. Also that I'd be at home, working out, instead of running around the park in the middle of the night. It would make my mom happier.

"You have a point there," he said, "but these things are just so much money."

"The healthier I am, the less doctor bills you'll have to pay," I said, trying to sell him on the idea of buying me this nice Italian exercycle. It was white, with green stripes, had an odometer, speedometer, and a big heavy wheel in front to give me lots of resistance.

"But couldn't you just bike around the city like me?" he asked.

I explained to him that with my luck, I'd be run over by a truck within days. He knew I was right.

"So you are gonna really use the thing?" he asked.

I told him I would.

Over the next eight months, use the thing I did. For about forty minutes to an hour a day. I'd turn off all the lights in my room, pull the shutters closed on the windows, put on a Slayer, Metallica, Black Flag, Ramones, Angry Samoans, FYP, Dick Army or some other hard band's album on my Sears stereo, plug in the headphones, dress in my sweats and sweat jacket, and then workout like crazy. As I did so, I'd scream along with the music. As loud as I could. For some reason, it helped me work out harder. And better. I got to release all that aggression I had stored up inside of me. As I'd pedal away, screaming, I'd think how I hated my life, and the world, in general.

Nine months later, Nick and I found ourselves back at Paragon. My nice Italian bike had collapsed, and was un-repairable. The belt had snapped more than once, and finally the pedals fell off, chain broke, and fork bent. But I'd turned over the odometer at least twice.

"George," said Nick, as the sales guy showed us all sorts of exercycles, "can we get you a cheaper one since you are gonna break it, anyway?"

I told him that'd be fine. Fuck the Italians.

A year later, which was longer than we all expected, the thing fell apart while listening to Slayer's *Show No Mercy* album. I was screaming along to the song, "Antichrist," and it just collapsed. It was then I joined my first gym.

To be continued…

Take my life, please.

www.myspace.com/helpgeorgetabb

It's really a letdown to me when I look at

punk and see all the same power dynamics at play that are the backbone of mainstream culture. The majority of boys in the punk underground to me are really just jocks in leather jackets. They lived through the stifling times of suburbia, probably got called a faggot or something along those lines throughout their high school careers, managed to survive all that and ended up in some dingy punk house playing guitar through crap-tastic speakers rather than in a suit and tie with a power point presentation in a board room. Living the dream, right? We all probably took a similar path to where we are now; these days we've left high school, fled suburbia and now we find ourselves in the thick of punk. A land of a constant reliving of teenaged fantasies/nightmares.

We've constructed a secret colony of outsiders where the rules and ideas of mainstream culture don't (or shouldn't) really apply anymore. Even though it's not like we're dodging preppy kids as we slink down high school hallways anymore and we've built a new culture that is our own, we still manage to live by that same type of mainstream hierarchy bullshit. You'd think that after surviving the torment of suburban times we wouldn't take on the same characteristics of a place like that. You know, avoid the hierarchy, resist the popularity contest competition. But it all seems the same to me, still getting reminded that I'm just a grrl in place ruled by the straight white male populous, still going to a punk show (which should be an escape from dominant/dominating culture) only to get sexually harassed and informed I'm an ugly bitch all within the same sentence by these dudes. Still get told on a regular basis that grrl bands "have no use," still hearing racist jokes, still all the homophobia, and on and on and on.

I always believed that punk was about rejecting mainstream values and ideals, resisting being mixed into that shitsystem, but I look around at other punks and it's just a complete aping of all these tired and boring and totally normative ways. It's true, I realize that almost all social functions can be whittled down to basically being a popularity contest, and that it's incredibly easy to fall back into these deeply ingrained power dynamics. But we've worked this hard to build a media and a culture outside and divorced from the general public, would it be so hard to put a little more work into resisting all those useless power dynamics too? The most shining examples of the upholding of these things are the majority of straight white punk dudes I find myself around over and over again. I mean I don't get it—these boys seem to all be in bands that are entirely about jokes, drinking, drugs and fucking girls. It's all about playing with their guitars (cocks) onstage, a constant drinking/drug contest, and keeping all the girls in the vicinity down on their knees. It's way too much like finding yourself in a crowd of weekend warriors having a "wild time" at an arena rock show. My only explanation is that these guys are living out their high school fantasies of power. Like they always wanted to be the popular captain of the football team but when they were actually in high school there was no chance cuz they were too scrawny and too trapped under a pile of records.

Let me clarify for a moment; when I say "jock" I don't mean literally a football player (duh). I don't mean that these boys are trying to live out the fantasies of an actual touchdown. What I mean is the living out of that fantasy of power. It's about ruling the school, keeping yer peers firmly below you and having a date-rapist mentality. It's like they want to live the apple-pie-red-white-and-blue-American-high-school-movie dream. They want to be the big man on campus. They want to beat up the faggots/nerds/wusses/whatevers and shove them in a locker. They want to prove their manhood by date raping the nearest naïve virgin. But they're not like that republican business career dude, no way, they are punk. What this ends up doing is creating the same shitsystem power structure that we (as grrls, as queers, as POCs, as outsiders in general) so dearly wanted to escape.

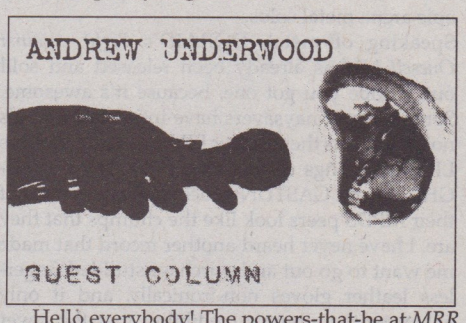
I have all these friends who are radical feminists whom I'm always bothering to write for *Maximum*, to get involved. The usual response is "I don't know enough about hardcore" or "that's a total boy thing." There are boys who wanna know why there's "all this feminist shit" in *Maximum*. I know grrls who don't want to go to the punk show up the street because they know they'll get fondled and harassed and it's fucking exhausting and disappointing. All these rad grrls are not getting involved because it's so frustrating and it's this constant uphill battle and that's fucking lame. We (outsiders) retreated to punk because we were too outspoken for the mainstream, we didn't like how we were being treated there and we didn't wanna do the things we were told to do and we wanted to do all the things we were told not to do. We arrive at punk, what we thought would be a total escape from mainstream bullshit and power shitsystems only to encounter all the same shit. Punk is a culture of outsiders, a culture of bucking the trend. Right? And I don't want to be what mainstream society wants me to be. I don't want a husband with a successful career. I don't want 2.5 kids. I don't want to know how to cook a perfect roast. I don't want suburbia. The assumption is kids become punks because they don't want all the things that a yuppies hetero-normative lifestyle has to offer. They want something different. Right? Then why are all the same shitsystems of domination being recreated here?

You may not be wearing khakis and listening to Coldplay and talking about yer career at the cocktail mixer but yer. living by the same values and it's so boring. Khakis equals tight pants, Coldplay equals Cro-Mags, career equals yer band and that cocktail mixer is a basement show. Straight white boys dominate the scene and grrls and all other outsiders are yet again reduced to simply being an object to be dominated. Most of the time it seems like these boys don't even notice what they're doing. They don't even realize what power structure they are aping and upholding. By questioning this I'm being an "uptight PC bitch" while they are "just trying to have fun" or whatever. I'm trying to explain again why that joke is racist while you stare at my tits and tell me that you couldn't be racist because you have a black friend and he laughs at that joke some times (oh, and yer friend probably doesn't think it's funny, that chuckle is probably a defense mechanism). They (boys) are again placing themselves on a pedestal while announcing that everyone and everything that does not somehow cater to them is automatically meaningless. They don't get that they were basically given a guitar at birth while the world was saying "dude, start a band!" while as a grrl I was told to not get too fat or too ugly or too unlady-like because if I did dare to step outside of the American standard of what a woman should be then I may never find a husband (a fate worse than death, right?).

I didn't rebel into punk culture to be reminded that I should still keep my mouth shut unless I'm making room for a dick. What I wanted, what I expected was to escape that shitsystem of domination, I wanted to be more than something for men to dominate and colonize, I wanted to start that band. Punk culture should be about everyone contributing, and when I say "everyone" I mean everyone, including people I completely don't agree with. There should be conflict, how else do you come up with new ideas? I want the ideas I don't necessarily agree with to be just as loud and just as heard as mine and vice versa. What I'm rejecting is the domination. What I'm rejecting is the aping of mainstream values. What I'm rejecting is the power dynamic. When the dominant system in a culture boils grrl roles down to being nothing but a fan or a fuck and continues to keep outsiders on the margins, you end up with all the same shit, different clothes.

I don't want it.

marissa@punkymagic.com



Hello everybody! The powers-that-be at *MRR* have decided to tap yours truly as your correspondent regarding things strange and obscure in the world of raw punk and hardcore. I suppose the technical reason is that I am an obsessive buyer of the same and, to the great shame of the labels involved, more and more such releases are not making it into the review section these days. Having been a faithful reader of *Maximum Rocknroll* for years, I can only hope that I don't fuck up too spectacularly. Thanks to Layla and Mariam and Cissie for the opportunity. So, I have a few ideas rattling around in my fuzz-damaged noggin to keep this space from being a greatest hits of what I bought last month, but for now... on to the greatest hits of what I bought last month!

But before that, I have to take a moment to heartily endorse the recent revival of cassette tapes in the hardcore punk scene. Alongside stalwarts like Polish label Trujaca Fala, newer labels like Malaysia's Black Konflick and Japan's Bastard Rock are making both classic and brand new releases available to punks worldwide, but with a special focus on parts of the world where a CD or record are inconvenient at best to listen to. Toss your iPod, rip the CD player out of your ride and get back on the tape train! There are lots of great cassette-only releases coming got lately.

Speaking of which…

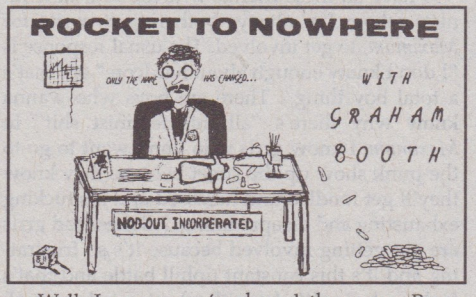
Bastard Rock Records, who in true punk fashion refrain from providing any contact information, recently released a pair of excellent cassette demos. The GILLZGLOW/BACCHUS split tape is an excellent pairing of young bands from opposite ends of Japan. GILLSGLOW have a perfectly raw, almost live-in-the-studio recording, with vomited vocals that recall the mighty ZOUO. The songs alternate between an excellent bouncy CHAOS UK style and more metallic swaggering tracks that recall early VENOM all featuring some great noise-saturated leads. Fuck, the band members are named Beelzebub, GAS, BOMB and ZOUO (coincidence?) and two of the four have huge mohawks, that should be enough to recommend them already. BACCUS, on the flip deliver a four-track blast of burly traditional Japanese hardcore that at its best moments recalls TETSU-ARREI. The singer sounds like he could kick my ass (though who couldn't?).

The other BRR release I want to highlight is the DISGRAPHIA *Various Piece One's Arm* demo. This is a much more professional-sounding affair featuring the ex-singer of CROCODILE SKINK. DISGRAPHIA have a very modern crust sound, recalling MUGA or the later ASSAULT records with a soupcon of TRAGEDY in some of the riffing. To be honest, the songs are a bit long for my slightly twitchy attention span, but they do use some of the slower breaks to drop some truly epic arena metal solos.

Speaking of metal, DÖRAID's *Fight Against Oneself* LP has already been released and sold out. I hope you got one, because it's awesome. Some internet naysayers have intimated that it's not as good as their earlier EP, but I disagree. This LP is ten songs of top shelf NWOBHM-meets-GHOUL and GASTUNK rock that makes most of their MPDS peers look like the chumps that they are. I have never heard another record that made me want to go out and purchase studded fingerless leather gloves non-ironically, and it only enhances the album's credibility that the cover art looks like it was drawn with a pencil on the cover of a disaffected eighth-grader's math textbook. Apparently there's a double LP in the offing compiling their three live cassettes, five unreleased tracks and a new song. Contact Torture Machine Records (3-12-9 KS Fujimidai #502, Nukui, Nerima, Tokyo 176-0021, Japan, toruremachine1980@yahoo.co.jp) for details.

In a more traditionally punk vein, the LASTSENTENCE *Beginning of the Close Mind* EP was a surprise ripper. The ferocious female vocals make the obvious reference point a much faster MENAL DISEASE, but the music is more along the lines of (dare I say it?!) FRIGÖRA in that it's very Scandinavian HC-influenced. This is a really excellent debut with a nice and dirty production that doesn't bury any instruments, but provides a nice veneer of fuzz throughout. I'd like to see LASTSENTENCE in a basement with QUESTION someday. It'd be a natural fit. Osaka's on a tear lately with great new bands! This raw-noise mangle attack doesn't seem to be generating a lot of buzz yet, so hopefully you can still cadge a copy from Guerrilla Records (2-6-16-231 Nishimiyahara, Yodogawa-Ku, Osaka 532-0004, Japan). Another recent standout is PERSEVERE's new *Tragic End* EP, which might be their best material yet. They maintain their trademark UK '82 sound, but pick up the tempo a bit and these three songs are easily the catchiest and most memorable they've produced yet. Tom-heavy drums and vocal reverb galore combined with a really dynamic recording make this record stand out from the rest of their discography. This one's available from the always reliable Blood Sucker Records (2-7-2F Fukuromachi Naka-Ku, Hiroshima 730-0036, Japan) though it was co-released with PERSEVERE's own Insane World Records. Also, be on the lookout for re-released LPs on the Absolute Power label from the Stalin and Typhus (especially Typhus who were pre-Stalin, Aburadako and Gauze!).

Whelp, that's it for now. Thanks for reading. If you're in a new band and you're looking for a sympathetic ear, shoot me a demo c/o *MRR*.



Well, I guess you've heard the news. Bruce Roehrs passed away. My wife and I recently relocated to the Bay Area, and received the news late Wednesday night along with everyone else at MRR HQ. To say it came as a surprise was an understatement, most of us had seen him out on the town just days before, raging in typical Roehrs fashion. I was completely blindsided, dazed in a zombie like state: body nervously ambling around while my brain stalled trying to process the devastating news.

It was a really weird night. Hours before I had been getting records together to take to Austin for the South by Southwest (SXSW) / Austin Record Convention (ARC) extravaganza weekend. When the news came I was still sorting records, my flight scheduled to leave just 12 hours later the next morning. My brain kept giving me alternating jolts, "Must stay" *bzzt* "Must go"… *bzzt* "Stay"…

Too tough a decision for me to make, so I asked myself what Bruce would've told me to do. That was easy. Bruce and I had just discussed our upcoming travel plans over lunch last week. I was headed to Austin to see our mutual friend Ryan, and Bruce was headed to England to see COCK SPARRER. Ryan is actually the one who introduced me to Bruce a few years ago, and Bruce never tired of telling our antics together. I knew he was pumped to see COCK SPARRER, probably his favorite current band, and he loved to travel, seeing the sights and surprising everyone with the sheer amount of people he knew all over the world.

So Thursday morning I did what I could hear Bruce telling me to do, "Nah, don't worry about me. You need to go on that fucking trip and see Ryan. I'll be here when you get back. Get outta here." I took one of those shared ride vans to the airport. I was the first pick up so I ended up getting shuttled around San Francisco for half an hour. I looked out the window and imagined Bruce driving me around on one of his impromptu tours of the City. I wondered if the other passengers could spot the tears welling in my puffy red eyes, and what they thought I was thinking about.

The rest of the day was spent waiting in airport terminals and sitting on planes on my way Austin. Too much alone time if you ask me. I was reading message boards on my iPhone trying to keep on top of the Bruce stories, and it started to sink in how much of an impact Bruce had made, and how many peoples lives he had touched, both through *MRR* and in life. Nothing by kind words, often from unexpected sources. Bruce was definitely one of the good guys.

Austin was exhausting from the start, trying to avoid the subject as we got everything together for the Record Show at 9am. With four hours of sleep Ryan and I headed out for an early breakfast and got to the show early to setup. Ryan went all out earlier in the week designing an elaborate wall display, and we broke out some heavy hitters for the large turnout we expected. I asked Ryan when the last time FEAR, GERMS, INSULTS or HOLLYWOOD SQUARES had graced ARC, and he wasn't sure any of them had.

There were some decent sales for us in the first few hours, but it quickly became apparent that the huge crowds would never materialize. What happened? Maybe ARC wasn't ready for the punk onslaught. Maybe everybody was still asleep from the prior night's debauchery. Whatever the case, Ryan kept the optimistic smiles going and encouraged me to get to digging, so that's what I did.

Of course I wasn't too optimistic. I had already missed Day one of the Record Show, and I know the dealers are usually pretty good about hitting everything and anything. In such situations, I just troll through the dregs hoping there's something there too obscure or expensive that all the dealers passed on. At this fair, the genre of choice seemed to be Hard Rock. Along with some super obscurities, I was stoked to find the first SAINT VITUS LP (the only one not reissued), the first OVERKILL 12" EP, and retarded Houston teen metal gem RUST with its ultra crude Clown art sleeve.

I kept looking and kept buying some pretty weird weak stuff, mostly $5 or less, hoping that something would turn out great when I got it home to listen to. Things were not looking good. Around 4pm, two hours before the show would close for the day, I was walking down one of the final aisles, and I spotted a depressing CD only booth. There were three tables of CDs in a U-shape. My eyes focused on the three white 7" boxes under the tables deep in a corner, stacked in a tower.

I walked over and crouched down to have a look, getting the feeling the stuff wasn't even for sale. I flipped slowly through the top box, spotting lots of new wave including several early titles by NEW ORDER and PATTI SMITH. I pulled out a MARINE GIRLS 45 and decided to ask how much the records were. I looked back over my shoulder at an older woman chatting with a middle aged man who resembled Tommy Chong and asked how much the records were.

Tommy looks back at me and somewhat confusedly explains that he's not really sure, he brought it for his friend to come help price that

morning, but his friend never showed up. "I guess some will be five dollars, and some I'll have to look at." I flipped through the rest of the box, then thought about paying $5 (or more) for a MARINE GIRLS 45, and put it back in the box. Then I lifted the top box off to get to the next box under it.

I grabbed a handful from the next box. Uggh. WINGS. PAUL McCARTNEY. More WINGS. PAUL McCARTNEY. The box just kept giving. I grabbed another handful from the other end of the box. WINGS. Fuck! I can't take it anymore! I grabbed the McCARTNEY box from the tower of singles and put it on top of the first box to reveal the bottom box, prepared for the worst. The space was cramped down in the corner, and I was crouched down trying to conceal my moves lest any of my competition happened to be walking by.

I grabbed another handful from the box, and spotted a familiar black and red sleeve in front. OOF! THE OFFENDERS *Lost Causes* 7". Holy fuck! In Austin Texas no less. My heart stopped and the beads of sweat started rolling off my forehead. I continued to flip through the handful... STANDING WAVES...hmm... both of them... SKUNKS third 45... SKUNKS second double pack 45!... SKUNKS 1ST 45!!! *Earthquake Shake*! Fuck! I started to assemble a short stack. I realized I only had a couple hundred bucks on me, if this seller even had a tiny clue what he had, my money would be spent in a matter of minutes. Time to prioritize...

THE EXPLOSIVES. All three singles! I guess I don't need them all, I'll just grab the first one. F-SYSTEMS pass, THE FAD! Ohmigod THE FAD! THE FOAMS! Been waiting five years for it, with a cool collaged hand painted cover! YES! GATOR FAMILY pass. THE JUDYS First Single! Haven't seen it in years! The fucking Texas motherload! THE NEXT!!! BOTH SINGLES! This is beyond ridiculous. What haven't I already seen here?

RADIO FREE EUROPE. Cool, both singles I've been meaning to check out. REALLY RED *Crowd Control*! Yes! Where are the others? Who cares? THE SHADES. Wow, that one's real tough, nobody knows it. THE STAINS! THE FUCKING STAINS *John Wayne was a Nazi*! First Press sleeve! Unreal. When you see something like that, the first STAINS single, there's one record in particular you have in your head. I'd seen most of the end of the alphabet, but the beginning seemed to be missing. Maybe it was somewhere else in the box. Before the letter E there was a whole lot of ROLLING STONES 45s. Endless STONES 45s seemed to fill the rest of the box.

I reached into the front of the box, pulling out another handful. Yes! D-DAY. Looks like the start of the alphabet. A couple from D-DAY, then DELTA. Please God. YES! THE DICKS! *Hate the Police*! You gotta be kidding! Ryan is going to fucking kill me. THE DICKS! THE STAINS! THE NEXT! I gotta get out of here. I hope I have enough money!

I left the decimated boxes in the corner and mustered up my best poker face, walking up to the dealer. "How much for these?" Tommy Chong looked concerned as I handed him the stack. He freaked me out, flipping slowly, one by one through the pile, as if he had some idea what he was looking at. Hurry Up! I don't want anyone to see this mega pile, the fucking NEXT single right on top. And there's THE DICKS. Jesus. I have like four hundred bucks in my pocket, this is never gonna happen.

"Well, I counted 18. So... I guess they're five dollars each, so that's gonna be 90 bucks." "OKAY." I reached into my pocket, pulled out five $20's and handed 'em over in about two seconds flat. He handed me the 45s and I had all but turned around when I realized... Change! Wait for your Change! Tommy Chong flipped to the center of his cash wad and extracted two 5 dollar bills. "And there's your $10." "*Thank You!*" I said as I made off towards our table. I walked into the booth next to ours so I could get right up next to Ryan, who was sitting, chatting with some visitors at our table.

"Get Up!" Ryan looked at me with puzzled surprise. "You need to go look at a table." With that Ryan was on his feet walking out from behind the table. We both started walking in the direction of the table, I pointed him in the right direction, "Look at the 7" boxes in the lower left corner." He jogged off towards the table, and I hoped him the best, knowing he was going to flip the fuck out when he saw my stack. I breathed a huge sigh of relief and went back to the table to show our buddies my mindblowing find.

I headed straight for my friend Jeff, gripping the pile tightly with both hands. "I can't believe it!" Jeff was sorting through his records, and seemed barely interested. "I cannot fucking believe this, I just had the most insane score ever."

"Huh, what? Dude, what's going on? You're arms are shaking." I looked down. My arms were trembling frantically. "Where did you get those records?"

"I just paid $5 each for this entire pile. I cannot believe this." I started to flip through the stack one by one, just like Tommy Chong had done minutes before. Jeff seemed perplexed, as if he knew something was happening, but the sleeves in front of him meant absolutely nothing to him. I gasped at THE STAINS and then THE DICKS. Jeff was unphased. "So that's good? What are they?"

UGGH! Jeff sensed my frustration, and called over some of his friends who might recognize some titles. A small crowd had gathered, and I did the one by one show and tell a second time. This time a few people recognized some names, THE FOAMS... THE DICKS. But most of the titles received the same blank faces. What a crowd! Where the fuck is Ryan?

I was starting to get questions, and people started to realize the gravity of this small pile just as Ryan came jogging back. "Was five dollars too much for these?" OOOOF! Right there on top of his pile a BIG BOYS *Frat Cars* 7" was starting up at me. I'd seen a ghost. How did I miss a BIG BOYS 7"! He turned it over to reveal the nicely hand colored backside along with another familiar oversized sleeve. THE HUNS! Fuck! He flipped through the rest of his pile, revealing a lot of familiar sleeves. He was surprised I'd passed on THE IDEALS with rare hand colored sleeve, and THE INSERTS *Doctor's Wives* 7", which at one time was a huge Texas 45. I shrugged knowingly, happy to see that Ryan had found a few killers to make his day. "OK, now I gotta see your pile."

By then I'd reorganized the pile saving the best for last on the bottom. THE EXPLOSIVES on top elicited a little pain, and I'd finally started to get the reaction I was looking for. THE FOAMS.... Ooohh... THE FAD... NOOOoooo... THE SKUNKS... OOOooohhhh... THE NEXT...Ahh-and the other NEXT... OOOOoootff. By the time I got to THE STAINS and finally THE DICKS, the whole crowd was moaning along.

"I thought you got a VOMIT PIGS," Ryan remarked. NOPE. Strangely, no Dallas stuff. All Austin and a few Houston records. I pondered for a moment what other heavy Texas records were missing, and I imagined what would've happened if I'd brought back a BOBBY SOXX. Before I could think about it too much, Ryan was already on his cell phone making calls to all of the appropriate parties. First on the call list were our friends Daniel and Collin who'd just been at the Record Show hours earlier, leaving nearly empty handed in disgust.

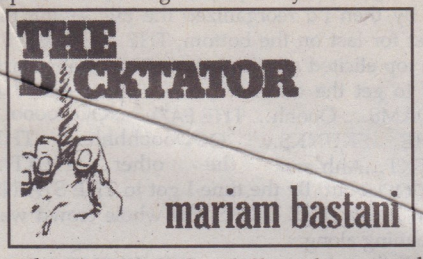
"Graham Booth just had the most insane punk score of all time at the Austin Record Convention. THE OFFENDERS, THE NEXT, THE STAINS, THE DICKS, THE FAD..." I could tell that last one hurt Daniel extra hard, as he'd just paid a large amount for THE FAD a month prior. Ryan filled him in on the details, and I could hear Daniel groan. Apparently he'd seen the WINGS box earlier that day, and didn't bother to look in the box under it! Insane!

After Ryan hung up the phone, we finally had a calm moment of reflection, and Ryan said, "You know Bruce *had* to have something to do with all this." I thought about it for a second. This was exactly the kind of story Bruce loved to hear and tell time and time again. Not only that, but the fact that Ryan and I *both* managed to pull heat out of the same boxes was just the kind of spin that Bruce needed to take it from one man's crazy score to make it a story to be told time and again.

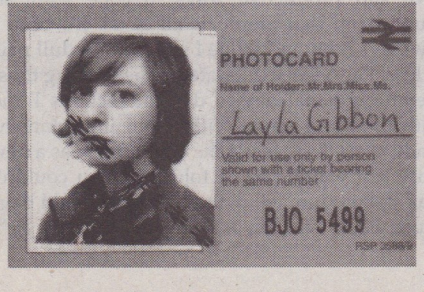
For the first time in days I started to feel some relief. Sure, that first when we all heard the crushing news, I couldn't believe how blasting AGNOSTIC FRONT or COCK SPARRER, or one of Bruce's fave obscure 45s THE TUNNEL RATS (he had eight copies!), seemed to make the pain subside. But on that afternoon there at the Record Show, whether I actually believe Bruce had a cosmic hand in it or not, I realized that Bruce's presence and passion for music and sick fucking records was always gonna be right there in my face, shared amongst friends, not dead and forgotten.

At 59 years old, the guy had more passion for life than most people half his age who spend most of their time whining and griping about day to day bullshit. He figured out long ago positive and productive ways to cope with the tough hand that life deals all of us. It's been a few days now, and while I still feel the dull pain of loss, I also feel exhilarated remembering those seemingly banal day to day interactions I had with him, and how exciting and important he made everything feel. Like every day was a new story just waiting to be told, and you couldn't wait to hear him tell it. Sure, I wish I could have Bruce back, but I'm starting to see how he'll

always be a living presence in my life, and I can't help but have a huge smile on my face.



When someone played Skrewdriver on the radio last month, I was suuuuuuper pissed. I started writing column about it, then Bruce Roehrs, longest running columnist here, and straight up awesome dude, passed away. Everyone was devastated. Last month my friend Rick Ponce died and I was totally crushed. I have been here for almost three months and when Rick died, I felt so helpless. I was so far away and could not really provide any comfort for my friends back home. I couldn't morn with my community. It is a terrible feeling. Rick was one of the most generous people in the Chicago punk scene. He encouraged me to play guitar and always had a beer and smoke for everyone. I am going to miss him, as will the rest of my good friends back home and the scene at large. Between Rick and Bruce, my move to SF has been pretty crazy. I was just started getting closer to Bruce before he passed away and he was definitely the most welcoming and friendly face a new person in this town could hope for. During these first few months, when the rain, gloom and creeping homesickness started to get to me, he made this house warm and bright. He was naturally empathic and whenever anyone was down, he always managed to say the most encouraging things and give the very needed bear hug. There is a big void in the *MRR* house now. It's too quiet. It's weird to pass by the spot where Bruce always sat. It's weird coming home and having no one to share beers with or to exchange the badass music we got in our reviews or what shows we were going to hit up during the week. And I never got to make him a real Chelada. When it comes down to it, it is an end of an era, because, really, no one could ever take the place of such a warm, funny, smart, music loving, infectiously optimistic guy like Bruce whose dedication to *MRR* and his love of music serves as a huge inspiration to me. I only hope I can make him proud. *MRR* and the punk world will never be the same, but if I learned anything from all of this, its that there is such a thing as punk forever, living life your own way, while still managing to spread so much happiness and encouragement in every place you are. I don't believe in role models or heroes, but I have to admit, Bruce Roehrs is as close as it gets for me.



This city, San Francisco is the first time I have lived somewhere within walking distance of the ocean since the '90s. when I lived in Brighton, England for three years of college. I have now lived here for five years, with two years spent in Oakland before that. Prior to Oakland I lived in London for a year, before which I was in New York City for close to two years, I moved there from Orange County, California where I lived for a little over two years. I moved to the OC to care for my grandmother, just after I graduated from college in England, where I am from. I moved to Brighton as a teenager from London, the city in which I was born and raised. A somewhat incongruous, sloppy and inadequately put together paragraph to indicate that I started volunteering at *MRR* shortly after moving to the Bay Area, which is the place I have lived the longest since abandoning my home town, London. When I lived in all those other places, I used to think, when things got bad—well, you can always leave.

At first *MRR* was just something I did every so often, hopped on a BART train and did the radio show a couple times a month. Then I got sucked in, through new and different responsibilities, eventually leading me to coordinatorship. I think the longest anyone has been a coordinator of this magazine, barring Tim, is Arwen's six year run. Most other coordinators seem to last around three before burn out strikes. I started in '08, so I guess if I succumb to the same disease that affected all the others, I'll burn out in 2011. A year before the apparent end of the world. Hopefully by that point I will have achieved my goal of owning the Foams 45, publishing a fanzine that is not *MRR*, making mix tapes for all those I've promised them to, and finding more new bands that affect me as much as Sex Vid did. Dare to dream…

I have been thinking about all of this stuff partially because of training a new coordinator, and partially because of Bruce's death. Endings and beginnings. Someone said that Lance Hahn, Tim Yo and Bruce were the trinity of *Maximum*, that it really was the end of a real and specific era. When I first got my column in the magazine a few long time shitworkers wrote me postcards and emails, commenting on things I was obsessing over. Lance wrote me about going to see Unit Three Plus Venus, an early '80s band featuring a mildly exploitative stage mom's attempt at finding fame through her twelve year old daughter. Lance saw them play in Hawaii, when he was growing up, and wrote about going to see *anything*, any show, any punk event, which I totally could relate to. I always felt like punk was happening far from my eyes, in a different town, a different country. Bruce Roehrs always made jokes about how he didn't read the magazine, and yet if I mentioned that I was looking for a record in my column, it would come up in conversation somehow.

When he finally got his records out of storage, he pulled out a Desperate Bicycles 45 for me, remembering that I had talked about never seeing their records in stores in London as a kid. He was thoughtful like that. Kind. Open minded. The kind of man who claimed he couldn't stand bands with female vocalists, yet frequently wore a Red Aunts shirt. Not one of my favorite bands, or even a band I can understand liking, but an all girl band nonetheless. He claimed he hadn't eaten a vegetable since 1969, yet went out to dinner to Thai and Indian places twice a week with his best friend Dirk, and Dirk's two year old daughter. It's strange writing this, knowing that this month is the last month that this magazine will feature his music writing. I will never have to call him, a week past his supposed deadline, waiting expectantly for the reams of yellow lined legal paper that made up his column, his music reviews. He was supposed to review the new Antiseen CD, the THUG 12" and a Thieves 7" this month. Who else can review Antiseen? The idea that *anyone* else at this magazine is qualified would have made Bruce roll his eyes, and roll up his sleeves and get to work. He loved both the THUG and the Super Yob records, played them constantly the way he did all the records that came in that consumed him. At top volume, always wanting others to share the pleasure he got from punk, from hardcore, from oi! He loved talking to everyone here about music, from Steve Spinali, to Marissa Magic. He was able to find the common ground, the shared love of sound, that particular feeling that you get when something hits you just right. He never stayed still, was never static, stuck in the sounds of his youth. He always wanted to hear the new bands, the local bands, the support bands. I often witnessed him leaving shows early, just watching the support bands, for whom no one else could spare the time.

Interviewing Fred and Toody Cole of Dead Moon with him was one of the coolest and most enriching experiences of my time here, all of us crammed in the *MRR* courtyard, asking these legends about how they got to where they were, what decisions they made, how they made those sounds. Bruce sitting there, beside himself with happiness to be in the company of others who loved music as much as he did, who had also stayed true to their idea of what rock'n'roll is, and what it could be. It isn't an oldies station, playing the same five songs on repeat. It's in the blood of people like Bruce, like Fred and Toody who are always looking for what's happening now, at the same time as staying true to what they believe. Connecting the past to the present without writing off either, experience and excitement, being a fan. Music is lived experience, and Bruce was the living embodiment of someone who lived for music, who loved music and was able to communicate his enthusiasm and passion to an audience in such a unique way. Who else could review the new Antiseen CD? No one could give it the review Bruce would have, and that makes me sad, makes me realize what we have lost. A brother, a friend, a true rock'n'roller, a man who lived on his own terms until the end. It's been hard writing this, trying to encapsulate all the complexities that made up the man, what stories to tell, and what are best forgotton. I have a feeling that the stories are going to keep pouring out, from all over the world, from all the people that were affected by Bruce and his pure love of rock'n'roll as well as his kindness and friendship.

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whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com

I WAS BORN IN PASADENA CALIFORNIA & MY FAMILY MOVED TO SEATTLE IN 1954 WHEN I WAS 4 - MY OLDER SISTER LINDA LIKED ROCK N ROLL & I REMEMBER WATCHING ELVIS PRESLEY ON THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW WITH HER - MY PARENTS SPLIT UP & WE SETTLED IN MARIN COUNTY JUST NORTH OF S.F. -LINDA GOT INTO FOLK MUSIC & I WAS MOST INTRIGUED BY BOB DYLAN - SHE LEFT HOME IN 1964 AS I WAS DISCOVERING THE BEATLES - WE FOLLOWED ALL THE BRITISH INVASION BANDS ESPECIALLY THE ROLLING STONES & THE BYRDS - SOON AFTER THIS THE PSYCHEDELIC HIPPIE MOVEMENT WAS HAPPENING & WE WERE RIGHT NEAR THE CENTER OF IT - IN 1967 I WENT TO THE MONTEREY POP FESTIVAL - IT WAS INCREDIBLE - JIMI HENDRIX & BRIAN JONES & NICO WERE JUST WANDERING THRU THE CROWD - IN THE SUMMER OF 1968 MY SISTER LINDA WAS KILLED IN A CAR ACCIDENT - I STARTED UNIVERSITY BUT MY HEART WASN'T IN IT - I DROPPED OUT & WENT TO ENGLAND - I WORKED AS A WAITRESS IN LONDON AT THE CHELSEA NUTHOUSE - MALCOLM McLAREN & VIVIENNE WESTWOOD WERE REGULARS & WE BECAME FRIENDS - I WORKED FOR A WHILE IN MALCOLM'S SHOP (NOW CALLED "TOO FAST TO LIVE TOO YOUNG TO DIE") - WE WENT TO SEE A BAND CALLED KILBURN & THE HIGH ROADS WHO WERE VERY UNUSUAL - LATER ON I MET THE KILBURNS SINGER - IAN DRURY - WE FELL IN LOVE & LIVED TOGETHER FOR A TIME IN SOUTH LONDON - LIFE WAS UNPREDICTABLE & WE PARTED WAYS IN 1974 & I WENT TO NEW YORK CITY - I WAS CURIOUS ABOUT THE NEW YORK DOLLS & I WENT TO SEE THEM AT 82 CLUB WITH DAVE NOFSINGER - THE DOLLS APPEARED IN DRAG - IT WAS QUITE A SCENE UNLIKE ANYTHING I HAD EXPERIENCED IN LONDON - EVERYONE WAS FRIENDLY & READY TO GIVE ME AN INTRODUCTION TO THE CITY - I WENT TO SEE PATTI SMITH & TELEVISION AT MAX'S KANSAS CITY - THE NOT YET NAMED PUNK SCENE WAS JUST BEGINNING TO COALESE - ONE DAY I MET RICHARD HELL WHO HAD AN UNUSUAL APPEARANCE MIXED WITH SOUTHERN CHARM - I WAS LEAVING BACK TO CALI BUT WE STARTED A CORRESPONDANCE ☆→ & LATER →

☆ - WHEN I CAME BACK TO NYC I MOVED IN WITH RICHARD - TELEVISION WAS PLAYING SUNDAY NIGHTS AT CBGBs & I WOULD COLLECT MONEY AT THE DOOR - I MET DEBORAH HARRY & CHRIS STEIN OF BLONDIE AT CBGB'S DEBBIE ALWAYS HAD A GREAT LOOK - AS GLITTER FADED SOMETHING NEW HAD TO TAKE IT'S PLACE - RICHARD HELL TURNED THE NECESSITY OF HOLDING HIS CLOTHES TOGETHER WITH SAFETY PINS & STAPLES INTO A "LOOK" - WE HAD BROKEN UP BUT REMAINED FRIENDS - I BOUGHT A PENTAX SPORTMATIC CAMERA & A FRIEND GAVE ME A COMPLETE DARKROOM SET-UP - I CONTINUED TO WORK NIGHTS AT CBGBs UNTIL 1978 & I TOOK ALOT OF PHOTOS - IN 1979 A GERMAN MAGAZINE HIRED ME TO PHOTOGRAPH BLONDIE ON TOUR IN THE USA - WE HAVE REMAINED FRIENDS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS - WE HAVE ALL BEEN THRU ALOT TOGETHER & APART - OUR MEMORIES WILL ALWAYS REMAIN & I HOPE A LITTLE OF IT IS IN MY PHOTOGRAPHS X

FLY. 02/25/2K8.

ROBERTA BAYLEY - 02/25/2K8 - LOWER EAST SIDE NYC

ROBERTA WAS PART OF THE ORIGINAL PUNK INVENTION IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE & WORLDWIDE - SHE PHOTOGRAPHED MANY OF THE EARLY PUNK BANDS ESPECIALLY THE BANDS THAT FREQUENTED CBGBs & WAS PUBLISHED IN PUNK MAGAZINE AMONG OTHERS—A BOOK OF ROBERTA'S PHOTOS *BLONDIE UNSEEN 1976 - 1980* WAS PUBLISHED BY PLEXUS A FEW YEARS AGO & HER PHOTOS WERE ALSO INCLUDED IN *BANDE A PART: NEW YORK UNDERGROUND 60S, 70S, 80S* (GINGKO PRESS) - SHE HAS AN UPCOMING (FALL) SHOW AT CLIC GALLERY ON BROOME ST NYC - PHOTOS OF DEBORAH HARRY BY OVER 30 DIFFERENT PHOTOGS - CHECK ROBERTA'S WEBSITE! - WWW.ROBERTABAYLEY.COM - TO CONTACT FLY EMAIL FLY@PEOPS.ORG (PUT MRR IN THE SUBJECT SO I KNOW IT'S NOT SPAM!) - OR SNAIL ME FLY PO BOX 1318 COOPER STN NYC NY 10276 USA - NEW PEOPS#5 (& OTHER FLY ZINES)- NOW AVAILABLE! AT WWW.MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM

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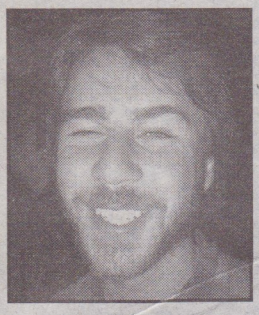
MRR asks YOU:

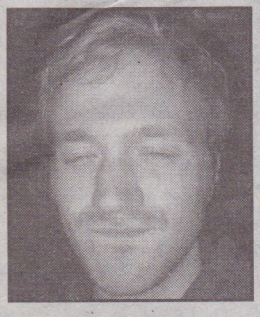
WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: What's your best story of an awkward situation? (asked at an MRR Presents showcase and an Oakland house show)



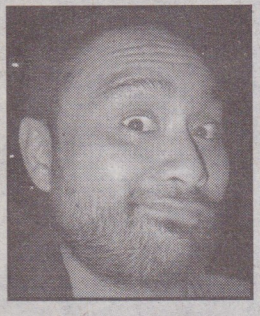
Chris, 24, Oakland
A couple of weeks ago, my roommate and I were hanging out, and she said "what's that flesh colored underwear?" I didn't know what she was talking, but then realized that it was my balls.

Dharma, 17, Oakland
One time at a show, I was trying to stagedive but they wouldn't let me off the stage. I got stuck on stage!



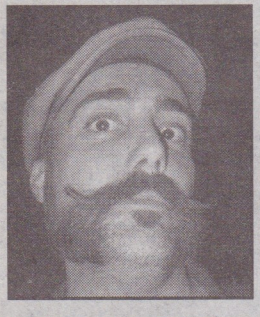
Andy, 24, Oakland
I was once working a temp job at an office, and one of my co-workers, thinking out loud like an idiot, said to a black co-worker "oh, you're Cosby black," and the entire room went quiet, and I was just stuck there and didn't know what to do. Eventually, my co-worker just shook his head, walked away, and nobody talked to that person for the rest of the temp period.

Courtney, 22, Oakland
My first day as a production assistant for a porn company, my crazy hairy Italian boss tells me to help this girl get off while she's having an enema. He doing her enema and she has a vibrator going, and he's mouthing to me "play with her ear" and "touch her sexily" and "grab her nipples," and I felt weird and just touched her back and stroked her head a little bit, and it was really awkward and not that sexy.



Fritz, 34, Riverside
Last time we were here, my friend took a six minute long piss in our other friend's kitchen. We're about to tell him who it was, and it'll be awkward.

Laura, 31, Riverside
I'm an awkward person and I'm sure I have awkward stories, but I'm too awkward to tell them.



Herbie, 35, Riverside
I remember one time, I had two cardboard boxes, one was laundry and one was trash. Drank two fifths of whiskey, and when I woke up, I had evidently thrown up in my hamper, but I didn't think it was me, and I got mad at everybody else. And then they were like "no it was you," and I felt bad that I yelled at people. But I don't feel so bad now. Time heals all wounds.

Brenton, 25, Riverside
We were on a 27 hour bus ride, and this drunk prostitute punched my friend in the face. Then we were stuck with her for twelve more hours.

Danielle, 20, Fremont
It was me, my best friend, and her boyfriend who had his other girlfriend with him, which made it awkward by itself. I don't really remember how the conversation went, but it ended with me saying "you have herpes" to the boy, and we all kind of stared, and we were all silent. He hadn't told his other girlfriend.

Megan, 30, Brooklyn
Years ago, I was on an overnight bus ride, and had been talking to this hot boy all day. I was super turned on, and after he was asleep for a while, I got way close to him and started masturbating. He woke up before I was done and saw what I was doing, and we didn't say another word to each other the rest of the trip. Dude, don't put a picture of me in there, put the story but take a picture of that dryer instead.

PHILADELPHIA

By South Philly Billy

Don't hear a lot about Hostile City in these pages, so figured someone' s gotta do something. While anyone can know anything, no one can know all. This report is what I do know.

Philly musically has been referred to as a bucket of crabs. Solid, citywide unity has yet to be seen. My concern then is with the large, self-sustaining clusters that do flourish, kept going by the hard work and positivity of many good people doing it themselves. A city that makes you prove yourself without lending you a hand along the way creates individuals and bands burned pure of dross. In hope of that fuller, more positive scene we all want, I' m writing this now.

A survey of Philadelphia DIY punk and metal must really begin in West Philly. The number of venues consistently putting on all ages shows is greater than in any other part of the city and for many people, West Philly is the Shore House. Settled years ago by an advance unit of Jersey shore punks, it has developed into a hive of constant music and creativity. All ages shows, screen printing and distro (Misprints), practice spot for many bands and home to several lovely people and animals. The number of excellent punk, hardcore, metal and thrash shows enjoyed there boggles the mind. You will not find a single person in Philly who does not have great love and respect for the shore house.

Maybe half a dozen blocks NE as the crow flies is the Terrordome (48th and Haverford), a group house that began having shows about a year ago. A young all ages house that hit the ground running, they host several shows every week (more than anyone else actually) with a strong taste for hardcore and powerviolence, which in Philly are beginning to look more and more alike.

Further north is the Belmont Where?house (43th and Girard). An art studio / warehouse host to many shows (mostly metal) and a recording studio. The Rotunda (41st and Walnut) recently celebrated its ten year anniversary and is a community resource with year round alcohol and drug free all ages shows and art events. International Waters house (47th and Hazel), the Beaumont warehouse (50th and Beaumont), Danger Danger Artspace and gallery (51st and Baltimore) and Eris Temple (52nd and Cedar) all rather consistently have local and touring bands play and the odd pot luck or movie night with Eris Temple focused on art hangings and electronic music. There is also the Millcreek tavern (42nd and Chester) a bar where a lot of us have spent many a drunken night swigging cheap pitchers and yelling along to Ramming Speed, Disfear, Hard Skin, Kylesa, Oak and many others. Lots of shows for the 21 and overs.

West Philly is also home to several collective and autonomous spaces, notably L.A.V.A. (Lancaster Ave., home to Philly Food Not Bombs), Mariposa food co-op, A-Space (Baltimore Ave.) and the divine Bicycle church and Neighborhood Bike Works (Locust Walk). *The Defenestrator*, a free anarcho paper and *Bropar*, a photozine by Mattitude are still going strong. There is also the Prometheus Radio project, which builds radio stations and advocates for community radio, WKDU 91.7fm and WPEB 88.1fm.

Good veggie and vegan eats aren't hard to find, but a common favorite is Satellite coffee below collectively operated Firehouse Bikes at 50th and Baltimore, where I now sit. Clark Park is the heart of West Philly, and you would be hard pressed not to find a friend drinking a beer amongst the trees around sunset. In the summer everyone meets at the ball field at 49th and Kingsessing to play softball, grill food, crank boom boxes, drink and hang. Sometimes you' ll get almost everyone having fun out there and you' ll sit wondering why the rest of the city hasn't figured it out.

Leaving West Philly, you'll probably be biking on Grays Ferry as the South St. Bridge is still out. Keep heading east, but stay south of Washington and you're well into South Philly now. The biggest change in these parts and probably the city as a whole was the end of live shows at Disgraceland this past summer. Disgraceland was arguably the best and most active DIY venue in Philly for three years. There were hundreds and hundreds of shows with local, national and international bands. Luckily it has been documented by A$ and continues as a practice space and home.

A.V.A. house (7th and Mifflin) recently started having shows and events including a fundraiser for Wooden Shoe books, which moved into a bigger space at 7th and South. JR's 22 and punk was an old man corner bar that let Steve and his Sick Chattel productions start throwing shows every week. Very eclectic mix of bands—for example a recent weekend had Tacocat on a Friday with Deathmold on Saturday. For all it' s size, diversity and sheer number of punks and metalheads (increasing gentrification of West Philly by UPENN has forced many kids into the cheaper south) that's about it for South Philly. Lots of group houses and dinners and hangin' out but we need more music spaces. New house venues are flaring up and dying out rather quickly.

As for the north, anything going on was centered around Fish Flat (Frankford and Belgrade) which Zach of Hate and War brought into existence just after Disgraceland closed its doors. After a solid year of awesome shows and good times, it recently ended with everyone moving out. Fish Flat was a warehouse space that had several shows a month with local and touring bands and had Slug's Fat Bastard productions upstairs. The El Bar is about four blocks away and they consistently hold rock and roll shows if you're old enough to get in. LOAFASS and the BLESSED MUTHAS hold it down there pretty often with NYC, Boston and Jersey bands coming through. Center city still has the First Unitarian Church, a long running all ages, alcohol and drug free venue with lots of matinee shows. R5 productions books there.

For buying music in Philly you have the aforementioned Misprints distro, Sit and Spin distro and a couple others you'll find at shows, There're also the record shops Beautiful World 1 & 2, Repo, AKA, Long In The Tooth, Noise Pollution, Marvellous and Digital Ferret. Crash.Bang.Boom (formerly Zipperhead) still has your punk gear.

Summer in Philly is quite incredible with shows and parties almost every night, but it's Punx Picnic that is the best. For the past few years on or around the 4th of July weekend, there are three solid days of shows, bike races and fun with every working Philly punk and metal

band and as many out of town bands as possible. One day is always at FDR Skate Park to raise money for concrete. This past summer also saw the creation of *...This Fuckin City*. a city wide, handmade compilation of Philly DIY bands distributed freely at shows as an attempt to spread the music and solidify the city.

Now, there are many bands in Philly. I'm going to mention the ones that play anytime, anywhere and for anyone because they love the music, the kids and the city. THE BOILS, FLAG OF DEMOCRACY, STINKING LIZAVETTA, MISCHIEF BREW, MCRAD and LOAFASS all continue to play great shows and make good music. THE DEAD MILKMEN just played on Halloween. VIOLENT SOCIETY recently recorded new songs and are gearing up for a summer national tour with COMBAT CRISIS. JENKEM has evolved from a funny grindcore band to a serious black/grind entity. They have recorded and are on tour as of this writing. VULCAN remains a powerful, talented thrash warhorse with a new drummer and new recording plans. They successfully toured this past summer with B.S.O.M., a brutal and respected death/thrash band with a rare tape and a new 7". Philly also has HESSIAN, an evil thrash band with a new competent singer and a new demo. INFERNAL STRONGHOLD, a seriously impressive black/thrash whirlwind who toured this past summer, behind their new album, *Godless Noise* hitting all 48 lower states.

NOTHING IS OVER, who accomplished that tour with INFERNAL, just released a 7". Philly loves its powerviolence and these guys are near the top. JAIL is a rather uncommon band to see live, but when you do, there is no doubt as to who brings the riff! THE CLAW is set to shred again with Jason from the DEAD MEAT on the mic. BUCKETFLUSH play really fun, catchy songs and recently toured a bit with a new drummer and a second guitarist. They are soon to be releasing a 7". A hometown favorite, Philly punk'n'roll claims MEAN STREETS—charming fellows who write bouncy, concrete walkin' songs and STREET VENGEANCE, formed by Chip from PURE HELL, who love their New York Dolls. Pretty sure both bands are recording.

Philly also has great love for street punk and three bands bring it. HATE AND WAR are another city favorite who seemingly can't write a bad song. Well done, true blooded, sing a long, charged punk. These guys have done a lot for Philly between the band, Fish Flat and bringing in touring bands. Unfortunately, it appears they are calling it quits. Hopefully Creep Records will still put out their 7".

Right beside them is COMBAT CRISIS who just released a ripping, bulletproof album on Concrete Umbrella records, a new local label. THE UNDERCLASSED round it out. They're young ragers with a new singer and new demo.

Who likes D-Beat? with DISSYSTEMA on indefinite hiatus, we're luckily getting a lot more Nighfall shows. These guys blow shit to pieces every time they play and their cassette didn't leave my stereo for a long time. New 7" on the way. BALLISTIK made a huge impression when they appeared a year or so ago channeling a lot of talent with a love of Japanese hardcore/distort into a band that holds their own against any other punk or metal band and half of them are still in high school. Just finished a rampaging four-song demo.

RAT HEALER brings the bottom end and continues to cause earthquakes in town and out as far as New Orleans, while PARTYSAURUS WREX got tired of eating all your pizza and smoking all your weed, so called it quits after two years of shitting out the shreds. They have a rare tape. ALEDRIVER are one of the few remnants of peace punk left in these parts. Their flannel throated growl delivers a positive, rockin' message. They've recently recorded. TEENAGE WHOREMOANS are always a sloppy, good time. Fast, light and fun they have a tape and a 7" of their whorny garage pop and successfully toured a bit this past autumn.

I think that' s about it. If you're one of the 75 or so people who regularly go to shows and supports the scene, you're probably going to see one of the above bands at one of the above venues. Philly Shreds!

Photos by Mattitude courtesy of *Modern Bropar*
Bucketflush/Nothing isOver

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There's no sense in hiding the fact that Kleenex/LiLiPut (K/L) are my favorite girl punk band. There's hardly even a reason to qualify them with "girl" and "punk", as they made more amazing, wild songs than most bands ever will. In just a few short years during the late 1970s-early '80s, they shredded apart the rules for how punk was supposed to sound, and how feminists were supposed to look. And it was danceable. At that, K/L always seemed so free to me, existing in some alternate universe where all girls had instruments and record collections, and were determined to start bands. Their music is long out of print, save for Kill Rock Stars' double-disc anthology from 2001. As their popularity and influence still grip new generations, KRS has once again unleashed Swiss vibrations across the globe. March brings a new CD, live footage, plus a DVD of their tour document, Roadmovie, *and clips from Swiss television performances. Additionally, the original anthology will be available on wax for the first time as a 4-LP box set later in May. I hope summer will bloom new bands as a result! Founding member and bassist, Marlene Marder answered some questions for MRR from her home in Zürich.*

Intro & Interview by Jess Scott

MRR: A while back I bought that Kleenex diary **from you. It's incredible! A little gift straight from the bins...as if your responsible aunt was saving each magazine clipping along the wild ride. A couple of things strike me about it: There's a great mix of handwritten zine-type stuff, but also a fair amount of traditional, mainstream, and critic stuff. Did those two forms of documentation seem like different worlds at the time?**

Marlene: No, there was this zine-scene and compared to the commercial music magazines, which followed the new music, maybe made it was more serious?

MRR: Can you clarify a bit? Were the commercial magazines serious, or..? Which did you like being featured in more?

Marlene: Difficult to say. It was great to see the magazines in stores; it made it kind of official. The zines were great too, and it felt more familiar, fan-made.

MRR: Recently I was speaking with a friend about how the UK had relatively better music education and accessible instruments compared to the US. Is that a fair assessment of growing up in Zürich also? Was it difficult to start a band?

Marlene: It was not difficult to start a band at all. Also we have music education in primary school. All kids learn to play the recorder and learn to read simple music. So I played with my two younger sisters under the Christmas tree on this recorder thing. Imagine what a mess!

MRR: Were you all good in school? Were your parents supportive of your playing music?

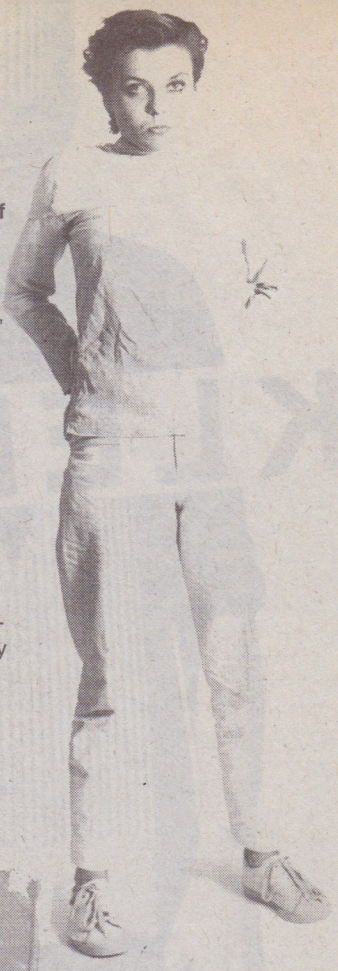
Marlene: I guess I was average. Klaudia told me she had got a "very good" in singing! My parents were supportive. I was allowed to choose an instrument when I was a bit older, after the recorder. I chose the guitar as I was a big fan of all these blues and gospel records my mother owned like Odetta, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Big Mama Thornton, and Josh White, and because of the Beatles, of course!

MRR: Why did early blues musicians speak to you?

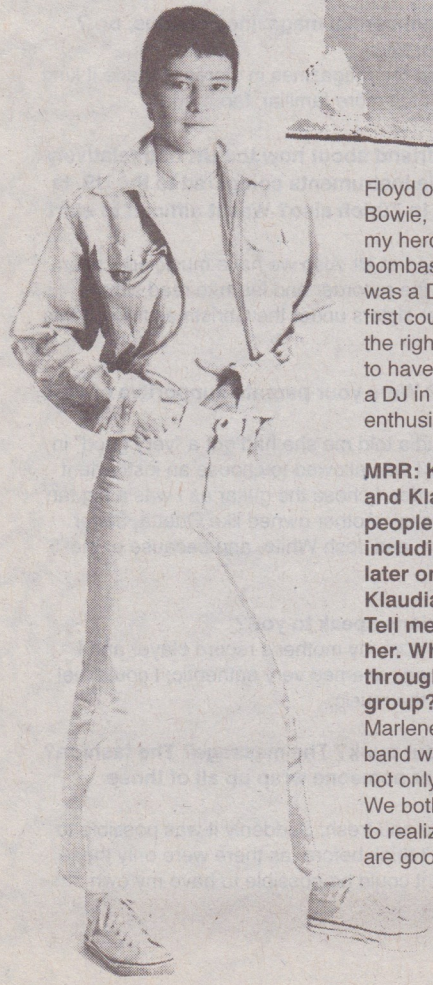
Marlene: I heard them all day long from my mother's record player and I liked the sound very much. The songs seemed very authentic; I could feel the spirit and the soul. I just loved the music.

MRR: What first struck you about punk? The message? The fashion? The music? Or did something or someone wrap up all of those aspects for you?

Marlene: Punk seemed so simple and fresh. Suddenly it was possible to play in a band, too, which I didn't think before, as there were only these supergroups. I had no idea that it could be possible to have my own band.



SWISS PUNK NOW



MRR: Who or what specifically introduced you to this?
Marlene: It was my surroundings. Friends of mine already played in bands, and I was invited to join the Nasal Boys. I played saxophone with them for a short time. The guitarist of Nasal Boys was also involved with Kleenex. I then took over his place on guitar. I never said: "Now, I'm going to play in a punk band". It just happened at the right time, right place, with the right people.

MRR: What was life like for you before punk? What music did you listen to you? Were you comfortable in that world?
Marlene: Life was cool before punk, too. I always had a broad musical spectrum and a lot of records, which was a bit unusual for girls at that time! As I said, I was first influenced by my mother's record collection. Then I listened to the '60s stuff: Jefferson Airplane, Janis Joplin I liked very much, Jimi Hendrix, the Doors, John Mayall, Paul Butterfield, Iron Butterfly, but not Grateful Dead, Pink Floyd or T.Rex. Then, in the '70s: Bowie, Lou Reed, Patti Smith, of course, my hero. I didn't like the supergroups, too bombastic and uncool; not my world at all. I was a DJ in a students'club, which the boys first couldn't handle, but success gave me the right. Today I guess it's not questionable to have women at turntables. Later, I was a DJ in a female-only disco. The girls were enthusiastic there.

MRR: Kleenex was started by you, Lislot, and Klaudia. There were a lot of other people through the years in K/L—briefly including two men, Beat and Christoph, later on. Is it safe to say that you and Klaudia came to be the core, though? Tell me a bit about your connection with her. Why was she was your perfect match throughout so many versions of the group?
Marlene: I guess we both realized that this band was a real possibility to go on. It was not only a hobby or weekend thing anymore. We both had many ideas which we wanted to realize. And we had/have a lot of fun and are good friends.

MRR: What was it like to be Swiss in a scene dominated by American and British kids? I know there were legal/traveling restrictions at times, but were there other cultural disconnects? Switzerland is sort of a strange hodge-podge of European cultures in and of itself, right?
Marlene: Made no difference I guess: Or did it? Someone said, "By the way, they are Swiss". So what? You tell me.

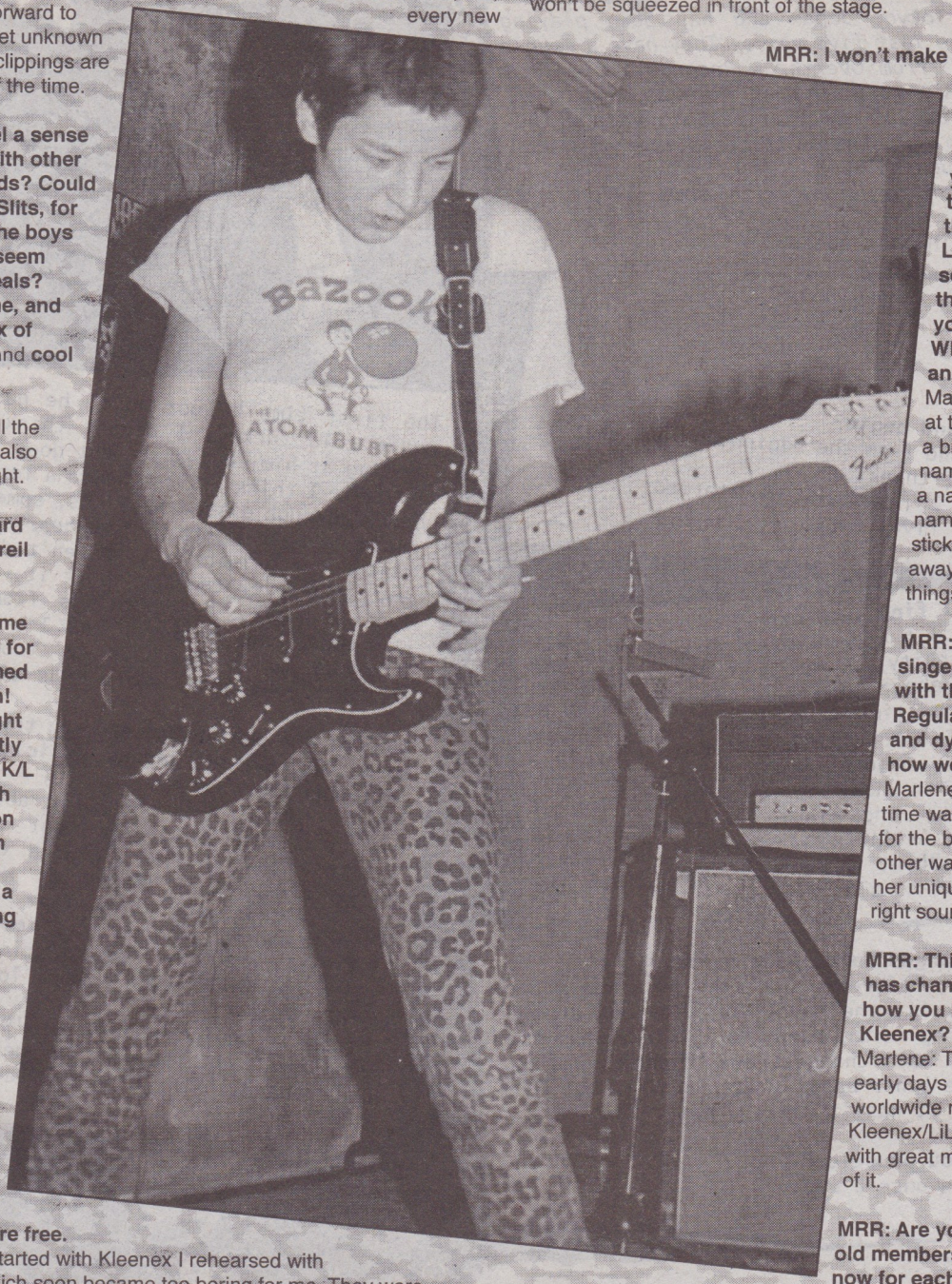
MRR: So, was K/L a distinctly Swiss interpretation of punk? Or was it universal? Or was it both? Were you into other continental punk girls like Hans-A-Plast or Chin Chin?
Marlene: Personally, I thought it was international, but maybe I'm wrong. Think global, act local... I know Hans-A-Plast and Chin Chin of course, they are Swiss, too!

MRR: In general, K/L are labeled as post-punk, but did it feel like a post- anything when you were starting? As punk was initially a UK/New York phenomenon, did it take time to get to Zürich? I know Stef from the Petticoats had to leave Germany for London to really get into what was happening early on, and discover the larger exports like Patti Smith and others. Was your experience something similar?
Marlene: I was a post-punk, as I worked at the post at that time as a post-woman and delivered letters. We had some punks who brought all the new singles right away from London to Zürich. Every week they went to London to get the new stuff. It happened at the same time in both London and Zürich.

MRR: This is amazing! How did they manage to afford to do that? Was traveling cheap or were they touring in bands?
Marlene: Traveling was indeed cheap. Well, maybe it was not every week that they went to London. They sold the records back home and had some other strange business going on, as gossip goes.

MRR: The most powerful part of the Kleenex diary is that it really succeeded in surveying the context of the post-punk explosion—particularly through your clippings of the NME charts. There you are in the summer of '80 just under Joy Division, a month later at number one—and then sandwiched between the Dead Kennedys and Sector 27. This says a lot **about the time—did it feel like it was all happening at once, as the clippings suggest? Or was everything more fractured in reality?**

Marlene: I felt it was happening all at once. I liked all these bands, too, and was looking forward to every new single release of yet unknown bands. I think the clippings are a good indicator of the time.



MRR: Did you feel a sense of camaraderie with other girls in punk bands? Could you relate to the Slits, for instance, or did the boys on Rough Trade seem closer to your ideals? Or, are you like me, and it's a complex mix of gender, politics, and **cool sounds?**

Marlene: I felt very comfortable with all the women in music. I also agree with your sight.

MRR: In his forward to your diaries, Greil Marcus uses the phrase "feminist glee", which had me laughing out loud for a minute—it seemed so cuddly and fun! And, then, I thought about how perfectly it described what K/L delivered—a much needed connection between feminism and joy, and lifted the discussion to a higher level...being a woman wasn't all a reaction to male oppression, it was also damn fun**. K/L never felt like a Punk-ette commodity, instead it was like an ecstatic portrait of what the world could be like for everyone if we were free.**

Marlene: Before I started with Kleenex I rehearsed with a feminist band, which soon became too boring for me. They were influenced by Cris Williamson, Meg Christian, all the Olivia Records artists. I liked them, too, but I preferred to play loud and without an explicit feminist/lesbian message. I always wanted to be independent, regardless of gender, opinions, politics, whatever. Then I had to decide if I wanted to join Kleenex or stay with this woman band. I went for Kleenex. It was new, fun, and not influenced by anybody. This was just us. Some people said then, "Oh dear! Now Lislot and Klaudia will turn into lesbians", or "Marlene will become so plastic". It's amazing to see how the picture of Kleenex turned in the feminist context. In the beginning, it was the punk scene which accepted us without any discussion about women in music. The feminists had problems and didn't like us very much. I guess they didn't know what they should think of us and the punk/youth movement anyway. It took a while 'til it was realized. Doing is better than talking, and young women were influenced by Kleenex/LiLiPUT. Do whatever you like in music, and generally.

MRR: I know Klaudia had been a painter throughout K/L. What other sorts of non-musical art or literature shaped your approach to forming a band?

Marlene: We thought it was better to form a band than to knit socks. Or, it is better to have a band, play the music you like and have space, so you won't be squeezed in front of the stage.

MRR: I won't make you go through the whole story, but the gist is that Kleenex Tissue (Kimberly-Clark Corporation) threatened you under copyright laws to change your name and that's why you reformed as LiLiPUT, right? Did you feel something change within the band immediately, or did you all just take it in stride? Why did you pick Kleenex anyway?

Marlene: Regula left the band at the same time, so it was not a big deal for us to find a new name. It was a big deal to find a name, but not to change the name. Kleenex meant: not to stick with, don't collect, throw away, make room, and don't take things to serious.

MRR: Looking back, which singer did you love playing with the best? Astrid? Chrigle? Regula? In terms of personality and dynamic within the band, how were they different?

Marlene: Hard to say. Each at her time was the perfectly right singer for the band and the sound. Or the other way round. Each singer with her unique voice made the perfectly right sound or song.

MRR: Thirty-two years on, what has changed the most about how you look at the early days of Kleenex?

Marlene: That I still can look at the early days and have a lot of response worldwide nowadays. And I can see Kleenex/LiLiPUT was a real cool band, with great music. I'm happy I was a part of it.

MRR: Are you still in touch with the old members? What does life look like now for each of you?

Marlene: With Klaudia, she is working hard on her next exhibition: http://www.klaudiaschifferle.ch, Astrid is a spiritual consultant: http://www.echnatiel.ch, Lislot—we exchange tips in gardening, andme, I'm cultivating idleness.

MRR: Are you into new music? Do you still go to shows? Which new band would you wait in the rain to see?

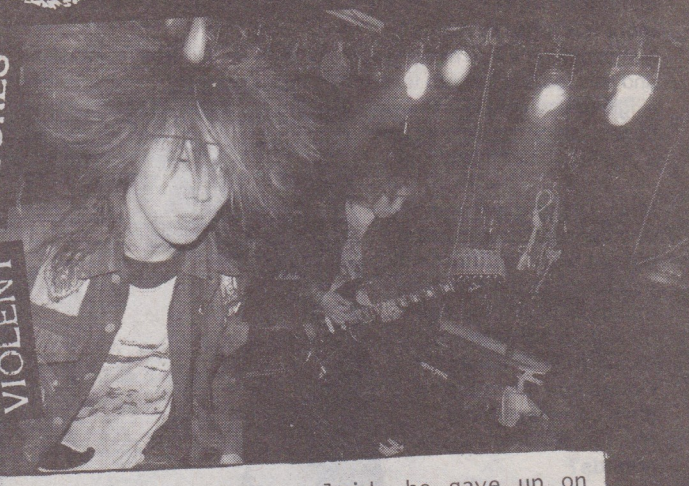
Marlene: I'm more into old music I'm afraid, but open with pleasure to any good music. I do go to shows, if they really bring me out of my hammock. Raincoats.

To buy copies of the aforementioned Kleenex diary please email: mar_mar@bluewin.ch]

ISTERISMO

Isterismo is from Tokyo, Japan and has been playing hardcore punk for the last five years. They have a couple of demo tapes, a 7" from Overthrow Records titled Non Puo Sopprimere Il Mio Conflitto *as well as tracks on the Crust War Records 12" compilation* Yotsuva *and the new* Hardcore Inferno *compilation LP. This interview was done via email throughout 2009.*
Interview/translation by Jesse with some help from Shogo.
Photographs by Martin Sorrondeguy

HARDCORE MUSIC IS THE MOST INTENSE WAY TO EXPRESS OUR VIOLENT NATURES



Isterismo is...
Satoshi: Vocals
Shogo: Guitar
Jun: Bass

MRR: When did the band begin?
Shogo: I wasn't around from the beginning, but this'll be the sixth year, I think...
Satoshi: From what I remember, we started in 2004, which would make it five years.

MRR: How did you all find each other?
Shogo: At the time, I had just moved from my hometown to Tokyo for university. I met a crust dude named Saitou, who told me about some gigs and introduced me to Satoshi. The second time I met Satoshi, he told me his band's guitarist had quit. I wanted to play in a band, so I joined up. Satoshi had a drummer, Shinji, but he's gone far away now, so we've had a lot of helpers on drums. Now the singer from Rednecks is playing drums for us. As far as our bassist Jun, after our old bassist left about three years ago, I saw him at a gig and asked him to play with us.

MRR: What member changes have there been?
Shogo: The guitarist before me was kind of a metalhead, so he didn't really fit the band. The previous drummer wasn't stoked on being in the band, so we kicked him out. There have been two bass changes, one of which was due to a broken arm. The other bassist was into it, but also in the band Krossa. It wasn't working out.

MRR: How often do you practice?
Satoshi: We practice once a week.

Shogo: Two hours every Friday night—half of which is just shooting the shit and drinking!!

MRR: Your sound seems like it gets a lot from older Italian bands, like Wretched, Indigesti or Negazione. How did you hear these bands' records? Original copies are pretty hard to come by, so did you hear them via compilations, mp3s or bootlegs?
Shogo: A while ago, I had a friend I traded with that sent me a CDR of Wretched stuff. I haven't heard from him in a while, but I hope he's okay... As far as other stuff, like Indigesti or Negazione, I heard that from Saitou. Unfortunately, he's quit punk as well.

The first time he got laid, he gave up on music cold turkey. I didn't think it from looking at him, but that just goes to show!!
Satoshi: I think I first heard a lot of older bands through discography CDs, some of which could've been boots. After hearing them, I wanted the originals! I haven't downloaded any MP3s—never thought about it, really.
Jun: I mostly heard things from friends who owned the records, but I'm sure I've listened to a few bootlegs too. I never thought about downloading MP3s either...

MRR: At the beginning were you trying to play more Japanese-influenced music or foreign-influenced music?
Shogo: You're talking a lot about Italian bands in this interview, but truth is we started playing like Frigöra or Mob 47—I guess closest is Wretched? We wanted a Japanese crustcore sound. That '90s Japanese crust sound might have more importance than the Italian stuff. Just coming from me, there are influences from a lot of other genres as well.
Satoshi: Foreign bands and '90s Japanese crust bands are the main influence—not much has changed in the band's lifetime.

ISTERISMO

MRR: Isterismo's music is heavily influenced by older Italian punks (lyrics in Italian and similar song structures, for example), so are you, as individuals, influenced by the issues these bands brought up? Anti-war, anti-military conscription, Third World poverty–how do you look at these issues?

Satoshi: I can't speak for the lyrics, but for myself I think that compared to punks from other places there are much fewer Japanese punks interested in political issues like these. I wouldn't say that I don't have any interest in these things, but it's certainly not as deep an interest as a lot of others have.

Shogo: My feelings don't come from other bands, but just from myself. I find myself thinking a lot about the people around me...what they believe in and what they think is okay. If you're unsatisfied with your daily life, that stems from the society around you. For example, why is the work you have to do different from your dream? If you really think about it, it all comes back to the society you live in. Thinking like this is really political, if you ask me.

Jun: Good answer!!

MRR: Someone hearing an Isterismo recording for the first time may say to themselves, "This isn't even hardcore punk music–it's just noise!" due to the amount of distortion used by guitar and bass. Is that your intention when writing songs or is it just a by-product of sounds you like? What is more important for an Isterismo song, the melody/tune or the sheer wall of sound you can create? Maybe this is different from member to member...

Shogo: Satoshi writes the songs, and then we all mess around with them in the studio. As far as the sound, hardcore music is the most intense way to express our violent natures, so there may be some people hearing just noise. With my guitar, I want to hear the music, but I want to hear the noise just as much. I really like the guitar sounds coming from stoner rock, psych and even thrash bands, so if I could make those sounds, I'd be happy.

Satoshi: Yeah, the songs are important, but the feel of the music is #1 with us.

MRR: How long does it take for the band to write a song?

Satoshi: It takes like, what, two months or so to finish something!

Shogo: Like we said, we're only practicing for two hours a week. At that pace, a song can take a while to come together. But it's not that they're difficult tunes, we just can't remember them!

MRR: What do you all do for work?

Satoshi: I'm a cleaner. With mops and towels and stuff.

Shogo: I do research. It's a really shitty job, but I'm hoping to save enough money so I can open my own bar.

MRR: What kind of music do you listen to at home?

Satoshi: I listen to hardcore punk and new wave.

Shogo: I'll listen to anything, man, from hardcore to electronic music. I listen to friends' bands a lot, but listen to my own band much more!!

MRR: What's the best pizza topping?

Shogo: Basil and avocado.

Satoshi: Tomatoes.

Jun: Who cares?? What do you think the best rice topping is??

MRR: If you were able to do a tour overseas, where would you like to play?

Satoshi: I don't know...

Shogo: Maybe Spain. When Destino Final toured Japan, I was really surprised–I had never seen a band that cool!! I'm around the same age as Guille, the vocalist, so I was really happy to see there were bands this good overseas that weren't all a bunch of old dudes. While we didn't tour with them, we were lucky enough to get added onto one of their shows. The members were all real cool, so we'd love to play with them again! I heard two members were leaving, but I hope they keep playing...

MRR: Last question, when are you quitting punk?

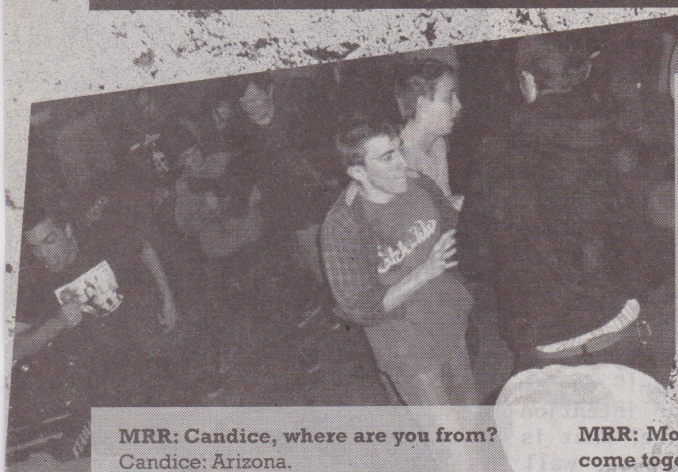
Satoshi: I don't know about that kinda shit!

Shogo: Punk 'til death, I think. I wanna dedicate my life to punk. Sacrifice myself for it!!

Jun: I never thought about it before, and I won't be thinking about it again.

necro hippies

I'm OK to drive now except I have some warrants



Necro Hippies bring angsty middle school notebook scrawlings to life, blasting the dust off your snotty hardcore records into the eyes of the Internet Age. Stinging proof that not only did punk never die, it was born again yesterday, fully formed as the straight-ahead assault they bring, forged out of the slag heap of the eighties and nineties, equal parts fuzzy sludge and Fizzy Lifting Drink. Drawing their vital alienation from the boozy nether-regions of New Orleans' Bywater, from the slime at the bottom of the bus-tray, the stray onion ring that saves the day, they hate their jobs, but they will continue to do them for as long as rent's due; for now, for changing your order, they hate you. Half of them have Germs tattoos. Guess who.
Interview by Nathan Tempey

MRR: Candice, where are you from?
Candice: Arizona.
Chris: That's a lie.
Josh: I'm from Florida.
Chris: I am from Mandeville. (white people stronghold across Lake Pontchartrain from New Orleans)
MRR: Woah. (laughter)
Phil: Those are my problems... (laughter) Mandeville.
Chris: Slash Slidell
Phil: I've lived in New Orleans for twelve years.
MRR: Yeah, you can say from New Orleans.
Phil: New Orleans.
MRR: Nah, you're from the North Shore.
Chris: He's from Mandeville.
Phil: From New Orleans.
MRR: More or less. And how did you all come together as a band?
Candice: Phil was my manager.
Phil: I worked with Candice in, uh...
Candice: The application asked what magazines I read and I wrote that I like to read *Maximum Rocknroll*...
MRR: For what job?
Candice: For a job at Urban Outfitters. (laughter)
Josh: And Chris was my roommate at the time. He started drumming for them and told me they needed a bass player.
Chris: Phil and I had been playing for a long time before Candice came in.
Candice: And we started out with Phil on drums. And I was playing these weirdo songs.
Chris: It worked out 'cause I'm a really bad guitar player.
Candice: No you were playing bass, I was playing guitar.
Chris: Oh, yeah. No you're a bad guitar player, that's what it was.
MRR: What kind of weirdo songs?
Candice: Songs that ended up being Deny It songs.
MRR: Like, no-wavey?
Candice: Actually, Chris wrote part of a song that ended up being in a Deny It song.
MRR: Did you play any shows with that line-up?
Candice: No.
Josh: It was two thousand--
Chris: Eight.
Phil: Yeah, eight. October.
Chris: We started playing with Josh in September.
MRR: How long did the Urban Outfitters job last?
Candice: Quit.
Phil: (hangs head) Still there.
MRR: How long has it been?
Phil: Three years (laughter).
MRR: Any Necro Hippies clash Urban Outfitters stories, where the worlds collide?
Candice: Somebody made a Necro Hippies shirt with a marker and put it on a mannequin at the front of the store.
MRR: Did it sell?
Phil: Some guy asked about it and wanted to buy it and I took it off immediately. (laughter)
MRR: Josh where do you work?
Josh: At the Slice Pizzeria.
MRR: And how long have you been there?
Josh: Going on a year and a half now.
MRR: Woah.
Candice: Lead line cook.
Josh: Yeah, dude. I'm really important.
MRR: Line cook?
Josh: Lead line cook. To you.
Chris: That's actually how we address him.
MRR: You?
Chris: I work at a French restaurant.
Josh: Which is super punk rock.
Chris: I wait tables and bartend.
MRR: So weekends are your moneymaking time?
Chris: Sometimes.
MRR: Which you sometimes sacrifice for your band time?
Chris: Yes. Like tonight.
MRR: And your work is okay with that?
Chris: Yeah, they're okay with it. As long as I get my shift covered. Or if I don't, it doesn't really matter.
MRR: Do you feel like that service industry connection keeps your music vital? Keeps your punk rock juices flowing, alienated and angry?
Phil: I think working at Urban Outfitters keeps my fucking punk rock juices flowing. (laughter) It's really awesome.
MRR: You just have to hold it inside?
Phil: But I mean I'll let them pay me. All jobs suck.
Candice: Like Phil said, a job's a job, and they pay you.
MRR: Are any of your songs specifically about work?
Phil: Yeah.
Josh: A lot of 'em.
Phil: "Same Day" is about work. Totally about work.
Candice: "Cigarette Break" is about cigarette breaks.
Chris: "Have Fun" is about having fun.

(laughter)

MRR: I noticed that it also says, "slit my wrists and run..."

Candice: ...I'll do it just for fun."

MRR: So where does all this angst come from?

Phil: Working at Urban Outfitters.

MRR: And whose decision was it to have a really partial lyric sheet.

Phil: That was mine...

Josh: For the most part. We don't really know much about Phil's lyrics, to be honest.

Chris: For a long time we just thought he said, "za za za".

Josh: Our friend Tony had a running joke when we were on tour that he could just go up and steal the mic at any time and steal the show by saying "za za za".

MRR: So it seems like there's a lot of child-like, angsty, "I hate my parents..."

Phil: That was my main thought when we first started this band. Like, I'm thirty years old and I still feel that way, so, that's what all the songs are about (laughter), that it hasn't changed, and it's not gonna change.

MRR: Like hating your parents?

Phil: Kind of, yeah.

Josh: There are certain roles that people give you when you're growing up. And it's weird when you get to a certain point and you realize that they're not all you were told they were gonna be.

MRR: Like what do you mean?

Josh: I was always told that, you graduate high school, you know what life's about, get through college, you'll know. And then, I did all that and I got to the end, and I was like, "So?" And now I'm left with this point where I like punk rock and I don't really want to get a real job, and I don't necessarily want to make pizza for the rest of my life, but I don't want to do anything that means I can't... be in a punk rock band.

Phil: I think I'm gonna feel the same when I'm forty, and it might be a problem, I don't know, but I don't...

Chris: I had a real job and I fucking hated it.

Phil: The job I have now is the best job I ever had. It's the only job that ever paid me on time, every time.

Chris: Yeah, dude you get forty percent discount at Urban Outfitters, you get all the skinny jeans you could ever need!

MRR: What was your real job?

Chris: Oh, I worked in New York at a post-production house for like a year, and it fucking blew. It was a weird situation anyway, I was living in New Jersey, and my girlfriend at the time would call up every day at five o'clock 'cause that was when I was supposed to get off, and she'd be like, "Are you leaving?" And I'd be like, "No." And then she'd be like, "WELL FUCK YOU!" So that blew. But also, they did commercials for Vioxx and Reebok and all this shit. They would watch the rerun of *The Daily Show*, all these super-liberal, like, cool kids, and it turned out they were just huge assholes about money-making and getting things done. And I fucking hated it,

I couldn't be in that world, I couldn't do it. I hated it.

MRR: You were living in Jersey?

Chris: Yeah, I was living in Princeton, New Jersey. Which is actually really nice.

Josh: Yeah you can't pump your own gas. It's weird.

Chris: I like that you can't pump your own gas.

MRR: So, speaking of lyrics. There's that one song that it sounds like you're saying, "FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU!"

Necro Hippies: "Clock in, Clock out."

Josh: I used to think it was, "Fuck you, fuck yeah!"

Candice: It's actually, "Za za. Za za."

MRR: What's that song called?

Chris: "Same Day."

Phil: I actually don't know what you're talking about

Josh: Same day, it's just like, "ZA ZA! ZA ZA!"

MRR: But one would infer, given the tone of your voice...

Josh: No, we have other "fuck you" songs.

Chris: Do we have any "fuck you" songs?

Josh: "Love Life" is a pretty good fuck you song.

Chris: I still don't know any of the lyrics. Except for, "clock in, clock out."

MRR: And who is it a fuck you too? Ex-lovers?

Candice: It's actually not about a love life.

Josh: It's about loving life in spite of bullshit.

Chris: It's about loving life in spite of parents.

MRR: Have people been confused by you as a band?

Phil: The first write-up we ever had they said we were straight edge.

Candice: Vegan straight edge.

Josh: Because once we got billed on a Matt Russell flyer as being vegan straight edge, and they took that for truth.

Candice: They never came to see us.

MRR: I've heard a lot of people say that you hearken back to a different time in punk rock. What are your influences, do you go out of your way to sound like you're from a different time?

Chris: I think we're all really different in terms of influences.

Candice: We all love Black Flag. And we listen to a lot of Sebadoh.

Josh: And the Misfits. Black Flag and the Misfits I feel like are the two main bands that we connect on.

Chris: Maybe that's why it is. We have like a bare bones connection about punk rock and it's mostly old stuff. We have really all over the place taste within that...

Phil: I think Candice and I have the most similar taste.

Candice: Yeah, when we first met we nerded out for like, days.

Phil: Totally. And Chris and I have known each other for a long time, and we like a lot of the same stuff.

Chris: I like noisier stuff. My favorite band is Sonic Youth.

Josh: I grew up in Florida. So the first DIY bands that I came across were No Idea bands, I just grew up with No Idea pop punk shit, pretty much. I have an appreciation for older stuff, but that's what struck me at the time.

Candice: We also all really like Nirvana. We're gonna start a Nirvana cover band, but we're only gonna cover songs that Nirvana covers.

Chris: And I actually look like Kurt Cobain, I'm told.

Candice: And your doppelganger lives in Asheville. The drummer for Bad Ways.

MRR: Have you met him?

Chris: Yeah, we played a show with them.

MRR: So how did Brice (Raw Sugar Records, WWOZ DJ) first approach you about an LP?

Josh: After the Fucked Up show.

Phil: I talked to him after a show and he asked me if I was ready, if I thought the band was ready, and I said, "Sure, why not?"

Chris: One of his friends, Don, from Impractical Cockpit was in town and he had all of his recording equipment with him. He was like, "Wanna do it now?" And we were like, "Sure."

Phil: Brice was really enthusiastic and that made me really happy.

Candice: He's been really enthusiastic...

Josh: Throughout

Chris: He's actually, I think every band has rough patches even--

Candice: He's been doing this for ten years and he's not going to stop. He's a good example of growing older and staying punk forevs.

Chris: Just like anything we've gone through rough spots. There was probably more than one, but there was a point where we were at each other's throats and he was like, "Don't break up! Don't break up! Don't you break up!"

Candice: Apparently all the bands that he "signs" break up after they put out their first record. Like New Bloods. Well, two records.

MRR: And was that recorded at a show?

Candice: It was recorded at Nowe Miasto (warehouse space in Mid-City New Orleans). Live.

MRR: But not at a show?

Josh: No. We recorded it all playing together live, but not at a show.

MRR: 'Cause I noticed the vocals are very, discernible. As compared to other times.

Chris: I've listened to it a couple times, and it might have just been because I was stoned, but I still can't hear what the fuck he says.

Candice: People have said that the vocals are more discernible on the LP or that maybe they're not as raw as they were on the tape. But the tape was recorded on a boombox at a practice, maybe even before we played a show--

Chris: A boombox that we borrowed from Tirefire without permission.

Josh: That someone found in a dumpster.

Chris: And then Phil got in trouble for it.

Candice: Personally I love the LP, but I think there were certain things we couldn't capture in that afternoon. We didn't really know what we were looking for, we were new as a band.

Josh: I think it's a good recording of where we were at that point.

Candice: Yeah, it was recording of that time, and now we're recording ourselves next month.

MRR: You've been on one tour?

Josh: Officially two tours.

Chris: We've been on one and a half tours.

Josh: Or one and three quarters.

Candice: We toured in Florida, and we went on a Southern tour.

Chris: Florida was a blast.

Josh: We toured with Crackboxx when they were going through Florida. We got to play 305 Fest, which was a fuckin' blast.

Phil: (suddenly much drunker). Were you saying the vocals were more like, (laughter) on the LP, like, they were less yelly sounding?

MRR: Yeah.

Phil: Yeah, I was sick! I couldn't really sing that well at all. I was sick as fuck, and my voice was a lot more nasally and, there's—it is different.

Chris: So back to the touring...

Josh: Tony the Lawyer let us tour in his Impala on the Florida tour.

MRR: Any highlights or lowlights of tour?

Candice: I was always cleaning up after everybody. And I got really frustrated.

Josh: Candice was definitely tour mom.

Candice: I hate tour mom.

Josh: I know.

Chris: I was always making more of a mess than anybody.

Candice: That was a low point.

Phil: I didn't see the point of coming home.

Candice: We played with so many good bands.

Josh: So... when we were in Chattanooga half the band had to sleep in dog shit which was officially, pretty much not cool.

MRR: Why dog shit?

Candice: We stayed at a nasty place. Of a really great person.

Josh: He was super nice! He was super nice!

Phil: I was all fucked up on the couch and I heard Candice talkin to him in the other room and he was goin', "Yeah, you can just sleep in here but I gotta move the cat shit and the dog shit out of the way," and I was just fucked up on the couch like, "Ha! That's funny!" And then Candice went to bed, everybody has gone to bed, I was like, "I should go to bed too," I was fucked up, and I laid down and I was like, "Woah! I'm really laying in fucking dog and cat shit!" (laughter) It was disgusting.

Chris: (laughing) And that girl kept trying to steal your blankets. You had the worst night dude.

MRR: Okay, last question, what's your favorite thing about New Orleans?

Candice: All different kinds of people come to shows, and even though a lot of shows are at bars, anybody gets in, so it's almost like a default all ages city.

Josh: I like it a bunch because there's a standing infrastructure. When I was living in Tallahasee everybody was trying to build it from the ground up and it was awesome, but no one really had the motivation or the grass roots to do something entirely themselves. So it was awesome when I moved here and there is already a really put together infoshop, there is already a bike collective, there are already people that want to put out records, and have done it before and know how to do it. That was really exciting.

Chris: My favorite thing about New Orleans is, it kind of took a while to grow on me, and I've lived here for my whole life, but, it's a playground, it's like adult Disneyworld kinda. You can do whatever you want, like I break into abandoned buildings and do stupid shit. You can do anything here. There's no rules, there's no reason to have to get a real job, there's nothing holding you in place. You can do anything you want. It's total freedom.

Candice: Except you get arrested all the time.

Chris: Oh, you get arrested all the time. And there's a lot of crime, and the cops are just as bad as the criminals.

Candice: The cops are way worse than the criminals.

Chris: The cops are way worse than the criminals and... it's really corrupt and...

Josh: You might get shot.

Chris: And you might get shot.

MRR: Good answer. Phil.

(coughing, laughing)

Phil: When I go other places it makes me appreciate New Orleans more because, the culture, you know. There's a lot of history here, there's not a lot of history other places, comparatively. So there's that. And it's just easy to live here. It's fairly cheap, considering it's a city.

Candice: The Big Easy.

Phil: The vibe is different. You can walk down the street and not feel like everyone is rushing to get somewhere or trying to get an interview somewhere, like in other cities. Other cities I've lived in, I've felt that way and here it's more laid-back and people just do what they want.

MRR: All right. Any shout-outs or things that people should look for in the future?

Candice: Shout out to Ralph in Atlanta.

Josh: Ralph in Atlanta. The Necro Cat Fisher Hippies tour coming up in May. Tallahasee.

Chris: Fisher Cat. Played a sick show tonight.

Candice: (giggling) Nervous Juvenile.

Phil: Nervous Juvenile.

Chris: True Trust.

Josh: Ah, I don't have a side project.

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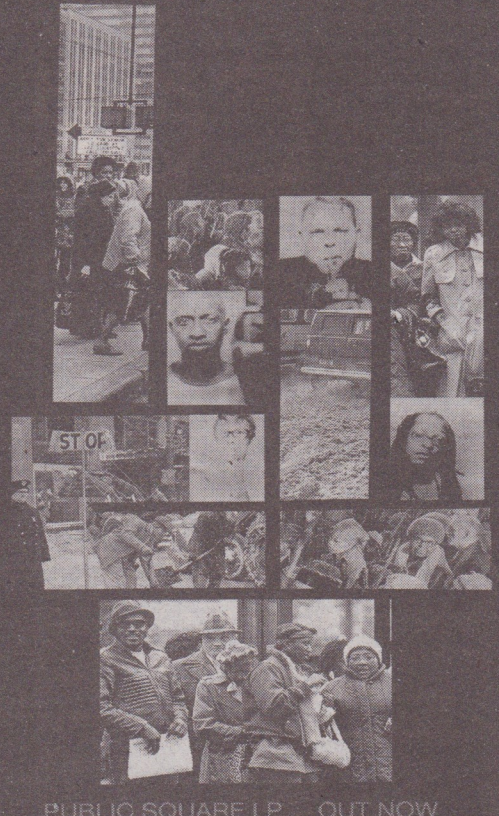

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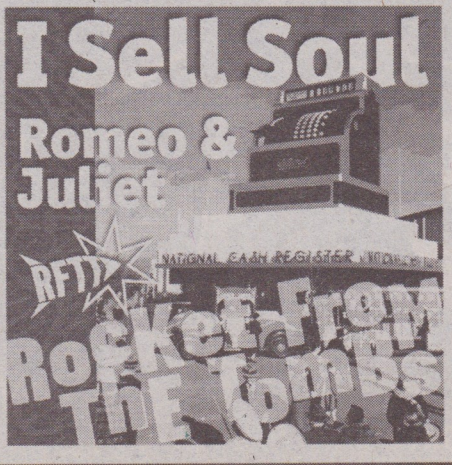

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THE HOUSE THAT CAN'T BE BURNED DOWN: THE LEGACY OF FREAK (FRED SMITH), BLACK PUNK PIONEER.

For me, the legacy of Beefeater is summed up most forcefully in their brilliant, genre-blurring LP House Burning Down, *released on Dischord after the bands demise in 1986. Combining hard funk, tribal stomp, raw jazz, shades of reggae, metallic leanings, and hardcore prowess, it's a landmark, unmatched even now. Yet, the band was unstable (drummers came and went) and their fiery brand of politics set the teeth of both right-wing and left-wing punks on edge. Guitarist Fred Smith, whose name is now officially Freak, was the nimble musical backbone of the band. After joining Strange Boutique, he also helped pave the path of elegant post-hardcore music in DC as well.*

Interview by David Ensminger
Photos by Jennifer Young, Claudio Vazquez, Cynthia Connolly

MRR: Tell me about your musical heritage.

In very early 1983, I had just quit my government job at the Dept of H.U.D. My dad was one of the first black US Deputy Marshals. My dad was a doo-wop singer in the '50s with Marvin Gaye and Van McCoy. The band was called the Starlighters and had a hit song called "The Birdland." After they fizzled out, my dad got into law enforcement—the second generation of the Smith clan to do so. My mom was overseas working for the State Department (a gig she earned after struggling in the ranks for at least 15 or so years) while working for a 1960s program called "Voice of America." They divorced in 1971. As my dad kept stressing me to go into law enforcement as a lifelong career, the music side of me was tearing me apart. So, I finally decided for the latter.

MRR: And you started to immerse yourself in punk music?

All this punk rock shit was happening in DC as well as New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, Ohio, and LA;. I was so intrigued. It was kind of like the Hippie movement of the early 1960s, but more radical and more in your face—"We are sick of this shit world, and we are now here to fucking change it whether you fucking like it or not" attitude. In this circle of mostly pale, tattered clothing, safety-pinned boys, aside from the few black fans in the audience, THERE WAS US! Gary Miller, aka Dr. Know of the Bad Brains, John Bubba Dupree from Void, Stuart Casson of Red C and the Meatmen, and the late great David Byers of the Psychotics, Chucky Sluggo, H.R. (Bad Brains) and myself. Now I am just noting the guitar players, but would never, ever, exclude or forget Shawn Brown from Dag Nasty, their first original singer, and the late Nikki Young of Red C.

Through friends and some various acquaintances, more notably a guy named Ray Tony, aka Toast, and Eric Laqdemayo, aka Eric L, from Red C, I heard about Madam's Organ and The Atlantis Club. Soon I was auditioning at the old Dischord house for a band that, from the start, proclaimed, "We are not here to make any money. Are you in?" My brother Big Myke said, "Fuck this" and split. I hung around. Beefeater had an amazing, but at any given time, a very tumultuous run, with two militant vegans and throughout the two 1/2 years of our existence, three meat eating, substance abusing, alcohol driven drummers, and myself!

MRR: What was it like to be a black punk in DC?

Let us all keep in mind that DC is, what, 80% black and this punk rock scene was fueled by angst-ridden white kids, a lot of whom I found out had fucking trust funds waiting for them when they became of legal adult age. Shit, I didn't even know what a fucking trust fund was back then. It was very strange to be these "token negros" playing in front of predominantly all white audiences, but we did it. As Shawn Brown and myself will attest, there were fucking issues man. A lot of fucking issues that we had to address when we did shows. When I first heard someone refer to me as the "negro Lemmy," I was floored. I immediately lowered my mic stand down from the height that I set it. When I heard Shawn Brown being referred to as "the negro version of Ian MacKaye." I was floored again. When I told him, he was taken aback but still plugged on. In retrospect, even in this new scene, I was always wondering, would racism ever end?!

MRR: Most of us know you as Fred Smith, so tell me about the name change to Freak.

Like many blacks back then, through the 1930s until the early 1960s, a lot of fucking name changing went about due to many horrible scenarios always occurring in the segregated United States of America. I legally changed my name to "FREAK " some odd years ago. My birth name, Frederick E. Smith Jr., is not my real name. My real last name is "Ellis" When I found this out in 1980, I was horrified, shocked, saddened, and felt raped by both the world itself for letting me be born as a lie and my parents, who knew this shit, but never told me until I was an adult. So not cool, man. There was some incident with one of my family members in the 1930s in another state, possibly a homicide. I really don't know. If this was the case at the time, I am very sure it was probably in self-defense against not getting lynched. My family keeps it very cryptic, but the truth was, this individual had to get out of town, disappear, and begin a new life.

So, in doing so, the name was changed to "Smith." I have never tried to find our true lineage and probably never will. That would be too much of a strain for me right now and would probably just make me very, very fucking angry to find out all the lives I could've known all these years, but didn't because of this incident. And a lot of other blacks will tell you I am not alone with this issue. So, changing my name finally gave me the peace that I had been seeking for a very long time.

MRR: Being a drummer, I have to ask: why did Beefeater have three drummers, one for each recording?!
Beefeater had three drummers due to the fact that three drummers went through Beefeater. What I mean to say is, basically, guys came in and left for various reasons—theirs and ours. Bruce Atchley Taylor, our first, left due to the fact that his life was changing and he wanted not to tour. We were very ready to go out of town during the early stages. Mark Schellhaus, our youngest skinsman, was pretty much asked to leave by Doug and Tomas due to various addictions and attitudes at the time. I never got over that one. It was a band vote, and I was pretty much out-voted and pressured. If he wasn't out of it, the band would've ended, or at least gone on without the two of us. Again, that is a very painful part of the history of the band for me, and I am still not quite over it. Mark and I are still very close, and he took being asked to leave pretty cordially, and just did so without much opposition. To this day, Mark is one of the coolest people I know—a very talented fucker, like the rest of the other drummers. Again, it was a sad moment for me. Kenny Craun, Mark's replacement, and drummer number three, just came in and took us out thru the rest of our days. He just went his own way to do other project when the band dissolved in 1986. Most notably with a punk outfit called the Rhythm Pigs, and he also hooked up with Chuck, Faith No More's original singer. With bands, chemistry is vital, and for some reason, the boys, Tomas and Doug, were okay with Kenny. This was pretty unusual at the time for Ken was more of a rocker than a punk dude, but he had his style, and they really didn't buck at it much. The timing was funny—each drummer played on his own individual album, thus leaving his distinctive mark.

MRR: *Need a Job* came out on Olive Tree Records, which a member of Lunchmeat described as "a shady short lived label, part of the HR (Bad Brains) Dave Byers crew... I doubt those tapes even exist." Everyone knows Dischord Records, but tell me about Olive Tree.
Hmm, for me, *Need a Job* is one of my favorites. The band was really getting out of the standard basic hardcore genre and really starting to mix that genre with funk. On *Plays for Lovers*, the funk was there, but it was being played so fast that those grooves might have gotten lost in translation to some. It was being accepted by a new breed of hardcore punks actually hearing that fast groove, somewhat like the Big Boys were doing in Texas. Though the production for the *Need a Job* recording wasn't exactly what I was hoping for in a finished product, I was still glad the EP came out to show that we were growing as a band. As I remember, the actual Olive Tree label was established by some of the punk/rasta scene in DC. Founding members of that label were Julie Byrd, Kenny Dread, and HR himself. Shady is a harsh word to describe the label, but... things sometimes did not happen in a timely and professional manner. Shit got done, but not without drama of some kind. Oh yeah, there are master tapes out there with shit still waiting, I hope, for life to the world. Everyone at Olive Tree just smoked too much pot sometimes. Not saying that liquor and drugs don't affect other aspects of labels and bands and the music scene, I am just stating a known fact, and as musicians, we have all pretty much really been there.

MRR: When interviewed in *MRR*, the band listed people like Isley Brothers, John Coltrane, and John Lee Hooker as influences. Is that why the band had such a melting pot sound—pulling from jazz, funk, and world music—because the band wasn't simply listening to Minor Threat records or mimicking 1977?
Fuck yeah, man. Beefeater, throughout its existence, listened to pretty much anything. We all were into our own worlds and brought them to the lab all the time. We took from this and that and just blended it into something. We fucking pulled from anything and everything. It was cool. Nothing was off limits. That is what made it cool. That is what kept things fresh. Yes, we were a hardcore band, in essence, but we had a lot more shit to experiment with, and we made damn sure we did. No restrictions.

MRR: I know Tomas was critical of Go-Go music (the genre of bands like Trouble Funk, who played with Minor Threat), because they often emphasized materialism (he once called it "stupid music about dancing and being cool"). Do you feel he misjudged or misunderstood Go-Go music?
Tomas' judgment of the DC Go-Go scene was, in fact, his opinion. Whether it was a critical misjudgment of it, I dunno. You would have to ask him. I couldn't stand the shit myself. Non-blacks have always loved grooves. It took forever for those to admit it, but they fucking love funk, soul, and grooves. I think at one time in the US it was against the norm to reveal liking such music, but alas, times always change. Go-Go to me was just a rip-off of bands that played stadium shows and gave the drummers a spotlight in the middle of the set. Go-Go basically took that spotlight drum part and made it a one and a half hour-long song. Just basic jam sessions really, only highlighting a beat, *the beat*. Everything else—guitars, keyboards, etc were put on the back shelf. The actual song was the beat. I didn't care for it, but tons of fuckers in DC and around the world loved it. How can 100 Frenchmen be wrong?!

MRR: Looking back, the band is considered part of the Revolution Summer era, including Rites of Spring, Embrace, Marginal Man, Gray Matter, and others. Did you feel a kind of "movement" was happening, or is our notion of that time really a kind of myth making?

Probably about a good four years prior to me even joining Beefeater, I, in fact, was becoming, in essence, a fucking real punk rocker. Learning the values and creed of that phenomenon and adapting it to my lifestyle. Revolution Summer was fucking bad-ass and very, very real. I am so proud to say that I was a part of that shit, and it was no myth in any way, shape, or form. I remember us out there doing the Punk Percussion protests at the South African embassy and Reno Park shows and shows benefiting those privately funded organizations that actually help and make change for the good of the city's poor and under-privileged. That was a beautiful and awesome awakening for me in the punk rock world. All of us weren't fuck-up miscreants. We actually cared about real positive change, and we went out there to do it at any cost. Fucking cool man... great memories there. And the bands and individuals who were out there with us at that time all have my sincere and undying respect. Again, when I say it was fucking cool man, it *was* fucking cool. I believe my friend Amy Pickering of Fire Party started the whole concept. Again, way cool.

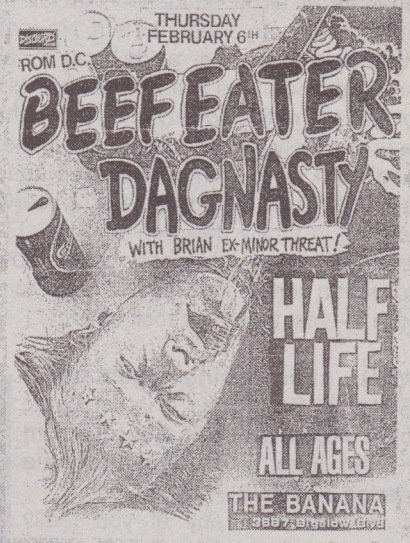
MRR: For many on both the Left and Right, Beefeater was vexing. Obviously, the Right dismissed the vegetarian / environmental / "political correctness" of the band, but even the Left was baffled by the anti-abortion stance of some members as well. What was your personal sense of politics at the time, if any?

From day one, Beefeater was Doug and Tomas' vision, and it came with at least a couple of ground rules that the band stood for: vegetarianism / non-alcohol, environmentalism, total political awareness and civil and human rights. No matter who was in the band at any given time, this message was creed. Now, with that in crystal clarity, Beefeater was comprised of four members struggling in groups of two. On one side, there were militant animals rights / vegan / non- alcoholic, activist fucks, and on the other alcohol drinking, women fucking, and, at the time, chemical experimenting, meat-eating pariahs; as you can only imagine, this chemistry caused, on more than several occasions, problems. With most bands, this is usually considered a marriage, albeit ours was a very fucked-up, dysfunctional one... insanely. But we all definitely had no issues or disagreements regarding a woman's right to choose and gay and lesbian rights. At shows, we were always very vocal about what Beefeater stood for, even though at times you saw beers on a Marshall or near the drums. I know that was hard for Doug and Tomas, but they put up with it... but not for very long. All the drummers and I tried our best to respect them and their messages as much as we could. It was hard considering our lifestyles and various vices at the time.

MRR: Supposedly, at your last show, which happened at Fender's, Gang Green played after Beefeater and were vocal about being anti-PC and anti-Beefeater. Do you feel that other punk bands were pretty hostile to the politics of Beefeater, or feel that the politics overshadowed the music?

Beefeater's last show was not at the Fender's Ballroom in Long Beach, CA in 1986. I really don't know where that came from. As far as Gang Green is concerned, dissing us at that show after we opened for them and others, that was just a retaliation for an incident that happened early on that same tour in a different city in which the show was overbooked. They showed up and weren't allowed to play, and the promoter asked us to step in and talk to them about it. Not a good day for them at that time, but on the road shit happens. They said what they said, and so what? Gang Green is one of the great bands of the early and existing punk rock scene. I got no beef with those fun, crazy motherfuckers whatsoever. Shit, I used to work at the 9:30 Club in DC, as we all know, and those guys and I are alright. No issues at all. What was done was done.

As far as bands hating our brand of politics on issues or whatever ... shit! It just depended on what bill we were on, whomever that night was doing something totally stupid, like starting fights for no reason during our pits, racist skins sieg heiling us, dudes trying to get girls out of the pits, out of control bouncers, etc. Any form of bullshit we did not tolerate whatsoever, and we would stop performing at any given second until those issues were addressed by the crowd or the club. Whether the bands or fans gave us shit, we were able to handle anything. Not always contain it, but it got fucking dealt with as best we could. I believe our last show was in Washington DC in 1986. A sad show, but one that needed to happen so members could progress and move foreword and still grow individually. Thankfully, everyone did.



MRR: I know Tomas has been critical of the punk scene, once telling a zine: "In a way they [punks] are society now too and that's a shame. They still buy 7-11 food, they have no impact on the government, or the economy. They still entertain themselves the same way, they have the same values and futures as everybody else ... so there's no anarchy, rebellion there at all." Did you feel that punk represented an alternative society, or not?

If here ever was a true punk, Tomas Squip was one of those at the head of the pack, for real. Tomas really didn't give a shit about living beyond menial means—food, shelter, lifestyle. He lived at the Dischord House for a while in a room, shared a bathroom. He slept on the floor with no furniture. His pillow was a medium sized rock and he had a blanket to cover himself. He was always reading and constantly on top of all the news, local and global, and on every political issue on the grid. That fucker probably doesn't even know it, but he taught me so much about the world, the system, and us as human

beings. He really wondered why punks were doing the same things as everyone else did – getting fucked-up, doing stupid things, resulting in altercations with law enforcement, and not really trying to distinguish themselves from the norm they were rebelling against, other than clothing and music association.

He wondered why people, including myself at the time, didn't try to alter their eating habits to respect animal rights, to change daily aspects of their lives to respect the earth, to be aware of things that are said at times that are racist and sexist and homophobic. He always thought a lot of punks weren't really trying to make change at all. No rebellion or real anarchy at all. It saddened him all the time. It was very tough for him. He really wondered if anyone, aside from a very small faction of the scene, were any kind of real alternative society at all! I thought it was definitely an alternative society then, and I still think so now. But then again, a lot of things would make an observer looking in totally disagree with me. Like everything else, it basically comes down to what a certain individual is going to do with it—with that punk rock ethic.

MRR: After joining Madhouse / Strange Boutique, one of your best stories involves Geordie from Killing Joke. What made that time period special?

I don't know if any of you really know this, but I must be one of a very minute number of the luckiest punk musicians that has actually had a very uplifting, incredible life through the various bands he's been in. Not only did I work at one of the country's top underground, cutting-edge clubs of all time, Nightclub 9:30 in Washington DC (for info on that go to: www.930.com), I have also been in two very special bands that have allowed me to play with all of my peers for each band genre that I was in at the time and to excel at that particular music genre, whatever it was. In Beefeater, we were honored to play with such bands as Rites of Spring, DOA, NOFX, Agnostic Front, the Dickies, Scream, SSD, Dag Nasty, 7 Seconds, Bad Brains, Big Black, the Necros, HR, etc. As my run with hardcore came to its end in 1986, I was, in about four hours after leaving Beefeater, already enlisted in a now upcoming post-punk band—one more accessible than the hardcore scene and appealing to a more eclectic adult dance audience. Strange Boutique emerged out of the ashes of Madhouse, fronted by lead vocalist Monica Richards, formerly of DC punk band Hate from Ignorance. As my style was now changing to the heavily Euro pop indie sound, I was getting influences from the likes of the Cocteau Twins, the Damned, Killing Joke, PIL, Punishment of Luxury, the Slits, and Magazine.

Unbeknownst to me at the time, I would soon be touring with the likes of some of them as well. Fucking incredible, fuck, you couldn't make this shit up: this is a dream, right? Whaddya mean we are heading to England? For real? In fact, on a support gig with Killing Joke in England I was approached by one of my idols, the all-time European guitar great Geordie, during a sound check. He actually got to check me out and see what I was really about. I passed him in the corridor of the club, and he goes, "Mate you're a pretty good guitar player." I then asked, "Hey, would you put that down in writing for me?" He quickly responded in that heavy English accent, "No…!" (laughing). It's always magical when one of the greats takes even a little time out for the little guy; one of my best days of all time. I will never forget it. Wow.

MRR: For me, it makes sense, musically, since people like James Stevenson from Chelsea joined Gene Loves Jezebel, and New Model Army can be linked to the Crass scene. But why did Strange Boutique become such a good fit for you?

Strange Boutique took a real fucking gamble on me, really. Here I was, this totally out of control hardcore guitarist, chains dangling from belts and shit, and they just took me in to play this new form of music I was coming into—dark, pop, heavy dance groove shit. After some early experimentation, we soon were labeled Goth. Now, at the time I was really growing. Unlike the days of Beefeater, I was now fully exploring new territories—new amps, effects (which I had never even considered ever using before in Beefeater), the now signature classic trademark ovation acoustic/electric 12-string, which I learned to also send through the Marshall and JC-120 to run a solo thru once in a while with full-on lead distortion. Strange Boutique was my time, and I was definitely ready. Probably to this date, even though my Blaxmyth did make a dent, Strange Boutique was and always will be the best band I have ever been in, period, fucking A.

I hope you all enjoyed me ranting. For those that know me and for those who don't, I have one more project to complete. For listening critique, please feel free to go to: www.myspace.com/americancorpseflower and let me know what you think. Hit me back at freak666acf@yahoo.com. Everyone be safe out there and go for your dreams. Peace out.

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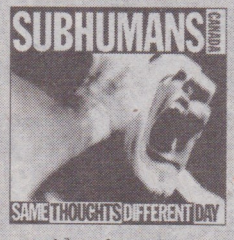

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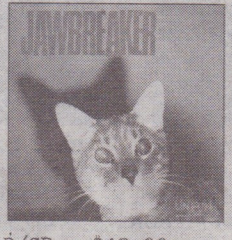

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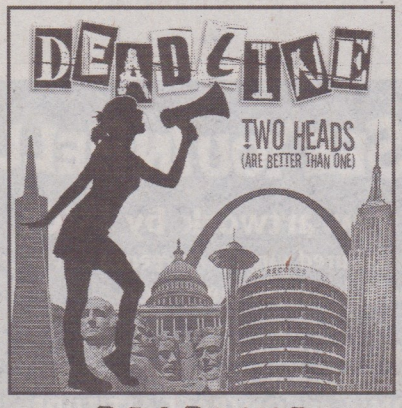

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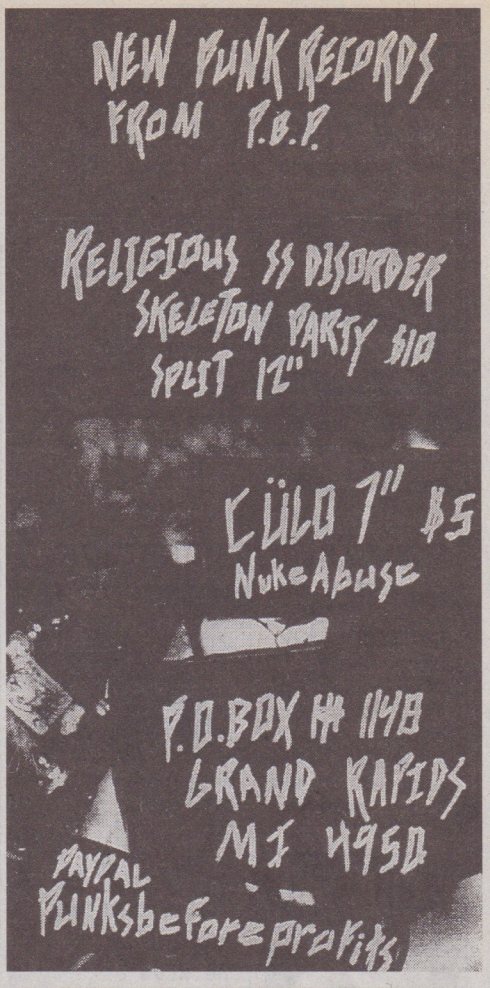

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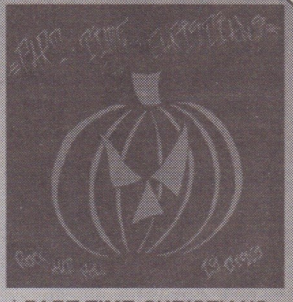

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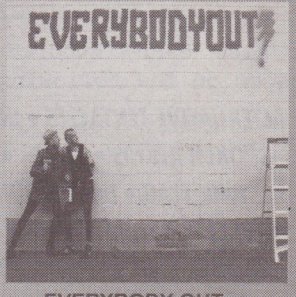

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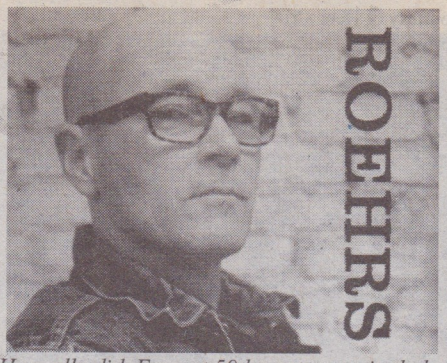


Look at that picture right there. How many times have you opened an issue of Maximum *and seen that damn face smiling at you? Regardless, as a lot of you may already know, the punk scene / MRR / the world lost an important family member this last month with the passing of brother Bruce Roehrs.*

It seems odd dedicating a mere nine pages of this magazine to a man that spent a decade and a half pouring hundreds of gallons of ink onto yellow legal pads about rock'n'roll and could spend a hundred pages discussing his excitement of a single record if you'd let him. He might fill ninety of those pages with "Fuck yeah's," but he'd mean every single one of them. He was a man that really understood rock'n'roll. One thing Bruce always said to me over and over again when we'd hang out and listen to records was, "I love to see your excitement when you hear a song that you love cause I know exactly *how you feel." He really did. Even at 59 he got as excited about great hardcore records as he did in '83, and it was genuine. He was a man that "got" life more than any one of us will ever fathom. A man that would make you feel like the most important person in the room every time you were in his presence, no matter if you were friends for life or only meeting him for the second time:*

If he can read MRR *from wherever he is now, he's skipping straight over this "wimpy shit" and going straight to the reviews to make sure there wasn't something killer he missed this month. Bruce was the* best *people and I hope if he didn't realize that in life, he has realized it in death. We are certainly gonna miss you around here my friend. Something fierce. I only hope this tribute even scratches the surface in showing Bruce and the world just how much he meant to those of us that he touched, but I doubt that is even possible.*

The following are testimonies sent in from fans, friends, family, or were posted on the MRR *website and other forums and we hope that these outpourings really show the true character, and attest to the amazing spirit of a great friend and the ultimate fan of all things Rock'n'roll. Rest in power, my friend.*

–Justin Briggs

BRUCE ROEHRS 1950 - 2010

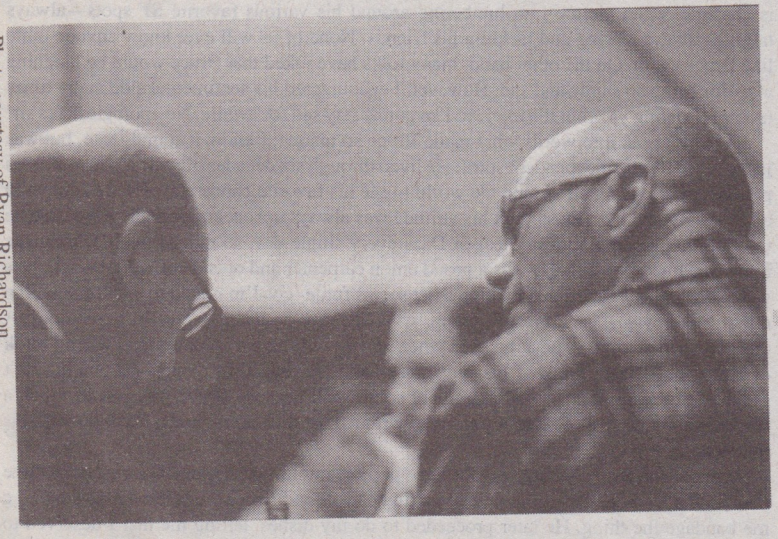
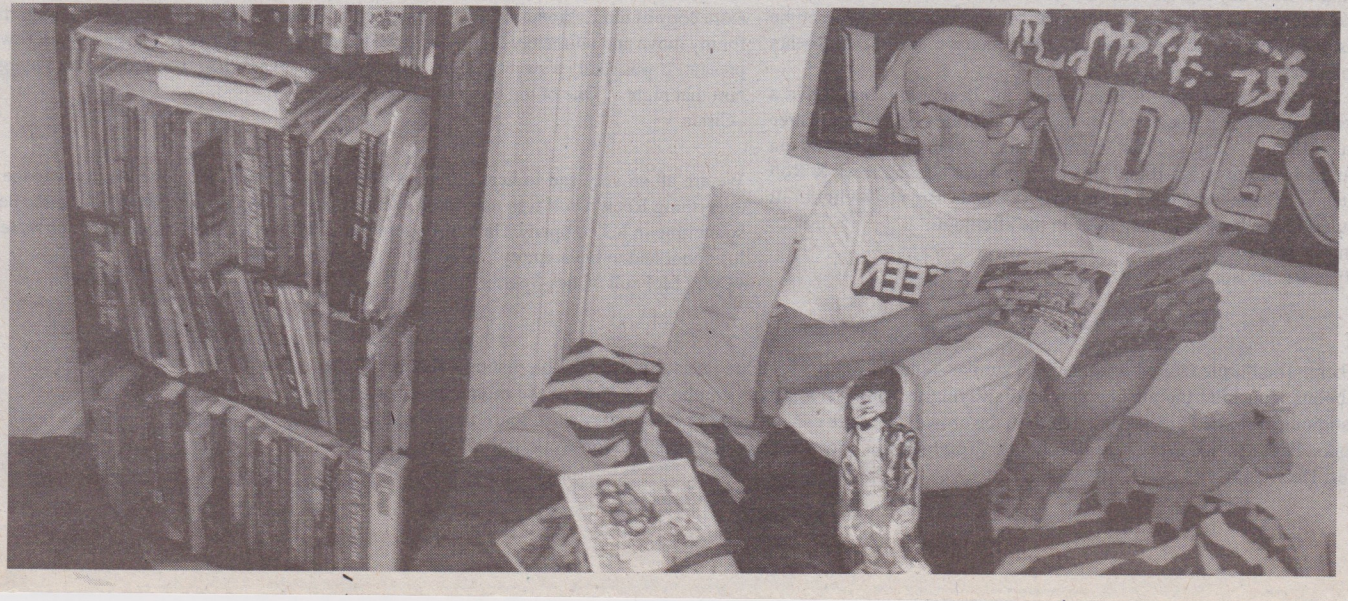


Photo courtesy of Ryan Richardson

Motherfuck. It just ain't right. I'm stunned/crushed/speechless. Such a strong spirit… Absolutely gutted.
–Timojhen

I will miss your headbutts and hugs, arm locks and shoves, but most of all Bruce, I will miss your unrelenting enthusiasm, your unbridled energy, your undiluted love of rock'n'roll, and the unconditional bond that you formed with all your fellow kindred spirits. You where one of a kind Bruce, a mentor, a friend and a shinning light to so many. It was an absolute pleasure Bruce.
–Dougie

Well my friend, it shouldn't have happened to you…you will be missed, not only by those close to you on the left coast but your friends/brothers on the East Coast will miss you severely as well… You've had our back since day one. We'll never forget that interview you did for us at Rainey's / TKO HQ way back when… Just laughs and good times and we continued to share laughs over the years, supporting us wherever we go and supporting whatever we do… never in the back of the club, but always at the front of the gig, there was always a spot reserved for you friend when we played! Playing SF will never be the same without you… *MRR* will never be the same without you! Beauseant Bruce… Ave Atque Vale!
–The Templars



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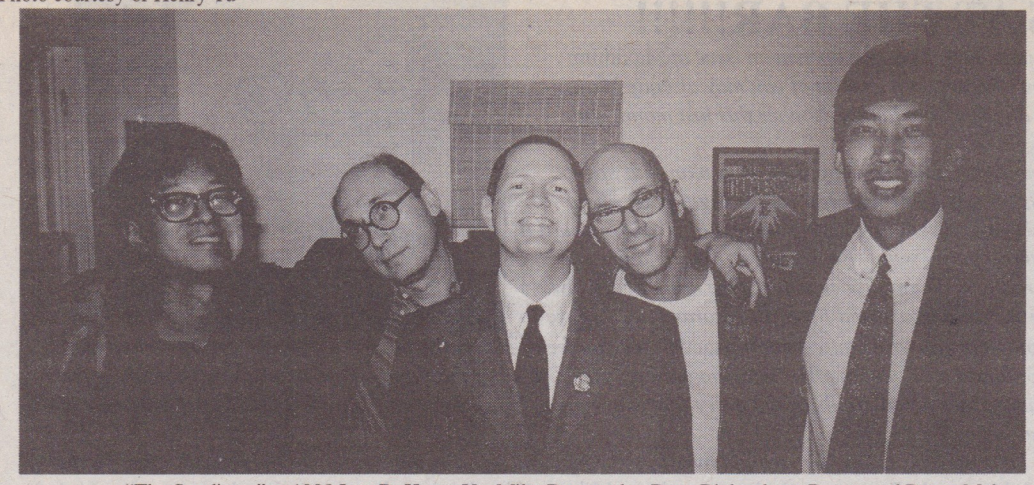


"The Syndicate" c. 1998 L to R: Henry Yu, Mike Bastarache, Ryan Richardson, Bruce, and Roger Mah

Many Bruce stories bubble up in the bar or swirl around the pit, but my Bruce stories—that is, the ones where he and I were together—are more mundane. My memories of this friend, the ones which cause me to tear up at the thought of him as I write this, have far more to do with the genuine kindnesses, small niceties and unexpected considerations one person shows another, without fail and without asking. When I found myself in San Francisco, Bruce always had a couch or a blow-up mattress for me…forget the line-up of places to eat, shows to hit and places to roam. Bruce was a swell tour guide…after all, the mayor knows everyone and every place, right? We went for a drive up through the Presidio last trip.

Bruce never failed to ask others about themselves, what was going on in their lives, how their family was. My wife once came home while I was gabbing away with him on the phone and later said, "I can always tell when it's Bruce on the phone because he always asks how I am." "Considerate" is not a word you'd naturally associate with the guy behind the *MRR* columns. He remembered names and faces and would throw an arm over anyone and everyone's shoulder…maybe a headlock for the guys.

Bruce could make just about any person feel old, like a complete poser, like a lightweight. It just seemed to me he got up earlier, worked harder, drank more, jumped higher, stayed up later and did it again the next day while I, despite being twenty-something years his junior, was just catching my breath from the night before. I'm sure I'm just one of dozens of people who said to themselves something like "Shit man, I hope I'm half as motivated and spry as this guy when I'm his age." We all, of course, realized we didn't stand a chance.

There's plenty more to be said, but I gotta take a break…too many tears before breakfast. The only consoling thought I've had about Bruce over the past few days is that he lived his life, or at least his life since I've known him, like he might die any day. If Antiseen were playing halfway across the country, he'd say fuck it and stick the trip on an already-stretched credit card and figure it out later. He wasn't going to have any regrets. The last time I spoke to Bruce, he'd booked tickets for the UK and was heading over to see Cock Sparrer sometime this year. I only wish the Brits could've gotten a piece of that Roehrs diplomacy.

For now, seeing pics of Bruce break my heart a bit, but I have a mental picture that bucks me up and puts a smile on my face. Three knuckleheads—Bruce, Damian, me —fresh from a few brews on Haight Street jumping around Bruce's apartment singing Rock & Roll Bitches' "Someone Could Lose An Eye" and "Broad Daylight." It couldn't have been later than three in the afternoon.

I miss you, Bruce.

–Ryan Richardson

If you've spent much time at the *Maximum Rocknroll* house, then you've likely been infected by Bruce Roehrs in some way. He generally stopped by the house about five days a week. No joke. He treated his column and reviews like they were a job. Upon entrance you could expect to hear one of three greetings before he rounded the corner: "Heeeyyyy punk rockers," "Skins and punks," or "Hola." And when he finally came face-to-face with you he'd ask, "How ya doin'?" and talk to you for a few minutes. He came by in the evenings after work and spent several hours listening to his favorite "miscreants" of the month, scrawling on legal note pads, and happily chatting to whoever happened to be around.

Since I got word that Bruce passed away I've had a variety of thoughts and emotions whirling around in me. For one, I feel like a total loser for only lasting like two years at the magazine. Bruce managed to crank out columns and reviews for over fifteen years. In the grand scheme of things my time at *Maximum* was pretty insignificant, but Bruce earned a spot as a fixture of the magazine. It won't feel right to read *Maximum* without Bruce's enthusiastic exclamations to round out the columns section.

A friend mentioned that you could just feel Bruce's presence missing around San Francisco. He was such an immense character that the emptiness left by his passing is chasmic. I can picture him lumbering around his various favorite SF spots—always talking, always teasing and tackling his friends. None of us will ever know anyone quite like Bruce again. On the other hand, many folks have joked that Bruce would be laughing at us for being so sappy and sad. However, I encountered his sentimental side many times (sorry for outing ya…but it's true), so I'm gonna stay sad for awhile. No apologies. Yes sir!

It's hard to put into words what made Bruce so unique. I know it sounds trite, but was just himself, a true independent spirit. He lived through six decades of rock'n'roll as a rabid participant, traveling all around the world to see his favorite bands play. He was drawn to a lot of ugly and dark music, but his attitude was always upbeat and friendly. One time he told me that he ate a pint of Haagen Dazs every single day, so maybe that's what made him so damn sweet, bah. He was a proud union carpenter and outside of work his interests were so wide and varied that making a list seems futile 'cos I'm bound to leave something out… Motorcycles, cars, bird watching, art—I believe he had a degree in psychology. A thesaurus would always be at his side when he was writing his columns, and when I think of Bruce I will also think of his big glasses and his tucked-in t-shirts. Although don't get the impression that I'm talking about some geek because Bruce was just as much a working class brute as he was a four-eyed writer. That dichotomy had a lot to do with his uniqueness.

Some of the Bruce memories that have popped into my head have been random. Like the time I sliced open my pinky while cutting carrots and Bruce spent ten minutes helping me bandage the thing. He later proceeded to do my dishes, telling me that I deserved to take the night off. I'll always remember the evening that he interviewed Pierced Arrows. A group of us sat around in a circle observing and learning; letting Bruce do all the talking because he experienced the evolution of rock'n'roll in the same way that Fred and Toody did. Whenever anything at the *Maximum* house broke Bruce was the first person we asked to fix it. He continually had to remind us that he wasn't a plumber or electrician, but he was always down to fix our doors and whatnot. A week before I moved away he gave me his extra copy of the Zyklome A LP. I'd expressed interest in it, but I was trying to save money for my move and ultimately didn't buy it, so Bruce decided to give it to me as a going away present. It was really a sweet gesture and we shared a warm hug. I'm pretty glad I hugged him that night… One of the last times I saw him.

–Cissie

We are all so very sad to hear the news of Bruce's passing. His love and knowledge of everything Rock'n'roll was unsurpassed and it was always an absolute pleasure to spend some time in his company. He will be sorely missed and we shall raise a glass or three in his honor and to his memory.

–Colin McFaull / Cock Sparrer

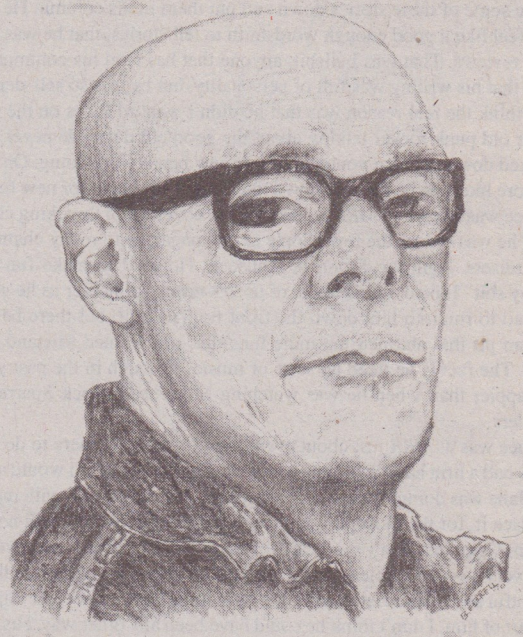
Where: The Purple Onion, or someplace similar. When: 1995 or '96 at the latest. Bruce is double-fisting Pabst Blue Ribbons, punching the air, jumping and swaying to whatever trashcan combo is onstage at the moment. A very fastidiously-dressed hipster passes him in the crowd: cigarette pants, Beatle Boots, paisley shirt, scarf, pageboy, the works. Bruce points to the guy and shouts, "You look like I *wanted* to look in 1966! Good work, tiger!"

–Jeff Heermann

My name is Doug Canipe. I played bass in Antiseen for nine years. I don't know what to say. Just heard the news and am shocked. Bruce was the man—anytime we headed to the West Coast I knew Bruce was going to be at almost every show and I always looked forward to seeing and talking to him. He always had something interesting to talk about and his passion and love for music was second to none. He was a kind soul. That last time I saw him me and my wife hosted a cookout at my house before the Antiseen 25th anniversary show in Charlotte. After everyone had eaten he spent the next two hours putting things away and cleaning up everything until it was spotless and thanked us 100 times over for our hospitality. My wife who had never met Bruce before commented for weeks about what a nice and kind person he was. I will truly miss you Bruce. If I ever have the opportunity to perform with Antiseen again at an anniversary or some other special show…every single note I play and sing will be for you. RIP my friend.

Every time we went out to the West Coast seeing Bruce was one of the things I looked forward to the most. The dude was just a pleasure to be around and talk to. He truly lived for music. He was one of the tiny handful of people I have ever met who totally loved Antiseen's music and show and realized what it was all about down to the core. He wasn't just like "Cool man…blood," like so many seemed to be. He truly loved it and dug it for all the same reasons I did. One of the biggest compliments anyone ever gave me was when he came to see us play a show in—hell I can't even remember the name of the town now—but we did a tour with Blowfly and we took a show on like a freaking Wednesday night just to avoid having a night off. It was in some middle of nowhere town in California, at a damn sports bar, out of the *maybe* 100 people there, four of them knew who the hell we were. There was no stage. We stood on the floor. There were really no lights, a crap PA, this place usually booked lame college bands and hippity-hop garbage. Well, we went on and nobody came up front at the beginning except for Bruce. So I said screw it, put my head down, closed my eyes, and bashed out our 45-minute set with as much energy as I could. By the end of our set we had a lot of the crowd up front and in our corner. After the show Bruce came over and said, "You looked like you were having fun up there. You played your heart out man. That's what this is all about isn't it? Thanks a lot, I really appreciate what you just did. Didn't want you to think it went unnoticed." How many people would even think to do that? Total class act. RIP man…You will be missed.
–Doug Canipe

I'm gutted. Reading these comments really drives this terrible loss home. I'll always be honored to have had the privilege to call him a friend. We can take comfort in knowing that in his last days he continued to do what he loved, and was psyched for a huge trip to London for some great punk-rock-n-roll courtesy of Cock Sparrer and The Who. His life was full of joy right to the end. Rest in power! Soft and safe to thee my brother…
–Sean "Duke" Cassidy



Bruce was one of the first people I met during my time at *MRR* and always the most enthusiastic. His pure, passionate love for punk rock and rock'n'roll was completely unbridled, un-ironic, and unmatched. It's hard to sort through all of my thoughts right now, honestly, because Bruce is so one-of-a-kind…and it's just too strange to think I'm never gonna hear him say, "Heeeeeeeyyyy punk rocker!!" again. I am just gonna second Will and say that I consider it an honor to have known Bruce and been counted among his friends. RIP.
–Golnar

I'm gutted and having a very hard time with this… Genuine/honest/inspiring…is what comes to mind when I think of Bruce. You always put a smile on my face and I am honored to be your friend. I miss you so much already and the world is a lesser place without you! Damn, we should all be more like you! The next round is on me, Bruce—"See you at the bar!!"
–Darrel / Harrington Saints

1. He was always friendly and chatty, which meant that he would make friends every single place he went. I'm not just talking about the people in the scene, bands, or people in bars. Literally, you could walk into any store with Bruce, or a goddamn gas station and he would be chatting with a worker or a customer just like he would be chatting with the Chinese people that did his laundry each week, or the waiters at his favorite places to eat, and the list goes on and on.
2. Bruce was very respectful. Bring a new girl around and he would say flattering things, say nice things about you (in order to make the girl feel even more comfortable that she was with the right guy), and he would buy her a drink or three. Bring around your family, and he was the same kind of way, haha.
3. He was a great shit-talker / ribber / storyteller. I'm getting misty-eyed thinking about this hilarious story he once told me. It involved him in the '60s, on acid, at a Halloween costume party. He had built an elaborate turtle costume that he and many of the tripping patrons were really into. Unfortunately, the thing ended up catching fire at a certain point, so you can imagine how this party unraveled into total LSD insanity with Bruce in some strange *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*-looking costume on fire! (Of course this was 20 years before *TMNT* had even been invented)
4. When it came to being a music lover, nobody could top Bruce. He literally loved rock'n'roll to his bones. If it wasn't Chubby Checker, it was Finnish hardcore, and everything in between. He knew the backing studio musicians on old '50s rock'n'roll records. He had stories about seeing varied '60s and '70s bands and of course had every single important album by them. When he went to his first punk show in the '70s (Ramones) he was nervous about what he had heard about the crowd at these shows...so he brought a gun.
5. But the most endearing trait of Bruce Roehrs was that he was a really good friend that hung out with people in their twenties, thirties, fourties, and fifties, and treated everybody equally (unless they were a douche). He would be the same guy with the mega-smart academic and similarly aged Jeff Bale as he was with some new rube skinhead that had moved here from anywhere, USA. He loved to go shows, so you'd go to shows with him. He loved to go record shopping, so you'd go record shopping with him. He loved to ride motorcycles, so you'd ride motorcycles with him. He loved to go out to eat, so you'd meet him for dinner. Oh, and you would do these things in one day…but then you'd do them a few times a week with him. Bruce was *always* a lot of fun.

I have a lot of great memories of Bruce. One of my favorites is meeting him for Christmas dinner maybe two or three years ago or something. I was between girlfriends, Duke was between girlfriends, and Bruce had separated from Katja (his longtime squeeze). It was the three of us, on Christmas, at some Indian restaurant. No chicks. Just sitting there, kind of washed-up. Haha. The thing is, none of this was new to any of us. I'd been alone on Christmas many times, so had Duke, and so had Bruce. This was just another dinner for us. It was fun shooting the breeze, like guys can do when the night is just kind of dead. Sometimes that was the best time to enjoy Bruce; just kicking back, listening to records, or sitting at some dumpy place, getting something to eat, just staring out the window.

When we look at the Bruce we all knew and start to reflect on who he really was, I start to think of the hundreds (thousands?) out there that hung out with him in the '50s, '60s, and '70s. He started collecting records in the '50s. He went to college in Florida in the '60s. I think he drove a cab in Arizona in the '70s. His favorite painter was Francis Bacon and he tried to go see every painting that he could by him in museums across Europe. When Bruce kept pets, he always kept pet rats because he joked that he would never get "too" attached due to their short lifespan. Bruce had fantastic stories and interests, and his tens-of-thousands of records were a breadcrumb into his past. Bruce had every single piece of vinyl that Fats Domino ever released.
I'm gonna miss Bruce. I wish there were more people like him in this world. He was a very special guy.
–Jake Roadhouse

Drop The Fucking Hammer!

I first met Bruce in 1995, not long after I'd moved to San Francisco and was working a weekly shift at Epicenter Records. He would show up every week without fail. For all I knew he was coming in every day. He was gregarious and friendly, which made him stand out from 99% of Epicenter customers and most of the staff. Because I was from Scotland he loved to talk about British bands with me. We especially bonded over the UK Subs. Later on when the Subs got back together I interviewed them for *MRR* and Bruce sat in on the interview. I think it was later at that show I experienced the Bruce headlock / hug for the first time. I knew Bruce was older than most of my friends but his construction job kept him in good shape, and he had the enthusiasm and energy of a much younger man. I would have guessed he was five years older, maybe ten. Not the twenty years older than me that he actually was.

Bruce had so many good stories. Many are surfacing via the comments, tributes, and blogs that have popped up since his death. I liked the one he told me about randomly walking through his college lunchroom in maybe 1980 and seeing this band of African-American guys run through a set of fast rock'n'roll that sounded like it was from outer space. Turns out it was Bad Brains. I used to try to get him to write some of these stories down and put them in his column. He claimed that he didn't feel like a good enough wordsmith to tell stories, that he was only capable of record reviews. That was bullshit, anyone that has read his columns over the years knows that his writing was full of personality, but he was so self-deprecating in that way. I think the real reason was that he didn't want to focus on the past, and be yet another old punk rocker talking about the good old days. He never became cynical or looked down on what younger kids or new bands were doing. On the contrary, he was more likely to be the first down the front of the stage for new bands.

Bruce was known to *MRR* readers for his coverage of "working class rock'n'roll" bands; he was one of the few people at the magazine to really champion bands like The Bruisers, Agnostic Front, or Antiseen. He used to make fun of some of the "wimpy shit" I liked; unlike most of us, his tastes got harder as he got older. I never expected to run into him down the front for The Fall, but there he was, creating a one-man pit that alarmed the indie fans that just wanted to stand with their arms folded. The fact is he liked all sorts of music, although in the past year I never saw him happier than when he was watching Motörhead, Cock Sparrer, or the Young Offenders.

Bruce was at *MRR* just about every time I went over there to do my reviews. He always had a firm handshake and a bear hug, and without fail would ask how my wife Mary Jane was doing. He was a gentleman of the old school, with manners to match. Let's face it, for the most part, the greetings card industry would not exist if not for women. Guys just don't send cards. Bruce did: Christmas card every year without fail; a very sweet condolence card when we experienced a death in the family. Being thoughtful and considerate, doing the right thing; this wasn't just important to him, it was part of him. I don't think he could have been any other way. His brother Ted told me that Bruce credited any strength of character he possessed to their mother. He also said that Bruce was his role model growing up, in the absence of a father figure. Maybe the knowledge of this responsibility made Bruce the man he was.

Don't get me wrong, Bruce could raise hell and loved to have a good time. And he liked to make sure everyone around was sharing in the fun. Still, after the fun was over he was still up at 5am the next morning to go to the jobsite.

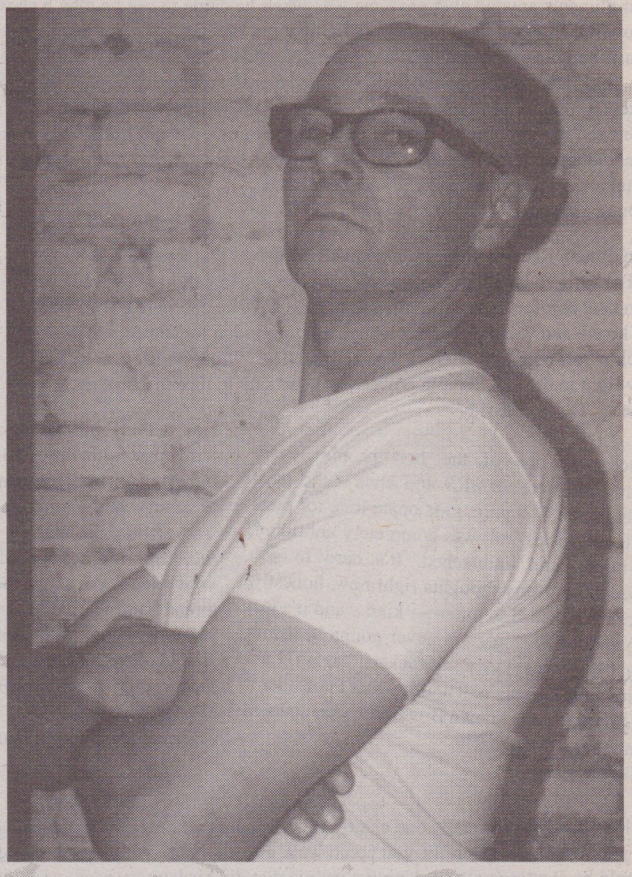
Bruce's death came as a surprise to all of us. In the last year or two he had started to complain more about the aches and pains associated with years of manual labor, and had started to look his age a little. But 59 is not old by any means. I think we all just expected Bruce to always be there, at the front of the stage, or cranking Agnostic Front on the *MRR* turntable, or getting a round in at the bar. I feel like there are so many questions I never thought to ask him, so many stories that never got told, because he always wanted to talk about how good some new Oi! record from Germany was. The last time I saw him, less than a week ago, he was getting ready for a trip to London to see Cock Sparrer's first English show in twenty years, then a couple of days later he was going to see The Who at the Royal Albert Hall. It was the trip of a lifetime for Bruce. I really wish he'd gotten to make one more rock'n'roll pilgrimage. Still, if it can be said of anyone, it can be said of Bruce that he lived every day like it could be his last. He grabbed life by the throat and squeezed every bit of enjoyment out of it he could. I can honestly say I've never met anyone like him and don't think I ever will again. I am better for having known him and while I'm not about to emulate everything about his life (I haven't the liver or the eardrums for it) I've told myself every day since he passed that I'm going to try to live a little more like Bruce: To try and live with even an ounce of the passion and enthusiasm he displayed; to be less cynical; to try and see the best in people and help them see it too.

Bruce used to end his columns with the phrase "See ya around – see ya in hell!" but at some point in the last few years he changed it to "See you at the bar!" I just hope the beer was cold when he got there.

Allan McNaughton

If you never got a chance to meet Bruce, rest assured the dude that came across in his column was a real guy! That zeal for punk in his writing was as genuine as anything I have ever witnessed. He *lived* for music, and even with all the shows he'd seen and all the people he'd met, he never got even slightly jaded—a one-of-a-kind human being to say the least. No question, I'll miss him. The Bay Area already seems a bit blander to me in the awareness that there is no chance of running into him on the street, in the bar or at a show and getting one of his patented warm welcomes. Here's to Bruce! It was an honor and a privilege, my friend.

–Bald Ass Nic



All of us at TKO Records would like to echo the sentiments of so many from around the world in expressing our sadness and feeling of great loss at the passing of brother Bruce Roehrs. Throughout his life, Bruce was a tireless champion of rock'n'roll, loving and supporting music with a vigor far surpassing most people half his age. His enthusiasm for all forms of punk rock was boundless, contagious and nothing short of inspiring. Bruce will be deeply missed by all of us, and everyone who knew him.

Farewell, old friend, until we meet again.

–Mark Rainey / TKO Records

It was with true sadness that I heard of Bruce's passing. He has been a tireless fan of SF punk, including being incredibly supportive of my bands. Somehow he always seemed to be in the front row, rocking out. You knew you were really rocking out when Bruce was up front.

Bruce wasn't just someone who would listen to music on records or CDs, but someone who made a real point of going out to every show he could. He turned me on to some music I never would have found without him. One small memory... I remember going to Balazo Gallery in the Mission one night, and after watching one band I was ready to leave because I was so tired. Bruce told me I absolutely must stay and see the last band, Complete Control; because they would be right up my alley. Turns out, he was completely correct and I found a new band that I loved.

Bruce was never too busy to come say hello, and always had a pleasant word for everyone. He was a wonderful, smart, kind person who somehow wasn't jaded by being in the punk rock scene for decades. We'll all miss him.

–Miss Eva

(Thee Merry Widows/The White Barons)

It was really a terrible shock to learn from Paul at *MRR* that Bruce Roehrs had died, since he always seemed so full of youthful energy, especially for a geezer almost as old as me. (Ironically, I was just telling another old friend of mine last week that I hadn't been in contact with Bruce for some time, in part because I hadn't seen him at any punk gigs in the past couple of years, and that I really should give him a call to see how he was doing. Maybe I was having some kind of bizarre premonition of his upcoming demise. Now I'll never be able to make that call, or get another bro-hug from Bruce at an upcoming Oi! show. Moreover, in a world full of jackasses (both within and outside of the punk scene), his premature death inevitably leaves one pondering about why it is always the truly nice people who die young rather than miserable bastards of one sort or another. If there is a god (or gods), he or she must be a sadistic psychopath. In any case, I will miss having some drinks, listening to records, and hanging out at gigs in sleazy underground dives with Bruce, and I sincerely hope that—if there is a soul or consciousness after death, however unlikely that may be—that Bruce is rocking out to the Upstarts or another one of his favorite bands. I for one, will be hoisting a glass and making a heartfelt toast to him the next time I go out drinking. Even so, I will be left with a really sad feeling, as I'm sure many of his other close friends or girlfriends (like Christeen and Katja) are.
–Jeff Bale

Fuck! Imaging a world, never mind *MRR,* without Bruce Roehrs is impossible. Hell, of all the punks I know I assumed he'd outlive me. Now he's gone and I am crushed. It's just not right.

Bruce is always at the *MRR* house when I go there. No matter what time or what day. He makes it more fun. He is blasting some music and drinking beer. He is always very happy to see me. I get a big hug and a kiss. He asks about my house. Then we get to work. Well, sort of. Bruce never uses headphones to do his reviews so I usually get distracted, talking and joking around.

I always ask Bruce what I should hear for my top 10. He'll point out something that he likes that he thinks I will like too. I usually do. Lately, he's turned me on to Smart Cops and Social Circkle, both making my top-10. When the latest Cock Sparrer album, *Here We Stand* came out, Bruce insisted I listen to the song "Gotta Get Out"—it's the best song! He played it really loud. I have to admit it. I like it. Bruce insists I need the album to play on the radio. After bugging Mike who happens to be sitting near by to give me a copy of the album, Bruce decides to give me *his* copy. He'll get another one from Mike later. I try to refuse, but Bruce makes me take it. "We work hard, we deserve a free album once in a while," he jokes. Then when I don't include it in my top 10 for the month, I never hear he end of it. Whoops.

Bruce likes to tease me about my love for garage rock, even though he also likes most of the same bands. A few years ago he was assigned to review one of the Hunches albums. He hated it and his review didn't mince words. Some one at *MRR* asked me if I would write another review (we call it double-reviewing) for the record. I did. Bruce never let me forget it. The Hunches were from then on referred to as "your band The Hunches," whenever the occasion arose for them to be mentioned. Coincidentally (or may not) the next month I was assigned a double Antiseen CD for review and although I gave it a fairly nice review, it wasn't enthusiastic enough for Bruce so he double reviewed it in his explosive style. "Fuck yes!…" And so on. Then we were even.

I had a birthday party in1994 at the Purple Onion. Bruce brought me flowers and Tim Yo commented what a classy guy he is. Later Tim tells me that they had to stop at four places on the way there because Bruce insisted on getting me flowers for my birthday.

When I was buying a house, I would discuss my search with Bruce. When I finally found one I liked I told him it was going to eventually need some foundation work. Bruce told me he could show me how to repair it. I still don't know what is cooler: that he would show me how to fix my foundation for a mere six-pack or the fact that he believed I would be able do it.

Just a few rambling remembrances of one of the best, most fun, passionate, truly punk person I will ever know. These few bits barely encompass what made Bruce Roehrs one of a kind. I could go on and on, but I will just say farewell Bruce. I will miss you! Fuck yes! Xoxo
–Carolyn

Well what the Fuck! I just was talking with Bruce on March 12th and he was in the same order as always—excited to be alive—and we bitched about work and we talked about Rock'n'roll, what else huh? I have been buddies with this man since we first talked to each other almost 20 years ago, and Bruce is one of the real ones. He was given the gift of feeling music; all the emotion and pain, and anger, and suffering that motivates a good song. Bruce understood it all more than the average man. Whenever I talked to Bruce he was so giving and real in what he said. Bruce was a very intense man and I am going to miss him.

Bruce, we are very sad today that you are gone, but you can bet your fucking ass buddy, that going to SF will never be the same for me.
Rest in peace. Love and respect.
–M. Kanel / Bonecrusher

The Tunnel Rats never would have been heard of by anyone without Bruce's unbridled love of rock'n'roll. I dialed information from New Hampshire back in 1993 to get his number, and he took my call and shot the shit with me for over an hour without having a clue who I was. Over the years we would meet up only six times, but every single one was beyond memorable. The Tunnel Rats wrote songs with Bruce in mind, knowing he would love it. I have never, and will never, meet anyone who lived for music like Bruce. It was an inspiration to musicians and fans alike to just feed off his energy for a few minutes. To see him at a show was to see someone who was not where he wanted to be, but where he *needed* to be.
RIP Bruce, and thank you for all the kind words in those columns over the years.
–Duke Crevanator / The Tunnel Rats, from Dover, NH

Bruce Roehrs was one of the greatest people you could have had the pleasure of meeting. He was tough on the outside with the sweetest demeanor. I met Bruce 18 years ago, he was my next-door neighbor, he always greeted my son Aaron and I with a warm hello and he always had a smile on his face. We became good friends through the years and got to know him well. He was a big part of our family. Through these years we've had a lot of good times and these are a few of my special memories of Bruce.

Our Band had gone to the east coast to do a tour and we're sitting at a tiki bar on the beach in a place called Asbury Park, New Jersey and we look up and here comes Bruce. We were all happy to see him as he sat down and said that he had been in New York and was supposed go to a rockabilly show but that he decided to come and see us and go on tour with us. Bruce stayed with us in our motels and we walked all over Philly. He had grown up there as a kid and took us all over and showed us where he use to go and hang out. We even took a carriage ride around town, that Bruce said we didn't have mention that he took a carriage ride. He rented a little car so he could follow us around and catch all the shows. We got lost in a place called Trenton, New Jersey, but with Bruce right behind us it kept us in good spirits. He always looked out for us . He took the car back and caught a train that turned out to be a ten-hour train ride but he made it to Charlotte, NC, where we were playing a show with Antiseen.

The next time he flew from SF to Charlotte and met us there and hoped in the van with us to Anderson, SC. Bruce did the merch and kept an eye on Cheyenne. I remember Bruce sleeping at our friends Ian and Sarah's house and they had five little dogs and they all slept with Bruce. He couldn't have been happier. He said the dogs were good company, and we all just laughed. Bruce and Mikey got kicked off the plane in Chicago for being disruptive and had to spend the night there. On Christmas Day we would meet Bruce in chinatown for dinner and we'd hang out all day. A few months ago we decided to do our record ourselves and Bruce thought that was real cool, but he said we just can't leave it as a download and was very adamant about getting us to do something more. So he talked us into doing it on vinyl. He had this friend that has a pressing plant and that we should talk to him. Travis agreed too, and these last two months Bruce had been very concerned that we had got everything taken care of and that the record would be taken care of. He kept asking us if we had talked to Mike. It was like Bruce was on a mission to make sure we followed through. He told us not to stop. We didn't and in five weeks we will have the record, and it is dedicated to Bruce. We received the test pressing today, and as I'm holding it for the first time it's overwhelming, because Bruce isn't here to see it. I wish I could thank you, Bruce, for all you have done for us. We love you and we will keep you alive and well in our hearts. Thanks for the good times, and I know rock'n'roll is still king.
–Liza Kenney

On Saturday March 20th many of Bruce's friends got together to celebrate the man and to just bring together the many corners of Bruce's life. I'm sure the smile on his face at the sight of Rumblers, *Maximum* folk, Union guys, and just regular old good friends, yuking it up and having such a blast, was enormous.

All photos by Martin Sorrondeguy

SHITWORKER of the MONTH

by Chris Dodge

To be honest, we chose another shitworker who declined to rise to the throne in time...so instead we present you with the 2nd choice runner-up who just made it in by the very short hairs of his immaculately groomed head...

LADIES AND GERMS, IT'S....

BRUCE ROEHRS

Tim persuaded Bruce to jump onto the MRR staff as a record reviewer after noticing Bruce was an Epicenter regular who not only was knowledgeable in music but, more importantly, shared Tim's preference to '77 punk. Bruce is now forever indebted to Tim, not for taking him under the mighty wings of MRR, but for introducing him to what now remains his favorite punk band, The Wretched Ones. Mr. Roehrs admits that he had only "leafed thru" MRR occasionally before being recruited and even today still doesn't read most of the mag.

Unlike other staffers, Bruce has never written a zine, set up a show, or played in a band. "I tried to play guitar but couldn't learn," he laments. "I cannot play one instrument. I'm totally tone deaf. Can't even tune it. That's why my teachers told me to give it up."

What he lacks in musical ability, he more than compensates for in enthusiasm. Unlike some of the other cronnies around here, Bruce is a staunch supporter of new talent. "I get pissed off when people get too nostalgic about the 'good old days' ", he explains. "I like buying a beer for the young bands, and if they have a record there, I like to buy it right from them in person. I like telling them 'great show' and just showing enthusiasm up front, getting sweaty, and making a complete fool of myself, and not worrying what other people think. To me, that's the highest compliment I can give them."

UNDERNEATH THE TOUGH EXTERIOR LIES A PUSSYCAT....

when people get to... 'good old days' "

SHITWORKER of the MONTH

Bruce's vast knowledge in all realms of music is astounding and though he speaks as a scholar, he has had no formal musical education. His mental encyclopedia is the result of plain old "curiousity". This quest has lead him to favorites like Woody Guthrie, Bob Dylan, The Dwarves, Ramones, Fear, Hendrix, and old DEVO.

Although he isn't a music scholar, he did earn a degree in sociology, though he has never used it. He currently rakes in the bacon doing construction but has spent previous years as a mover, cab driver, carpenter, house painter, school bus driver...in his words, "A lot of grunt work."

CROSSING OFF HIS REVIEWS? OR ADDING TO SOMEONE ELSES? HE'S A MISCHIEVOUS ELF....

Before making the pilgrimage to the S.F. Bay Area, he lived in Pennsylvania, Florida, and Arizona. "Punk rock and the ocean were the two biggest factors of why I moved here," he sez. Besides the lure of the ocean, his favorite things include "the necessities: food, sex, and beer" and birdwatching.

Bruce has never been married or had kids, but this swingin' 44 year old Virgo is ready to pursue matrimony. Hubba hubba...

INDULGING IN "NECESSITIES" AFTER A TOUGH DAY OF REVIEWING...

In addition to his crowning as "Shit Of The Month" (his wording, not ours), we all wish him a very happy anniversary this month as he celebrates two illustrious years under the MRR banner.

Of this recent honor, Bruce sez, "It has been a glorious reign. And I have moved up the hierarchy, bumping aside some less aggressive reviewers, and now I'm getting all the good records to review." If it's that easy to please him then we'll keep those records a-comin' cuz his animated personality and good natured sense of humor are qualities that MRR desperately needs.

"I get pissed off nostalgic about the

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MAY 10	ROCHESTER, NY
MAY 11	ALBANY, NY
MAY 12	BOSTON, MA
MAY 13	WESTERN MA
MAY 14	BROOKLYN, NY
MAY 15	NEW YORK, NY
MAY 16	BALTIMORE, OH
MAY 17	ALLENTOWN, PA
MAY 18	PITTSBURGH, PA
MAY 19	CLEVELAND, OH
MAY 20	DETROIT, MI
MAY 21	CHICAGO, IL
MAY 22	MILWAUKEE, WI
MAY 23	MINNEAPOLIS, MN
MAY 24	KANSAS CITY, KS
MAY 25	OKLAHOMA CITY, OK
MAY 26	DALLAS, TX
MAY 27	AUSTIN, TX
MAY 28	FOR
MAY 29	CHAOS IN TEJAS
MAY 30	NEW ORLEANS, LA
MAY 31	TN OR FL TBA
JUNE 1	TN OR FL TBA
JUNE 2	ATLANTA, GA
JUNE 3	RALEIGH, NC
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JOE POGO RECORDS

rot shit

I've had the "pleasure" of knowing the hooligans in Rot Shit since they were too young to buy beer, and have watched them grow into completely lousy young men over the past few years. I guess the band started as some sort of a joke, and I have to admit after hearing their first recording I was fairly sure no one would be foolish enough to actually release a record by them. It wasn't even a very funny joke to begin with, or so it seemed. But I was wrong, and I'm not afraid to admit it. Since that initial punch line, they've surprisingly become a rather good punk band and have taken the scene-baiting schtick to a whole other level. The world needs bands like Rot Shit, bands juvenile enough to call out everyone who is taking themselves too seriously, to call bullshit on bullshit, to just be annoying and obnoxious. Sure, they're consciously trying to offend people, but someone has to stir the pot and at least they're giving us some laughs and real punk songs while they're doing it. And honestly, when you get down to it, a lot of what they're saying is just the cold truth. It worked for the Angry Samoans and Meatmen, why shouldn't it work for a bunch of shitheads from Pittsburgh? Not that these meatheads are anywhere close to the legend or talent of Metal Mike or Tesco Vee (except in their own minds), but the fact that they're carrying on that antagonistic spirit is something I can support. Like 'em or hate 'em, they could care less, which is about all you can ask for out of a punk band. This interview was conducted at a local dive bar over plates of pierogies and regional beers, preceding a Reigning Sound concert at which Yoga got a hummer, I got blackout drunk, and Epic went to bed early like the l'il bitch he truly is.

Interview by Chuck Barrels and Brandon Gaffney.

V: Epic Wife, singer

S: Brad Yoga, guitar

MRR: So I guess the pressing issue would be, with Epic moving, are Rot Shit going to be done when you leave to San Francisco?

Epic Wife: Brad can answer this one.

MRR: Or are you just replacing him?

Brad Yoga: There's no reason to even ever consider Rot Shit really being done because we've said at least 40 times, "Yeah, this is the last show. Last tour, last everything," and then a week later someone says we're good and we do it all again.

MRR: So there'll be future last Rot Shit tours ever?

Epic: I would expect a West Coast tour. That's what we'll say.

Brad: At the first whiff of vagina.

Epic: (laughter) As soon as some girls send us a MySpace message, we're on tour.

MRR: So is it true you're moving to San Francisco because you fell in love with Brace Belden?

Epic Wife: That is true, yes. I don't want to elaborate, but that's true.

MRR: That's the hot rumor on the interweb there.

Brad Yoga: The Tenderloin just got a whole lot tighter.

MRR: What happened to Count Drugula (former Rot Shit drummer)? Did he get fired or did he quit?

Brad: Drugula was fired, and there's no two ways about it. Drugula wasn't into Rot Shit anymore and the second you say "I'm not into it," you're gone. So, Epic sacked him and I backed him up.

Epic: He wasn't fired as much as he was replaced. There's been a lot of replacing in Rot Shit.

MRR: What's the current lineup anyways?

Epic: Current lineup is Epic Wife on vocals, Brad Yoga on guitar, 2 $oon on drums, and Fritz Nothing on bass. Those are our Rot Shit names.

MRR: Who do you find more mysterious: Cult Ritual or Total Abuse?

Brad: I've never heard more than 35 seconds of either of those bands, and as soon as I did, I had to turn them off and put on Infest and listen to a real hardcore band.

Epic: The only thing mysterious about those bands is how their records sell for so much fucking money. Gimme a fucking break. I also will say you can always tell when those guys are straight edge because they're in twelve bands. No one who does drugs or drinks is that productive.

MRR: Very true.

Brad: And all those other bands are worse.

Epic: Nazi Dust. That limited cassette on Youth Attack.

Brad: First off, anyone even discussing the concept of a limited tape on Youth Attack should be fucking shot.

Epic: Vile Gash just put out a tape on Youth Attack.

Brad: Okay, strike that statement. I love Vile Gash. Ooh, baby needs another beer.

MRR: Yeah, me too. So there's nothing mysterious about Rot Shit?

Brad: The only thing that's mysterious is that people realize how great we are.

Epic: That's not mysterious to me. I understand that completely.

Brad: Think about this. Like, Rot Shit can play the biggest show in Brooklyn, or the hardest punk show, or whatever, and as long as there's drugs and chicks there, we'll be there. And we'll be fucking sick. And you know what? If we're on acid in front of 300 people, what're they gonna do? We've got their money.

Epic: It's nothing to say it's nothing.

MRR: So what is Rot Shit's mission, through your music?

Epic: I think Rot Shit's mission always is to, like—

Brad: From what I can tell, Rot Shit was conceived as a way to become famous without really having to do anything.

Epic: But what we did more of was nothing.

Brad: Well, what we did more of was nothing, but people still give a shit. "Hey, we'll put out your record. Hey, here's some drugs. Hey, I'll make out with you."

MRR: Is it more about the drugs or the chicks?

Brad: For me, it's generally always the drugs and the chicks. Drugs on chicks.

Epic: I've had a lot better luck with just drugs.

MRR: Well, you should really focus on one or the other.

Epic: I stick with one thing and roll with it. Unfortunately it's drugs. Can I also take this time to say hello to my mother, who will be reading this.

MRR: That's great. I guess we better talk about the new record. It's done, right?

Brad: It's done. It's in the can.

Epic: Hopefully it'll be out by the time this interview prints.

MRR: Are we allowed to say what label it's on? It's not a secret anymore?

Brad: Yeah, yeah. We'll have a single on Columbus Discount coming out before January.

MRR: It's gonna be a regular release, not part of the singles club?

Epic: It was supposed to be, but they decided that they would just release it.

Brad: They liked it that much.

MRR: So it'll be able to satisfy the masses' demand? Will it be limited?

Brad: Well, all the best blogs will get one. (Laughing) All the best tumblr sites will review us.

MRR: What's the concept for this one this time around?

Brad: This one—eh, we're looking to hurt the feelings of the people we missed last time.

MRR: Ha! I had that as a question—whose feelings are you trying to hurt?

Brad: Broads. Broads and terrible bands and—who else? Mike Sniper. Mike Sniper and Total Abuse.

Epic: Mike Sniper and mysterious guy hardcore. That's the target on the epic of this album.

Brad: The A side's the epic, it's our slow dirge.

Epic: For the B side of this record I'm very glad I'm moving out of Pittsburgh so I don't have to deal with the backlash (laughing).

Brad: I'm gonna soldier the storm.

MRR: Yeah, way to cut and run.

Brad: A little baby til the end.

MRR: So it's a three-song EP?

Brad: Three-song 45, yeah.

MRR: Way to go. Is there gonna be some Mike Sniper cover art for this one?

Epic: Nah, the cover art's done. It's a picture of some shitty fashion label. All these dumbass girls wearing dumbass clothes.

MRR: Hipster grandmas?

Epic: Hipster grandmas if you will, with a red stamp that says 'Dead' over all of them.

Brad: That picture I think advertised some sort of DJ night in Pittsburgh at some point.

MRR: So it won't be the last Rot Shit record, I'm assuming, if Epic leaving doesn't mean the end of the band.

Epic: There's been talks of a new song for these last few shows.

Brad: We have four gigs coming up.

Epic: But our drummer's currently in Tokyo playing with his money band !!!.

MRR: That's right, you have a member of !!! in your band. Holy cow. You guys are crossing over I think.

Epic: We're touring with them next month.

Brad: Yeah, we're going to Sacramento.

Epic: Sacramento to Honolulu, to Tokyo, to Moscow, Siberia, back.

Brad: We're stopping off in the Dominican Republic for a sex vacation.

MRR: No kidding! So, Drugula's replacement, taken from !!!.

Brad: The scoop of the century!

MRR: Yeah, it really is man. That is a weird deal. So do you guys play much in Pittsburgh? I don't think I've ever seen Rot Shit in Pittsburgh.

Brad: The last time we did, we were fucking great. We blew all the touring bands off the stage and they were pretty good too.

MRR: Are there hard feelings towards you guys in Pittsburgh?

Epic: Yeah. People don't like us in Pittsburgh.

Brad: There's a lot of jealousy over us. People are mad that we're as killer as we are. And it sucks but I'm sorry your little baby-dick band couldn't fuckin' rock as hard as we could. Now that we have our new drummer, we're unstoppable. We're definitely the best band in Pittsburgh.

Epic: I mean, there's really never been a doubt in my mind, I wouldn't say that the next best band is even close to being as good.

Brad: We rule. I will say that unequivocally.

Epic: Yeah, honestly, I would consider the next best bands in Pittsburgh to be Tusk Lord and Slices, who are, like—

Brad: Sorta close.

Epic: Yeah, they're sorta close to Rot Shit. Our bass player's in Slices too.

MRR: Is he really?

Epic: Plays guitar in Slices.

MRR: Tusk Lord's in Slices, right?

Epic: He plays bass in Slices.

Brad: Kasunic brothers.

Epic: Actually The Cheats are the best band in Pittsburgh.

MRR: Johnny and the Razorblades.

Brad: Oh man, those kids are playing right now I bet. Right now they're on stage with the Cheats.

Epic: With pink boas.

Brad: With pink boas and acne and fat wiggers.

Epic: The Cheats played Gooski's a few weeks ago and they brought their own light setup. (Laughing) I hope this interview runs right under the ad that the Cheats get in *Maximum Rocknroll* every month.

Brad: Don't worry, Da'Core records is into punk now. DA-CORE! Built upon failure.

MRR: You guys didn't even mention Brain Handle.

Epic: I don't want to mention Brain Handle.

Brad: Uh, I don't know, I saw Jeff when I was walking to my sister's house yesterday. I said "What's up?"

Epic: Who cares. Hopefully—actually, make sure this isn't like every other Pittsburgh band being interviewed in Pittsburgh, so people won't stop reading after the first question.

Brad: We want no Pittsburgh inside jokes in this interview.

Epic: Have you read the Slices interview in *MRR*?

MRR: No, I haven't.

Epic: You won't get it.

Brad: It's a lot of people being smug.

Epic: It's just all inside jokes about Pittsburgh.

MRR: They should have just done it on the Roboto board.

Epic: Exactly.

Brad: They could have just copy and pasted it and it would have been done.

MRR: Are both the other Rot Shit 7"s out of print now?

Brad: I'm gonna say yeah. I don't know how many of the first one Bart has, but we don't care about that one anyway.

MRR: Bart continuously represses things as long as they sell, so—

Brad: I don't know if he repressed it. He said they were flying out the door four years ago, so I think they've slowed down to a syphilitic trickle.

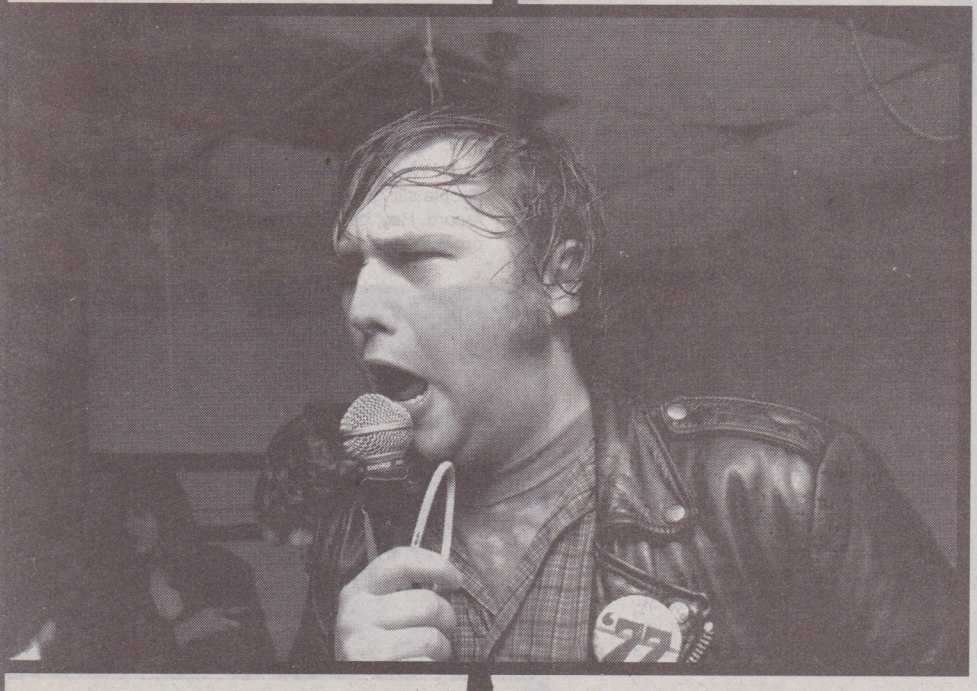
Epic: Fashionable Idiots is definitely out.

MRR: I was just gonna say, who made you guys a sweeter deal? Bart at Big Neck or Andy at Fashionable Idiots?

Brad: Both are fine labels that I support 100%.

Epic: Sure. I don't wanna talk shit on Bart.

MRR: Talk shit about Andy.



Brad: Well yeah, we'll do impressions of Andy Peterson.

Epic: I just miss Eric of Fashionable Idiots.

Brad: Where have you gone, Eric?

Epic: I wish I knew Eric now, because he's definitely got some good heroin.

MRR: Oh man. What's your favorite power pop record?

Epic: Hmmm..what do I like as far as power pop?

MRR: I think the answer is "none of them."

Epic: I like the Test Patterns (everyone laughing). Uh, Busy Signals (more laughing)...

Brad: Electric Shadows.

Epic: I'd like to talk more about good music.

MRR: What's your favorite Blank Dogs record?

Brad: I will say this: Blank Dogs made me $60. He was a fucking asshole to me. Fuck him.

MRR: So Captured Tracks are releasing the Rot Shit LP?

Epic: They didn't offer enough money.

MRR: Not enough drugs?

Brad: I'm sure they can get drugs, they just can't offer anything in terms of being a viable record label.

MRR: Okay then. Let's talk about your last gasp shows here.

Epic: The one that we're just about to do?

MRR: The ones that you're doing now. Whatever. The ones being publicized as Rot Shit's last shows ever. Again.

Brad: We're playing WFMU. That's something we can talk about. Terre T.

MRR: Fuckin' doin' thangs.

Brad: I'm going to try to fuck Terre T.

Epic: New Years Eve we're playing with, literally, like, our fuckin' boys. I wish this show could tour the world. It's in Columbus, and it's us, Pink Reason, Psychedelic Horseshit, Unholy Two, and Puffy Areolas.

MRR: Wow. Who's your favorite ska band?

Epic: Uh...Sublime.

Brad: Choking Victim.

Epic: Good answer.

Brad: Kevin Failure (of Pink Reason) loves Choking Victim. Print that!

Epic: That was better than my quick Sublime answer.

Brad: I just had to think about who had the best upstrokes.

Epic: Honestly, and you can print this: Sublime's mad good.

MRR: Aww man.

Epic: That's the quote I need.

Brad: I hate Sublime more than any band in the world.

Epic: Love 'em.

MRR: You and Daniel.

Brad: I hate Vinnie and Daniel (DiMaggio from Home Blitz) and Wigger John for liking Sublime. I hate them all.

Epic: I'm making Home Blitz play a Sublime cover at our last show. They're doing it. It's the song "STP."

Brad: I'll make sure to do a bump while they're doing that.

MRR: What's your take on Cleveland, Ohio?

Brad: Every time I go there, I get laid and get blowjobs. And basically have free drugs and Paul from Now That's Class is the coolest guy ever and the only guy I will never make fun of. Alright Vinnie, whadda you got?

Epic: The only thing I like about Cleveland is Paul, Inmates, and the Great Lakes Brewery.

MRR: Good answer, good answer. What's your take on Pink Reason?

Brad: I like 'em.

Epic: I think Pink Reason's like the best band in America.

MRR: Best band in America?

Epic: Best drug addict in America.

Brad: The drug addict formally known as Pink Reason.

Epic: Kevin's a good dude.

MRR: What was that tour you guys went on with him? The Shit Reason tour?

Epic: The failed Shit Reason tour. A member of our band was in contact with thousands and thousands of dollars, and none of us had money to buy the tickets to fly us out there.

Brad: We had shows booked.

Epic: Yeah, we had shows booked and everything. We said "Will you buy us tickets and we'll pay you back after the tour" with all this money he just came in touch with, and he never did it so we never went. Kevin went.

Brad: Kevin got really mad at us.

MRR: I remember him being pretty sore about it.

Epic: There was some tension involved.

Brad: I was not pleased with that.

Epic: Kevin went and it sucked, so I'm glad we didn't go. It was the opposite of the Kim Phuc tour though—they bought tickets and didn't have shows. We didn't have tickets, but had shows.

MRR: What's your take on Blitz?

Brad: Fuckin' great. We listened to it on the way up. All I listen to every day is Oi! and the Grateful Dead.

Epic: I'd like to set my alarm to "Never Surrender" by Blitz. Wake up into the fight. Sorry dad.

MRR: What's your take on bowler hats?

Brad: I love Major Accident more than any band, and I would wear one in a second if I wouldn't look like someone who would be tickling David Bowie's balls.

Epic: I hate bowler hats.

Brad: Straight up, next year I'm dressing as a droog for Halloween.

Epic: Straight up, next year I'm dressing as a droog every day.

MRR: What's your favorite Home Blitz song?

Brad: "Stupid Street."

Epic: That was gonna be my answer. I like "Right Cut Even." It's the one with the telephone ringing in the background.

MRR: What's your take on Thee Oh Sees?

Brad: I don't give a fuck about 'em.

Epic: The only thing I know about 'em is that band has had more records come out this year than times I've been laid. So they have, what? Four records came out this year?

Brad: Did one of the guys from Thee Oh Sees crack that crackhead promoter in Toronto with the guitar?

Epic: Yeah, John Dwyer was playing with the Hospitals.

Brad: That's pretty cool. I fully support beating a promoter. Hit promoters with guitars: that's my motto.

MRR: Dan Burke probably deserved it.

Epic: Okay, can we talk about hardcore?

MRR: Hardcore—what's your take on Fucked Up?

Epic: I thought we were talking about hardcore. Next question!

Brandon: Fucked Up sound like Oi to me. You'd probably like them.

Epic: No way, Fucked Up sound like Coldplay fronted by John Brannon. Next question.

Brad: You know what? I can't even say anything funnier than that. Go ahead.

MRR: What's your take on *Maximum Rocknroll*?

Brad: I love it. I'm a big fan. I think it's got at least three good columnists, and my name has

been in it more than once.

Epic: I like the part when, um, there's like the columns, and no one reads them. I like the part when they pretty much let anybody submit an interview, and it gets published.

MRR: You like that part?

Epic: Yeah, I like that part. I also like the part when me and Brace Belden got caught smoking weed in Gilman Street. Someone from *Maximum Rocknroll* finked us out.

MRR: What's your take on the Beach Boys?

Epic: The Beach Boys are my favorite band of all time.

Brad: Yeah, they're Vinnie's favorite band. I think they're cool, but I'd rather listen to the Dead.

MRR: So what's your take on Smile?

Epic: I think Smile is the greatest record never released. It doesn't even matter, I think it's one of the best things ever recorded.

MRR: What's your take on people putting out cassettes in 2009?

Brad: We love it. We have a cassette called *Greatest Hitlers* out on Old Money Tapes. Right now.

Epic: And some day there will actually be a Tusk Lord release on Old Money Tapes.

MRR: What's your take on Homostupids?

Brad: Those guys got really mad at us in Buffalo when we were jammin' Cockney Rejects in the van and screaming on the sidewalk, and they looked at us, and walked by, and got disgusted. And what the fuck's up with that? I thought those guys were into throwing bowling balls at each other or something.

Epic: I really like Homostupids, I think they're great. .

Brad: Oh, and one of them looked at me and said "That guy's got a hairdo."

Epic: The only thing I hold against Homostupids is that Steve was in 9 Shocks Terror.

Brad: (roaring laughter)

Brandon: You don't like 9 Shocks?

Epic: The worst band. Did you ever see 9 Shocks Terror? They're the worst.

Brandon: Best band I've ever seen live.

Epic: Oh. You should go to some shows then. Too bad you guys failed on Rot Shit playing here, but we would have fuckin' melted your fuckin' limp dick off.

Brad: If we would have played here the three fuckable girls in Buffalo would have gone home with me to Pittsburgh.

Epic: You mean you would have bought them a bus ticket to Pittsburgh.

Brad: C'mon baby, I'll buy you a bus ticket home.

MRR: What's your take on racism?

Epic: I'm against it, but I think it's really funny.

MRR: (Laughing) Way to kill it, Vinnie.

Epic: Wait, are black people reading this? Oh wait, no, it's punk.

MRR: What's your take on Hard Skin?

Brad: Oh, love 'em. Great band. You know why? 'Cause all they did was rip off Cockney Rejects. Who gives a fuck about Wat Tyler? Imagine being the band on Lookout Records that no one gives a fuck about.

MRR: The one band?

Brad: The one band that wasn't Furious George.

MRR: What's your take on George Tabb?

Brad: My take on George Tabb is, George Tabb has reprinted every column he's ever written for the last 20 years. Grow the fuck up. I'm glad you went through 9/11 but can you just like, go away? He's a New York survivor—woop-de-fuckin'-do—you live in Arizona and haven't done anything relevant in 25 years.

Epic: I don't even know what you're talkin' about.

Brad: 'Cause you don't read the columns, Vinnie!

MRR: What's your take on Bruce Roehrs?

Epic: The thing I hate about him is he prints all the lyrics to the dumbest songs in the world. But then when I listen to those songs drunk I think they're the best songs in the world.

MRR: What's your take on Bad Brains?

Brad: Love 'em. We were gonna go see them but I fell asleep outside. They were just a bird cage and a blown PA.

Epic: HR literally sang into a canary cage with a fake canary inside of it. The whole time they just played reggae songs, and closed with "Pay to Cum." But by that time I was already at the bottom of the steps snorting pills. So that's pretty relevant.

Brad: Straight up, I think HR called 14 year-old girls every night. Man, the funny thing is, why are old punk bands taking it as a task to be fucking freaks? Like, remember when those guys got into a homophobic fight, got chased out of Texas, and then 20 years later had a million dollars and hit on 14 year-olds?

Epic: Would you like to comment on how you think the new Rot Shit record sounds like Big Boys?

MRR: I think you sound like Biscuit. That's what I think.

Epic: That's not all I do like Biscuit...

Brad: That's what I was gonna say. You need to follow Biscuit's lead and fuckin' DIE.

MRR: What's your take on Minimal Synth?

Epic: I wish it was more minimal.

Brad: So that you can't hear it.

MRR: 'Cause when we were talking about Minimal Synth out in front of Mohawk one time you were saying you're starting a Maximum Synth band. I was wondering if that ever took off or anything.

Epic: Yeah, yeah, I had an idea.

Brad: Don't worry. Vinnie still has no musical talent.

Epic: I dumped $4,000 for a max synth on eBay like everyone else in a band.

MRR: You don't have a 4-track set up in your bedroom?

Epic: I have a 4-track and at least 3 tracks work.

We're using it to record my comedy record next weekend.

MRR: (Laughing) Your comedy record?

Epic: It's happening!

Brad: Please put a parenthetical reference that says "Steve is shaking his head, mouthing 'that will never come out.'"

Epic: Rich Horseshit and I are making a comedy record next weekend.

Brad: Oh, wait, two drug addicts are gonna do nothing. Who woulda thought?

Epic: You'll see, you'll see.

Brad: Yeah, you know what's gonna happen? Rich is gonna make a pizza and you're gonna move back to Columbus.

MRR: You guys should start taking pre-orders for that.

Epic: Alright. Good idea.

Brad: Honestly, we should start taking pre-orders for records that'll never exist.

MRR: You should. It could be like, remember they had that thing in Texas—flyer bands? They were never real bands, but they would just make flyers for shows. Like, just do a pre-order scam.

Brad: Someone did that in Pittsburgh with a band called Life of Pain that was supposed to be the Black Flag reunion show in like 1999.

MRR: What's your take on whip-its?

Brad: OH MAN.

Epic: Oh man, I love whip-its. I mean, I like drugs, and whip-its are like a lame, cheap thrill but they're the fuckin' best drug.

Brad: We went to go see the Cheater Slicks and Reigning Sound on Tuesday. I was driving my sister's car and Vinnie was crackin' whip-its, and I was doing whip-its while driving, and it was seriously the best thing I've ever done.

Epic: Whip-its are great, and honestly, if you can't admit that whip-its are great, you're just a bitch. I don't understand how you could like any drug and not like whip-its.

MRR: And you can pretty much get 'em at any time.

Brad: Anywhere guys fuck each other you can get whip-its.

MRR: Just go to the grocery store and get some whipped cream.

Epic: I've done whip-its in front of a cop before. What's he gonna do. It's legal, bitch.

Brad: What's he gonna do? Call the cops?

Epic: Call another cop.

Brad: Arrest me! Take me to jail!

MRR: What's your take on Annihilation Time?

Brad: Jimmy's the man.

Epic: All those guys are fuckin' sick.

Brad: I don't know any of the other guys. I love Jimmy.

Epic: Their second LP is sick, I'll just say that.

Brad: Annihilation Time II is a fuckin' sick record.

Epic: I will say that one time Annihilation Time played in Pittsburgh and someone called me a hipster.

MRR: Well you would be a hipster at an Annihilation Time show.

Epic: I would, but this was like—I was wearing a Weirdos t-shirt. I remember saying "I'm a hipster? Wearing a Weirdos t-shirt? Who the fuck are you?" And it resulted in me throwing a leather belt.

Brad: Oh yeah, I remember that night. That guy was some little hat Wesley Snipes White Men Can't Jump biker fruit. I was there and I had to grab this guy and throw him.

Epic: It resulted in me throwing my studded belt onto the street.

MRR: And you quit punk.

Epic: Yeah, I denounced punk and threw my studded belt into the street. And then I went home and listened to a bunch of sweet punk records. And realized that looking and acting punk is the lamest thing anyone can do. Being and listening to punk is the coolest thing anyone can do.

Brad: We're down with Annihilation Time but we hate all their fans. Every single one.

MRR: What does punk mean to you?

Epic: (Singing) I wanna know what punk iiiiiis.

Brad: Man, that Finnish broad who wrote the article in last month's *MRR* said it's doing your thing with your—Y'know what? Here's what punk is: punk's fucking raging. Raging against' the machine.

MRR: Do you feel that the social commentary of your lyrics reinforces stereotypes and adversely affects the scene?

Epic: What the fuck is this, CNN?

Brad: As someone who actually went to college, I'll field this one.

Epic: I went to college!

Brad: Yeah, fuckin' six weeks at CCAC doesn't mean anything, John-Boy.

Epic: Just because you drop out three times doesn't mean you "go" to college. I went to college, I didn't finish college. Everyone in a punk band in Pittsburgh has a degree.

MRR: That's not punk.

Brad: As a white male aged 18 to 49, life's pretty good.

Epic: What was the question again?

MRR: I don't even remember.

Epic: I blacked out! It was something good, long, detailed.

Brad: I did a whip-it during that question.

MRR: Let's just move on to who's your favorite member of the Wu Tang Clan?

Brad: Ahh, GZA.

Epic: Um, I think Raekwon actually.

Brad: Raekwon's my number two, but no one' gonna put out a record as good as Liquid Swo ever again.

Epic: I don't know, I've always been more of a Cuban Linx guy.

MRR: Yeah, I'm a Cuban Linx guy man.

Brad: There's less songs on Liquid Swords, there's less filler, and the lyrics are better. And the beats are better too.

MRR: I don't know man, GZA's a little too intellectual for me man. I just like the straig stupid rhyming that Raekwon is capable of

Brad: Raekwon has the sickest flow.

Epic: He's a chef, man. He runs crack too.

MRR: You ever see that YouTube where he' in a deli, buying lettuce sandwiches?

Brad: (Laughing) Yo, I'm a need that a little hotter, B.

MRR: He grabs them, he's like feelin' them hotness.

Brad: Actually I'm gonna take this right now (picking up mini-cassette recorder), and Rot Shit's gonna send out mad love to Lambda Ch Melted Sunglasses, TeePee, everybody in Mia Pink Reason, Electric Bunnies, Psychedelic Horseshit, Dead Luke even though I don't knov that guy but he's pretty down with us I guess, um—

MRR: This is turning into a DJ Clue mixtape

Epic: You wanna know about our trip to Miami?

MRR: Okay, let's talk about So Raw Festival or whatever it was.

Epic: Rot Shit was, well, we got flown down. They paid for us to fly down there, put us up in swank hotel.

Brad: We had a penthouse for two days on Miami Beach.

Epic: There were like fuckin' broads—there wer more girls than I've ever seen at a show.

Brad: I was in Miami for a week. I was down there kickin' it with Danny, all the boys from all the bands down there who were all Vinnie's

ge, younger than me, who made me feel old s fuck but still made me feel like a big man ecause everywhere you looked there were no hite girls. And it was beautiful. It was seriously ıe best thing I'd ever seen. It was just fuckin' ɔt Cuban broads, hot fuckin' Mexican broads, ıd all of them liked me because I was a skinny ərd with tattoos and glasses, and they don't ɐe that. I went out to the punk bar with them, ıd I saw what the punks were like in Miami, ıd aside from the 15 people I was with it was bunch of fuckin' geeks with like bad facial hair ıd little Hot Water Music baseball caps, and e, tiny dicks. And we could go down there and ckin' get laid and make out with chicks and do ugs, kick it in the penthouse for two days, and en, you know, watch TeePee fall off stage and ıke in his saxophone, see Kevin not be able to ıction after ten minutes. It was nothing.

ɔic: We definitely watched Drugula—

ad: Drugula shattered a young actress' career hitting her in the head with a whipped cream n when we pied the audience.

ɔic: You guys pied the audience? I was doing ıip-its.

RR: That's genius.

ic: What I wanted to say before is that I like w every time Rot Shit gets like reviewed or mething everyone says we're just teenagers.

ad: Our drummer's 34!

ic: I'm like, kind of a teenager. I'm 21. How's it ıl to be called a teenager Steve?

ad: Pretty fuckin' great, because being a nager was awful the first time.

ic: It was pretty great for me.

ıd: Well yeah, you were a Catholic wigger.

c: You can't say "wigger" in *MRR*.

ıd: Yes you can. You shitty Catholic urban.

c: Got anything else?

R: I'm kinda done man, unless you want to ɐstyle a little bit here.

c: We can just rap for a minute. Brandon, I want you to ask us a question. We haven't even talked about Black Flag once in this interview.

MRR: Did I tell you the story Icki told me about when he interviewed for the coordinator of *Maximum RockNRoll* position? They take you in and you have to sit in front of a board of directors or whatever it is and get quizzed. It's like, anonymous rich Frisco punks who're like kickin' money out of their 401(k) to run *MRR* house or whatever. And one of the questions in the interview is "What is the best Black Flag song?" And it was the only question he got wrong.

Brad: What did he say?

MRR: I don't remember what he said, but the answer's actually "Nervous Breakdown." Maybe he said "Six Pack" or something, I don't remember, but he didn't say "Nervous Breakdown."

Epic: Know what, I don't even want to be in *MRR* anymore (laughing).

Brad: I say we cut it here. Great interview. Mad love to all the babes. Come say what's up to the guitar player from Rot Shit, not anyone else. Maybe Quattrone.

The End. Be sure to catch Rot Shit at their next last ever show, and be sure to pick up the new 7" on Columbus Discount, which should probably be out by the time you're reading this. I swear, it's actually a pretty damn good hardcore punk record!

Discography:

Worst Kids Ever 7" (Big Neck Records)

Have You Scene Rot Shit? 7" (Fashionable Idiots)

Greatest Hitlers cassette (Old Money)

You're Welcome 7" (Columbus Discount)

www.myspace.com/rotshit

TUBERS and BAKERY OUTLET RECORDS/P.R.O.R.N.R TAPES

The first time John and I saw Tubers was at a pre-Fest show we played in their hometown of St. Augustine. Without a doubt, it was pretty much band love at first sight. Something about the way they grind through their songs with hints of brotherly tenderness is incredibly familiar to John and I who both grew up in the East Bay scene in California, even though Florida and California are on opposite sides of this huge country. They were a three piece at the time, with Jeff wearing no shoes and gripping his bass for dear life, Jacob wearing no shirt and attacking his drums like Poseidon or a sea creature, and Rich executing guitar parts that are at times heavy and wave like, interwoven with intricate melodies and powerful singing. In fact, all of the members of Tubers sing. They have since added a fourth member, Matt, who has brought with him an experimental influence which has only added to the dynamic of Tubers.

This past winter they have put out their third record, Anachronous, that is the logical next step in their progression, giving even greater attention to space and dynamics. After the show, we stayed with Jacob in his house in the St. Augustine jungle. John poked at the banana spiders, and I played with Jacob's dog, Peanut. Later, Jacob took us surfing. I only mention this because to truly understand Tubers, one needs to understand their passion for the water, and the rolling ocean shore in particular. The men of Tubers also run their own record labels, including Rich's Bakery Outlet Records, and Jacob and Jeff's tape label, The People's Republic of Rock and Roll. Both have put out some of my favorite bands including Alligator, Cassette, Hollowpaw, Old Growth, Landlord, Triclops!, Nervous Dogs, Future Virgins, our own band Street Eaters, and a whole bunch more. —Megan

Tubers are a delicate balance of dissonance, power, and melody that manages to be strongly emotional without falling prey to the temptations of sappiness or the easy emo hook; they keep it tightly wound and urgent as a force of nature, maybe a reflection of the swelling of the sea, rivers, and springs they live in the midst of and ply the waters of regularly. The music of Tubers reflects the semi-aquatic nature of their rural Floridian environment and lets that influence them as much as their (awesome) record collections and musical peers. Personally, they are stand-up people who GET IT in all the right ways and propagate strong ideas of community and sustainability that we could all benefit from. —John

Interview By Megan March

And John Geek

TUBERS

MRR: So, let's get the general things out of the way first: How did Tubers start, and when?

Rich: Jeff and Jacob's old band (The South) and my old band (Twelve Hour Turn) had played a few shows together and we had some mutual friends, so when I moved to St Augustine in late 2003 I began hanging out with Jacob quite a bit. Jeff was on extended holiday surfing the North Shore for some time when Jacob and I started to play some songs I had saved up. It all came together upon Jeff's return to the mainland. Jeff also completed Solid Pony at the same time, which was us Tubers playing our friend Lenny's songs.

Jeff: Rich had moved to St. Augustine and shared our proclivity for listening to righteous tunes and going to good-time shows and learning to surf with the water waves and camping in the woods. A friendship was born betwixt Jacob, Jeff, Rich and Lenny to be sure. While Jeff was away, the other three formed a band called Solid Pony with mellow attributes and Pavement-like tendencies. Jeff came back and joined this band, and then proceeded to join in on writing the louder and faster numbers that Rich had been crafting since Twelve Hour Turn's demise; Tubers by way of Clymer Diamond Jubilee by way of Yeehaw Junction by way of Fruits and Vegetables was born.

Jacob: Jeff and I have always played/liked music together. We always liked Rich's music/ bands and when he moved to St. Augustine and we decided to rock it. We like it.

MRR: Tubers seems to be a fully-collaborative band and you are all part of the writing process; often each having two or three distinct parts within each song that display different voices and influences. Do you all sing lyrics that one person wrote or does everyone sing the lyrics they wrote? What are some of the subjects of the lyrics?

Jacob: We mainly sing what we each write. We write mainly about what impacts our lives, from things that we rely on always breaking to people we know dying to the school children taught to by Rich every day.

Jeff: Sometimes, someone will write the music and then someone else will write the words. More often than not, we will go with the first decent idea that anyone has. Subjects vary, and I think everyone has their individual concerns and recurrent themes. We walk the line between personal and political/social concerns, as they are so rarely mutually exclusive. I have a tendency to dwell on metaphysics and anthropology, which usually boils down to viewing the human situation as just plain complicated.

Rich: We all sing our own lyrics more or less. I write about relationships with family, history, students, food, community, environment, and anything else that has enough of an impact on me to spark some potential lines to a song.

Matt: I have been trying to not sing but kinda got roped into one song on the last record about the popularity contests that we have every couple of years.

MRR: You guys are based in the Florida coastal town of Saint Augustine, the oldest city in America (founded in the 1500s by Spanish Conquistadores). Were you all raised around there, or did you go there for school or other reasons? How has living in Saint Augustine influenced what you do creatively as a band and as individuals? How is the music scene around there, and can you break down a little historical timeline of it?

Jeff: Jacob is Saint Augustine born and raised. I moved here when I was 8. Rich moved here when he was 26 or so, but was in Jacksonville to the north just before. Matt lives in Gainesville, which is about an hour and a half drive west. Quite simply, St. Augustine brought us all together. It's a small weird tourist southern beach fishing town that often doesn't have a whole lot going on. Right now, there does happen to be a lot of musical activity happening, as well as a righteous dive bar that happily hosts our antics. A timeline is tough. There were punk bands before us and there will be punk bands after us. Sometimes there will be places to play, and sometimes there simply will not be. Rock will endure.

Jacob: I grew up here. I have a large family and I have always lived in St. Augustine. For me, it is the best place I've ever been. If we did not live in Florida we would probably not be called Tubers. We are surrounded by beaches, springs, lakes, and rivers. We get wet a lot. Also, each of us are pretty involved in using and growing local foods seasonally, "slowly" per se. So all of that has an impact on our lives and our band in a big way. When I was younger there were no all ages venues around St. Augustine. We had to be in bands and play the show just in order to be at the show. People are nice and they don't seem jaded. It makes me happy to live here.

Rich: I grew up in West Palm Beach and then moved to Jacksonville, just north of St. Augustine, to go to school and more importantly start a band with my brother Dave. After our band broke up in 2002 I ended up in St Augustine. Moving here I immediately felt calmer, which I think had to do with where I was in my life, but also definitely due to the small more centralized layout of the town and connection I felt with its natural surroundings, primarily the ocean. This was in conjunction with my feeling that it has so much potential in the way that you could accomplish something towards a sense of community if you set your mind to it. I was used to living in Jacksonville, which resulted in a lot of hard work and few results a lot of times, while the music scene here is an example - good local bands and touring ones playing house shows and currently a bar called Nobby's. Attendance is very decent and everyone is nice and stoked on music.

MRR: What are some of the other bands you guys are in/have been in? We know there is a huge family of bands around Saint Augustine, care to fill us in on some details?

Jeff: Rich was in Twelve Hour Turn from Jacksonville. Jacob and Jeff were in a band called The South. Matt did time with Strikeforce Diablo and True North.

Rich, Jacob and Jeff were in a band with their bud Lenny called Solid Pony. Currently, you will find Jacob and Jeff in Alligator, while Jacob also gets wild with Vicious Fishes, Premaddonasaurs, and Rivernecks. Matt cuts loose with We Moderns, Worlds, Asshole Parade, Stressface and probably something else by now as well.

Jacob: There is a lot of incest. Currently I play in Alligator, Vicious Fishes, Premadonnasaurs and Rivernecks; also maybe twice a year with In Danger Of Dead.

Rich: Solid Pony, The Skorts, Twelve Hour Turn.

MRR: What's your favorite kind of Tuber? Both the food type and the wave type / size / direction / swell (you guys all surf, right)?

Jeff: My personal favorite rooted vegetable is the potato. No contest. As far as wave-tubes go, chest-to-head-high Vilano beach is ideal, but 3-5 foot Rocky Rights in Hawaii will more than suffice.

Rich: Turmeric would be my favorite although it is not available fresh a whole lot around here. I am trying my first attempt at growing some right now. As far as waves go—anything small for a perpetual learner. Jeff and Jacob can shred—me, no.

Matt: I like everything that's from the earth. Highlights include potatoes and carrots as far as food goes. I really like kaleidoscopes as well. I like to call it surfing but for me it happens mostly online.

Jacob: I like turnips.

MRR: How many records do you have out? Tell us a little bit about them.

Rich: S/T CD/LP, *Shell Out* CD/LP, split 7" with Brainworms, and then the new CD/LP *Anachronous*.

Jeff: The first has alligators painted by Rich's mom on the cover and a sequence of Mark McNally (Jeff's dad) getting a tube at Pinballs (a.k.a. inside Waimea Bay) on the back. The second is called *Shell Out* and was produced and engineered by Leonard Rutland III. The seven-inch is a split with our buds Brainworms from Richmond and features a Lemonheads cover that Rich learned when we first started in order to have five songs for a set. Our currently-being-released third record is called *Anachronous* and has taken its sweet time to see the light of day. But if it came out when it was supposed to, it wouldn't exactly be living up to its name, now would it? Rich compiled and designed the artwork for this one. It might be silly.

Rich: One thing that is always fun when working on the records is calling on friends and family for artwork. My mother and grandmother have contributed, Jeff's dad makes an appearance riding the waves of the north shore on some photos used, Erin Tobey did some layout and design, Lenny has recorded a few of the records and the list goes on. We know so many talented people that it is fun to call on these resources to add to the projects.

MRR: The newest record is a split between No Idea and Bakery Outlet. We noticed a couple of really pretty instrumental songs, a guest female vocal on one song, and a particularly wide dynamic range. Tell us about your new record, what new things did you try out with it?

Jeff: Well, we of course have the addition of a second guitar. We went back to Rob McGregor (of Gainesville recording fame) to record it because he is a sound magician. And we didn't really try, but ended up spending a lot of time in getting it right. I think I owe Rich $161.

Rich: Echo Canyon based in Lyon, France is also helping with the release. There were a few instrumental songs on the first record, which actually started the conversation between Matt and me about playing together. He mentioned he always wanted to incorporate a sort of segue to the next song in this way. I wrote another one for *Shell Out,* so when Matt wrote *Anachronous* with us we had the idea that I would write one and so would he to further the conversation. This record more than the others found us writing songs together whereas in the past one of us would have a song and the others would write our thing to complement it but more or less it would be one person's composition. The other records were maybe more toned down than this one too. For me things always run in cycles, so hopefully we will never be rewriting the same song or record twice. What else? Recording with Rob McGregor again and having Var produce and help release this record has greatly helped shape it (Rob recorded our first record too). The female vocal is my wife Ashley. The song "Pale Sunbather" is about a few students of mine, so in addition to the fact that she has a beautiful voice, she is closer to the song than anyone else since she also works at my school with its delayed population. I coerced her into Rob's to do the part.

Matt: I can't remember why I was in St. Augustine, but we had all been drinking and it was getting kinda late so I decided to stay in town for the night. I knew Rich had an instrumental already kinda worked out for the new record and he had asked me if I would do one. I had been snowing him for a good few weeks, telling him, yeah, I got something totally worked out, we'll do it at some point. I kinda thought I could string it out long enough that

the record would just come out without it as I never really had anything going. When we got back to Rich's house that night, he started pulling out a bunch of different guitars and amps that he has and we just started fucking around. Fortunately/unfortunately, Rich was pretty quick to set up the 8-track and whatever happened I'm not real sure, just kinda went for it. In my mind it has this Chris Issac/David Lynch thing, but really it is more like a lame "my first reverb knob experiment" luckily caught on tape. Too bad the dog licking the mic didn't come through, that was the best part.

MRR: Matt is the most recent member of the band and sometimes you play with him, sometimes without him. How did his collaboration with the band come about?

Matt: I have been pestering Rich about playing music with him/Tubers for a while. I couldn't believe when they finally said yes…stoked. And I had this song stuck in my head for a while that I always heard as a Tubers song which turned into "Pale Sunbather" and I couldn't be happier with how things came out. I wish I could play more, but its kinda tough sometimes.

Rich: Twelve Hour Turn and his bands at the time (Strikeforce Diablo and True North) were close and traveled quite a bit together. I always loved his voice and guitar playing off of Ryan in True North. When the first Tubers record was finished, Matt seemed into it and a conversation between us started happening. The idea was to keep him as auxiliary member, since it is so difficult to make it happen all the time. Writing songs and playing whenever we can is so much fun for us, but we realize he cannot commit fully since he plays in however many bands, works two jobs, plays on the No Idea soccer club, and is soon to be a husband and father.

Jeff: Matt had achieved official hero status sometime back in the '90s, to be sure. He and Rich had been tour and label-mates (No Idea) in the past, and at some point, when he did not have as many bands or obligations as right now, it was suggested that he contribute some jammage. We are happy to have him when he is able, but it was always sort of known in the back of our minds that we three would play when he was unable. Ideally, he adds the quaternity to Tubers' trinity, the fourth dimension in space-time.

Jacob: We all love Matt and look up to him as a dude and as a music dude. Just look at his roster of rock.

MRR: Jeff, why do you always have your shoes off when you're rocking out?

Jeff: I would just trip over my flip-flops and/or they would fall off, in any case, if I kept them on.

Rich: Jeff is a jiffy-foot connoisseur, sampling beer-soaked, sweaty floors the world over.

MRR: Craziest tour story and/or craziest home town show story?

Jeff: Jacob trying to jump out of the van on the interstate in order to throw up and then not realizing how he got from Montana to North Dakota comes to mind.

Jacob: Then it seemed like everything got wild. Our best buddy Paul, who runs Perpetual Motion Machine records, got drunk and wild as hell, claiming that he "Knows Tubers" so it's "cool" when all in all it was cool. We love him! Just got wild. So then Jeff goes on a walk in a sort of sketchy spot and does not come back. So Rich and Lenny [of Solid Pony] go to find him. It turns out they run into some methed up white ladies who were calling Rich a "nigger" and then one of them walked up and punched him in the face! For real part two!

Rich: Well, there are a few stories that involve our German friend/tour booker/yurp label boss/hero Ingo Ebeling. Once when Jeff got into it with border patrol passing into the UK, but, alright, yes, punched twice on a weird Richmond night might be the craziest. I am getting this great feeling while watching Bent Outta Shape play in this living room and everyone is in a good mood shaking it a little when this girl comes out of the bathroom and is seemingly sharing my feeling. She looks over at me and smiles… then gives me a friendly pat on the chest. Then she pats it a little harder. Now she is beating my chest and finally socks me in the head! Her attention then returns to the show. Afterwards, we all go back to our friend's house. Lenny (Solid Pony/Bakery Outlet) and I are talking in the hall and see Jeff walk past the front porch alone with only his shorts on talking to himself amusedly as he vanishes into the darkness. Jeff wasn't much of a drinker in those days, but he certainly was that night, so Lenny and I thought it best we gather him back to the house. We walk to the end of the black street where the corner is dimly lit and from the darkness we hear a high pitched hoarse shrill "fuck you nigga!" Again and again and then we hear someone else's laughter. This short rough-looking white young lady appears still chanting and now it is apparent she is talking to not us, but only me. Then she starts talking about some other territorial business and swings at me. I laugh a little bit, since she seemed harmless and not close enough to make contact until she got close enough repeatedly swinging and boxed my ear. Damn it! Why me again?

Jacob: [Rich was] punched twice in the same night, both by ladies, both separate occasions, both times Rich was not ever at fault. Later, Jeff woke up in the "rough" part of town under a tree on the sidewalk. It was a bit of a wild night. We love Richmond, Virginia.

MRR: What are Tubers' upcoming plans?

Rich: We hope to tour east and west coasts spring and summer respectively and then with any luck find ourselves back in Europe. Write more songs. Play more shows.

Jeff: Hopefully the new record will be out before this goes to print. Hopefully we go back to the west coast in March. Hopefully we go back to Europe and give Ingo and other old-world buds high fives. Hopefully we tour Australia and I get tubed at Kirra.

MRR: What do you all do outside of music?

Rich: I teach exceptional students at an elementary in St Augustine and operate Bakery Outlet Records when I get home from school. I spend time with my wife, try to keep a vegetable garden going and hang out with my dog and cat.

Jacob: I go surfing and fishing and I play with my dog. I like to watch movies too. I manage a bait and tackle store, I'm a shrimp salesman.

Matt: Music takes up pretty much 90% of my life. It's pretty great actually. With the other 10% I bartend, play on the No Idea soccer team, watch movies and listen to fantasy books on tape.

Jeff: Jeff waits tables and runs food and busses and bartends to pay the bills. In the meantime, he surfs at home and attempts to sneak off to tropical destinations to surf whenever he can.

MRR: Rich, I know you have invested considerable amounts of energy and time into your label, Bakery Outlet, which has been gaining in prominence as of late. Is there an underlying philosophy and/or sound to the label?

Rich: No sound. Philosophy I think would be community. Records happen out of a friendship and some kind of commonality I have with the band/person in the way we might view music

or other things in life. I am lucky to be able to call upon friends for a lot of the work involved with making it all happen from printing covers and shirts to distribution to artwork and so on. Some friends are even repairing and making amplifiers (namely Acorn) so are fulfilling another important role in our music community. I hope that Bakery Outlet fits in as a piece of this.

MRR: I understand that you try to be as environmentally conscious as possible in packaging your records. Can you explain how you do this and why you think this philosophy is important?

Rich: I try to be as mindful of the way the records are produced, so Bako uses recycled materials, including paper and salvaged jewel cases to name a few things, and I am always thinking of ways to move forward in this. I think it is incredibly important to be conscious of how we consume in everything we do. It is pretty damn offensive to the earth for punks to create such a demand for PVC that records are made of. I have a vision to someday convince a pressing plant to only press Bakery Outlet on recycled vinyl. They tell me the quality sucks, but can you imagine melting down all the forgotten flea market vinyl out there to reuse it for something current rather than ship virgin fossil fuels for a new record?

MRR: What are some of the records that Bakery Outlet has put out, and what are some of the records you have coming up?

Rich: Erin Tobey, Des Ark, Ten Volt Shock, Matty Pop Chart, Landlord, Environmental Youth Crunch, Verde. Old Growth, Tubers, Solid Pony, Cassette, Holopaw, Street Eaters, The Beat Buttons, 12XU, Science of Yabra, Brainworms…Future-Reactionary 3, and Twelve Hour Turn cd collections. More Ten Volt Shock and hopefully Future Virgins.

MRR: Jacob, People's Republic of Rock N Roll is a tape-only label. What was the impetus to start a tape-only label in the 21st century? Besides the fact that we all know tapes are awesome.

Jacob: Jeff and I both run the label. It is totally a side thing. It makes us stoked!

Shit, tapes are cheap to get replicated or duplicated (I'm not even sure what the difference is when talking about cassettes). Also, they are cool little formats. I think they have the best spines of any form of media. Think about it. And I don't think you can buy tapes at Walmart, but you still can buy them at gas stations. Also, I have plenty of tapes that are from the '80s that work fantastically, but if I just look at a CD wrong, it will get scratched.

MRR: What are some of the tapes you have put out and are planning on putting out?

The People's Republic of Rock and Roll:

vol. 1 - Environmental Youth Crunch *Let's Ride*

vol. 2 - Future Virgins / Nervous Dogs split release

vol. 3 - Alligator *Prehistoric Reptilians*

vol. 4 - Brainworms *Singles Collection*

vol. 5 - Undergorund Railroad To Candyland *Bird Roughs*

vol. 6 - EYC *Vicious Fishes*

vol. 7 - THE WINSLOWS *Didn't Do That*

vol. 8 - LANDLORD *BOX UH ROCKS* [Lifers and No Matter Where You Live] [cassette-ography!]

vol. 9 - TODD CONGELLIERE *Clown Frown* / JACOB HAMILTON *Shred Rippers* [split cassette]

vol.10-TRICLOPS! *Out Of Africa*

vol.11-FLESHIES *Brown Flag*

Next will be something by Premadonnasaurs. Future Virgins 7" collection. Mr. V. and the Cougs [full length], maybe a Des Ark Cassette.

MRR: Do you find that running a tape label gives you a chance to put out records that you might not be able to put out on other formats?

Jacob: Yes. We can't afford to put out anything on ANY other Format. I'll break it down.

With the company we go through (American Media International), we usually do runs of 500 cassettes. We get the shells and cases from them and we do the printing on copy machines. All in all, it costs about $220 for a release, give or take, depending on how long the cassette is. Anyone can do this, just google them and send them an email.

MRR: Jacob and Rich (and Jeff!), do you think that running a record label based in a smaller city such as Saint Augustine (as opposed to bigger towns like Gainesville or cities like Los Angeles or New York) makes you work differently than you would if you were in one of the bigger cities? Both of your labels have a broad range of sound, but definitely display a distinct aesthetic that seems carefully maintained; it is obvious that both labels have many friends outside your area, but they all seem very carefully chosen. Do you think being in a smaller city with a more tightly-knit scene makes it easier to maintain strict control over what you put out or does it not make a difference? If so, why is that?

Jacob: Yes, it does make a difference. We are stoked to put out local St. Augustine stuff like the Winslows, and Mr. V. and the Cougs. I think if we were in a rock and roll city it would be easy to overlook a lot of rad local bands. In St. Augustine, we not only love their bands and support them, but we are friends with them and we hang out together. Also, we are very selective. All the bands we have released we love, as shred rippin' rock and rollers and as people. We are lucky to surround ourselves with the music and people that inspire us.

Rich: I just feel living in a smaller town allows you to do your own thing more so. I always like being able to access another place like Gainesville, where there is maybe more influential activity, but I don't necessarily like living in it.

MRR: What compels you to put out records?

Rich: I started Bakery Outlet because I was lucky enough to have friends who were in these great bands, and had some resources from teaching to help them out when it appeared no one else was in the position to do so. I have a lot of fun doing it and am learning a lot.

Jacob: I've always wanted to be a part of the process. To have a hand in it and learn how things are done. With tapes, I feel like there is nothing to lose. We can afford it, and it seems people are happy to see that tapes still exist. I am for sure. We're stoked to crowd our houses with boxes and run to the post office when it is never convenient.

iceage

When I saw iceage play in Copenhagen last year, what I loved most was their sharpness, the viciousness with which each note struck out. Each of their songs was driven by just two or three chiseling notes, mercilessly ringing like alarm clocks. It reminded me of the only other Danish band I knew anything about—Sort Sol (aka the Sods)—who developed an incredibly jagged and spare strain of punk in the late '70s. It turned out that Peter Peter, guitarist for Sort Sol, recorded the debut iceage 7". After I returned home I ran that single repeatedly, and discovered how carefully crafted the songs actually were. What I originally perceived as simple vehicles for aggression turned out to be neatly trimmed, balanced songs full of momentum. Even at 47 seconds long.

When I saw iceage play in Copenhagen last year, what shocked me most was their attitude. They stood almost lifelessly still, eyes wide open, gaze fixed. If it were another band, especially one so young, I would've dismissed it as nerves. But they were committed to their pose. You know that footage of Joy Division playing "Transmission" where Ian Curtis seems to be starting at ghosts just beyond the camera? It reminded me of that, but all four of them were staring at the same thing. Not only that, but they made it visible; instead of some ambiguous specter, it was clear what iceage saw: a limitless black void. That's a lot to confront, but they seemed determined to face it, maybe even knock it down.

This interview was conducted via email, and the questions were answered collaboratively by the members of iceage.

Interview by Ethan Swan

iceage is:
Jakob, age 17, bass
Johan, age 18, guitar
Dan, age 18, drums
Elias, age 17, guitar, vocal

MRR: How did you all meet?
We all met real long ago. As a band we started when our friend Joakim bought a drum kit, which had to be kept at Jakob's loft. We started playing on it, Elias, Dan and Jakob. We played our first gig under the name Born 2 Fuck, and then at the second gig we changed the name to iceage, and Johan joined.

MRR: How long have you all known each other?
Dan and Johan got to know each other when they were six. Elias and Dan got to know each other when they were ten. Elias got to know Johan and Jakob when he was they were twelve. Johan and Dan got to know Jakob when they were fourteen-fifteen.

MRR: How did you first get into punk?
Don't know. When I was twelve I got a Clash CD, and then a Sods CD, and Sods did a Suicide cover, so I got into them and then it sorta snowballed.

MRR: Did any of you take lessons in your instruments?
I think we all did years ago except for Jakob, we taught him to play bass when we started the band.

MRR: What was recording with Peter Peter like?
It was good. He just sat and read a book, and sometimes tuned our guitars and told us to play slower.

MRR: Had you met him before?
Yes, we've known him for some years. Elias was an extreme Sods fan when he was thirteen

MRR: What is a normal day like for you? Do you work? Go to school? How often do you practice?
School. Dan is a janitor and Jakob cuts up boxes in a hi fi

store. We practice at a youth center every Wednesday. Half of us aren't even members, but they think we are.

MRR: What is the youth center like?

There's a lot of fifteen year old chav boys listening to hardstyle techno.

MRR: Do you get involved in anything else there?

No, we just go there to practice.

MRR: Tell me about being a teenager in Copenhagen. What are the kids you're in school with like? Do they know you're in a band?

Most teenagers in Copenhagen are wankers. I don't think anyone at school besides the people we know in some way know about the band.

MRR: I read in a tour guide that there are more bicycles than people in Copenhagen. Do you ride bikes? Does it have any impact on your lives?

We've got bikes, but we do not think it's cool.

MRR: Do you feel isolated from the American punk scene? Does it matter?

It doesn't matter that much. We'd like to play America.

MRR: What bands in America would you like to play with?

Bone Awl, Three 6 Mafia, Prurient, Bruce Springsteen, Raspberry Bulbs, Cult Ritual, Kiss, Limp Bizkit.

MRR: Are there other bands in Copenhagen you like to play with?

We like to play with Gyllefar & Hjorten, Sexdrome and Scavenger Brats.

MRR: Sexdrome and Scavenger Brats both seem pretty thrashy, and Gyllefar is super-harsh. None of them sounded like my first guess of bands you'd play with. How does Ice Age relate to the Copenhagen punk scene?

There's the "k town" punk scene, but we are not really a part of that. We relate to Sexdrome, Gyllefar and Scavenger Brats because we like their music and they are our friends. Skurv and Dreamers Cloth are also good.

MRR: What are shows like in Copenhagen?

Recently our shows have taken a violent direction. When we played "studenterhuset" they tried to stop the gig while we was playing and ended up throwing us and our friends, which were about 60% of the people who came to see us, out of the venue. And when we played a fancy bar called Jolene last Thursday two chairs, a mirror and a table got smashed.

MRR: How did the violence start? Was it the band or the audience?

The audience.

MRR: Where do you think this comes from? Is it because of the music? Or do you think people are looking for excuses to be destructive?

I don't know. I don't think the people who do it would do it at just any fast music. It's mostly our friends doing stuff. But it's not every time it happens.

MRR: What are your plans for iceage? Are you planning to make another record? Tour?

We are planning on a full album I think. We need two-three more songs, and we will be ready to record. And yes we would very much like to tour, *Maximum Rocknroll* readers finance a tour please. We've also talked with Sexdrome about making a split 7" where we cover each other,

MRR: How do you want listeners to feel when they hear your records?

Like a fist punching you in the face, but after you've received the punch the fist starts doing this weird kind of massage thing. This doesn't apply to all of the songs though.

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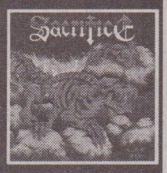

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CAIRO, IL...

Cairo, IL [pronounced 'Kay-ro'] sits on a narrow peninsula hemmed on both sides by the Mississippi River and protected from flooding by a set of rusted, vine-entangled levees. The land surrounding the little outpost of civilization looks like it would be untamed and lushly green in the summer. The town in some ways feels like a miniature cross between New Orleans and Detroit—reliant on the logic of dams and levees like New Orleans, but then vacant and possessing a rusted-out sense of lost splendor like Detroit.

Chris Johnston is the 36 year-old proprietor of Plan-it-X Records. After years of living in 'cool' places like Bloomington, Olympia, and Gainesville and swirling through an endless kaleidoscope of punk shows, vegan restaurants, and community spaces, Johnston recently decided it was time to do something. Last summer, Johnston bought a building on Cairo's main drag and has since opened Cairo's first coffee shop-grocery store-community space, called Ace of Cups. Johnston and a number of others live upstairs of the massive building (it used to be a Knights of Columbus hall), though it has no heat in the winter. In going to Cairo, it seems that Johnson was actively pursuing what we all want after the mix-tape listening, rooftop-climbing, forty-drinking hangover wears off—a sense of purpose, a direction; a reason for existence, a town that could never be gentrified. And with Cairo, that's what he got.

This interview was conducted in the dead of winter, in the warmest room in Ace of Cups: a room with maps tacked up on all the walls, and the space heater running at full blast.

Interview and Photos by Aaron Lake Smith

MRR: What brought you to Cairo, Illinois?

It's been a plan of mine for a while to have a big building and do something productive and creative in it. For various reasons, we wanted a big place to do something and wanted to start a community center, but couldn't afford to do so in places like Gainesville and Bloomington. Those places already have a lot going for them. The people who live there don't even need the stuff people build for them. In Gainesville, at the community spaces, almost no one comes in anyway. Here in this tiny town that has almost nothing, we get almost the same amount of people. We wanted a little more freedom. Then I found Cairo. The more I read about the town, the more intrigued I got, how it has nothing and real estate was dirt cheap. I realized my plan could encompass not only making my life better, but increasing the quality of life for people that live here. Myself and various people discussed "The Plan." Most of them aren't here today. But we talked about how doing anything here would be productive. Just by opening this space, we've done something for the community.

MRR: When did you first come to Cairo and how did you hear about it?

March of 2008. From touring a lot, you see little towns everywhere. Occasionally, you get off the interstate and find a small town in decay. I noticed these towns were usually by rivers, because a lot of river cities fell after the steamboat era. My first thought was, "I'll look at the rivers." I wanted to live in the Midwest. There's lots of cool abandoned towns farther out West, but I didn't want to move out there—if you were living in Montana or Wyoming you'd never see anybody you knew

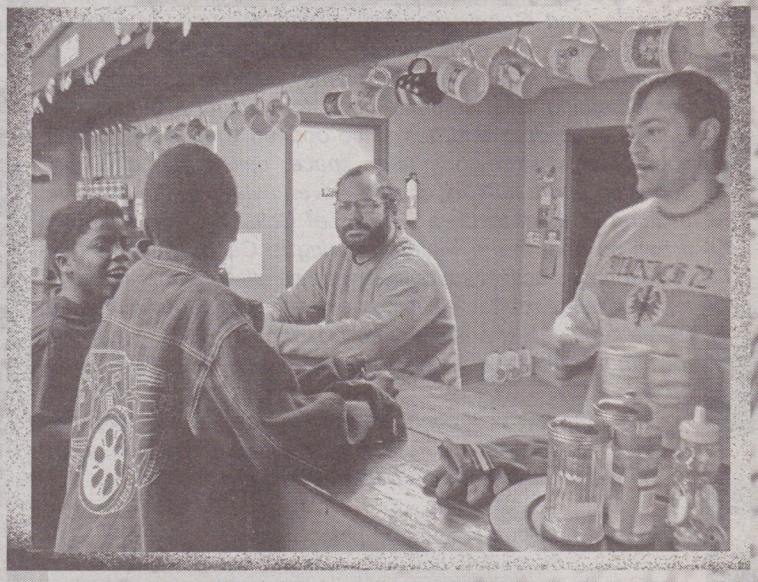
again. From a touring standpoint, the Midwest made sense—you can go in various directions on tour. And then I said, "Which river? Mississippi or the Ohio?" I grew up on the Ohio River. I looked on the map and the first place I looked was right here. I said, "Cairo? On the two rivers? That looks weird, let me look that up." There were all these train tracks on the map, and the town looked crazy.

MRR: So you had never heard of it, spending most of your life in the Midwest?
Never once. I never passed this way. So I looked it up and started reading about it, and one of the first things I read was "It looks like the set of a 1920s movie, but all the actors are missing," then I read the line, "It looks like the town that history forgot." Everything sounded insane. I started looking up real estate and found very livable houses for $8,000. Most places—like Gainesville—you pay $800 a month for a three-bedroom house. Every place I've lived, you move into a crappy four-bedroom house for a thousand a month. Here, in a couple months you could have it all squared away and never have to rent again. Then I thought, "I should keep looking," so I kept looking, but couldn't find anything. The diversity of the population was a big part of it. A small poor town in Indiana is like 99% white. If you go further South, any poor town is 99% black. I didn't want to be the weird white hippies moving into the small black town in Mississippi. I also really didn't want to move into an all-white town, full of conservative rednecks. Here, there's diversity and you can be on the fence between the two populations. Racism destroyed the town in the '60s. All the racist white businesses evacuated to avoid integration. The more I read about it, the more interesting I found it. It was also a stand against capitalism: the businesses with the capital left town and the people left behind didn't have capital to start a business. It's interesting because it's a lesson; If we ever succeed in overthrowing capitalism, we'll probably be in a pretty rough situation.

MRR: You run a folk-punk record label. What precipitated this decision to do this crazy thing?
I've thought about doing this forever. I started a record store in Bloomington once, in 1997, and it was horrible. My friend Sam started Secret Sailor Books in Bloomington and that was awesome. Sam, a militant anarchist, started this bookstore and ran it as an anarchist bookstore and didn't want any money to be earned by anybody. During that era, Bloomington had the best political movement ever—protests, direct action, tree-sits. It was cool because you could see the direct correlation between having a space for ideas to happen and stuff happening. The volunteers of Secret Sailor started to feel like it was too dirty and felt like they needed to clean it up and turn around the business. They said they would no longer volunteer unless they changed the name and gave it a whole new look. Sam walked away and said, "OK. You can have it." This seems to be the way a lot of radical things go down—a person a little too radical is the one brave enough to get something started, and the more conservative radicals move in later and take it over. They are perhaps more structured, and have a little bit more money, and they keep it together. It sucks the way it happens because it takes the brave person to start the thing.

So Secret Sailor became a cool indie rock bookstore. It's not the vision that it once was. Since all that I've thought, "We've got to do something." I've rented houses and gone on tour and always felt that I should be doing something better than that. The label [Plan-It-X] kept going and I started saving money. I moved from Bloomington for various reasons. Everything I loved there was turned into something I hated, and nobody seemed to notice. Everyone was just going to bars. If you watch the link of capitalism and culture, as things get like that, it affects everybody.

MRR: How did you have the resources to buy a building?
The thing that really made this possible was iTunes. A lot of what sold on iTunes was Paul Baribeau and Antsy Pants. Kimya Dawson is in Antsy Pants and two of their songs were on the Juno movie soundtrack, which was on the Billboard charts. I give half of what I get on iTunes to the bands. The first check I got that was outrageous was $14,000. That allowed me to cut checks for my friends in bands. It was pretty fun being able to say, "Here's a check from your band. Enjoy this virtual money from the Internet." I borrowed a little bit of money to buy the building from a friend and from my family, which I'm almost squared away with. We had a lot of little expenses—it cost us a couple thousand dollars to run all the electricity and buy materials.



MRR: Was there a turning point in your life that brought you out here?
I felt stagnant in Gainesville. Bloomington, Gainesville, Olympia, all the cool places I lived in, I felt that nothing I could do would ever make an impact on the community. I wanted to live in a place where I could make a decent impact. I wanted to take the little bit I could afford to do to a place that had nothing, and make a bigger difference. I think if everyone thought that way we could have a lot better country in general. I hate when you meet the small town punk kid who just tells you how they're going to move to Portland. You want to say, "Don't move to Portland. You have 30 kids that come to every show you book out here. These kids have nothing and you could make a difference in their lives by staying here and doing this for them. Then none of you would have to move and you could all stay here. Eventually, you could have sweet stuff going on. When you turned 35 or whatever, you could buy this building and turn it into your space that you've always wanted. When we came on tour, we could see it." I wish people could spread out a little more and stop that urge of joining.

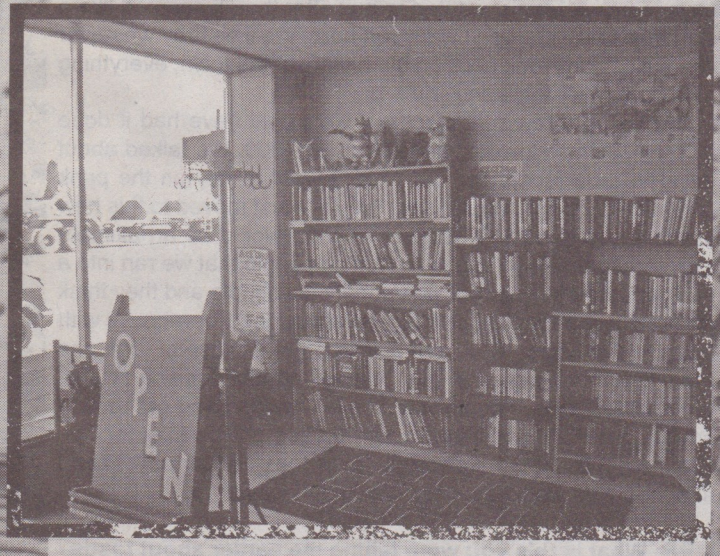
MRR: What is the racial dynamic like in Cairo?
If you go to the grocery store, you see everyone talking to each other. There's not a clear racial division. We've heard stories about really racist people. But we've also heard stories about

the "white devil." People saying, "Oh, I'm surprised he talks to you guys. All he does is preach about how the white man is the devil and we should stay away from the white man."

MRR: How much did it cost to buy this building?
It was $24,000. It used to be a Knights of Columbus building. A hardware store and the unemployment office were downstairs, that both went out of business. Then it was an in-home health care provider. That's why there are all these little office-like rooms everywhere.

Once I lost my Bloomington connection, I felt like I had no home anymore. I needed to do something. I wanted to build a home. I travel all the time, which I love. I love traveling and going to all the places in it, but I pretty much hate it at the same time. You see the cool aspects of towns, but then you look around the corner and see all the garbage. Kids in every town say, "Oh, it used to be cool because we had this and this, but now..." It sucks to hear those stories. I didn't want to invest time in a place that was going to just change on me and turn into a place I didn't want to live. I'm pretty sure that Cairo is never going to get gentrified. There's a Wal-Mart in 30 miles in any direction, so I don't think they're going to need to complete the triangle in a community that has no reputation for buying anything. It's not a "growth" market.

I found this building for sale on the Internet then came and looked at it. It was pretty scary—the lights were off and you had to use flashlights. Upstairs was totally trashed, tattered curtains, everything that a haunted old house would have. It took a while to make the decision. We paid $24,000 for it.



MRR: So you had a group of people that were interested in moving here and helping out?
Right. My plan was to get a ten-person group originally, enough of us to hang out in groups and not always be around the same person. Enough of us so that when some of us go on tour, some of us will be back home. I gave up on that plan. I did serious recruiting for at least six months. I wrote a manifesto and a plan and emailed it to all my friends that I thought might be interested, people I'd talked to before. A lot of people have this "Oh, we should all move to a crazy place" idea. No one really came through. Zach, who's here now, was 24 and had just quit his job and was trying to figure out what to do with his life. I bumped into him at just the right time. Adrienne always wanted to do something like this too. She was bored in Gainesville. She had been working in restaurant jobs. People did drugs, going out after work. "Where are you going out tonight?" was the topic of all conversations. That's not a life. It's fine for a couple of years. Being social is one thing, but what are you going to do when you're 45? To me, you have to have some sort of plan.

MRR: How did Adrienne [Johnston's girlfriend] end up coming here with you?
I met Adrienne right when I was planning this and we hit it off. Some tour was ending around here, so me and another friend from Gainesville came here in November. We drove around town with a video camera and shot every street, and every empty building. I put it on YouTube so I could share it with my friends easily. I made that and told her my plan, fully expecting her not to be interested. Then she basically said that she had always wanted to do that. It was a pretty new relationship, so I didn't know if she was actually going to go through with it or not. She came and looked at the building with me. We stood outside after the real estate lady left, and I said, "Do you really think we should do this?" and she said, "Yeah." And then I said, "Do you really think we should buy this building right here?" and she said, "Yeah. Do it." That made me like her a lot more. I like people who are willing to be as crazy as I am and not flake out on stuff.

MRR: So your main problem now is that the people who've moved to Cairo with you don't have any way to make money?
We're trying to start some kind of export industry, like silk-screening or crafts. I'm trying to encourage people who have outside ways of making money—bands, mail order businesses, or people that do Internet work—to move here. We don't plan on making any money from the community here. We don't want to. We talk about wanting customers to come in. But that's just to make us feel better. We sell coffee really cheap and everything is barely over what it costs to make. We don't get paid to work here. I'd rather we figure out something where all the money we earned came from outside the community and we put it into the community, so it'd be like channeling. I'd really love to do something here that made jobs for people. If I could ever give one local Cairo person a job, that would be the coolest thing in the world.

MRR: What's the response been like from the community?
It's been good. It's slow, we don't get many customers. But probably once a week, two or three new people come in who haven't been in yet. They ask what it is; we tell them and give them a card or a calendar of events. Everyone comes in and tells us we're doing a great job, but don't really hang out or come back. There's never really been a place to "hang out" in town and I think people are accustomed to their lifestyle. For me, the coffee shop idea was that a social space is really important in life. It makes

for better people if you have a place you can go and loiter with your friends. We've had very little loitering. There's a couple of different groups of people that come in: one family, the grandpa, grandma and daughter and their kids all come in. Sometimes they come in together. They come in and bring food and stay for a couple of hours. The grandpa does karaoke.

Some high school kids come in and hang out every now and again, but they mostly stay in and play *Call of Duty 2*. They still come in every now and again but after *Call of Duty 2* came out, we lost them. We didn't see them for about a month and we figured something was wrong. We thought, "Oh man. There must be some nasty rumor spreading about us in the town. Or they looked us up online and found out we're anarchist or something." One of them came in and Ken asked them about it and they said, "Oh, we've been at home. This game came out and it's just really good."

MRR: Where does the name Ace of Cups come from?
It's the name of a tarot card. The night we were coming here, we had a pack of tarot cards with us for some reason. On the drive down we decided to do a one-card reading, with the question: "What is this Cairo plan going to end up in? What becomes of this dream?" The card we pulled was Ace of Cups. The Tarot book we had with us gave us this really awesome description, "This is a water sign. This means the overflowing of creativity and the fertility of ideas. The coming together and convergence of ideas." All of it made sense and felt like the perfect thing. Then the idea came up: that would be a good name for a coffee shop. Most people don't know it's a tarot card, and that generally works out in our favor.

MRR: Has there been a lot of misunderstanding about what this place is?
A lot of people would come in and not know that we're a coffee shop. That's why we put a sign out there that said, coffee and books. We got customers right after we put that sign up. We're next to the Catholic charities soup kitchen next door. A lot of people thought we were going to be an extension of the soup kitchen. They asked us what we were going to give away and we had to say: we're not giving away anything. We just sell coffee.

MRR: You had mentioned that you had a minor disaster with the roof this summer?
It was maybe mid-August, beautiful sunny day. We had just put the Ace of Cups sign up and painted the front of the building. It was probably 90 degrees, really warm and really nice out. We finished all the work on our list of work to do. Then this huge thunderstorm or tornado came out of nowhere and peeled off about one-third of our roof and wadded it all up. We couldn't get out onto the roof and work on it. We had to get an electric saw and cut a hole to get on top of the roof. As we were on the roof, lightning was striking and we were trying to save the building. We had just fixed up so much and water was coming all the way down to the first floor. Ceiling panels were turning brown and collapsing. It pretty much ruined everything we had done other than the electricity and plumbing. We shut off the power because it was running through all the electrical outlets too. We all had headlamps on, walking through a building that was pouring down with water.

We realized that the Plan-It-X office was starting to get wet, so we had to evacuate hundreds of boxes of CDs and records. You didn't know which was going to be the next room to go, so we put them in the middle of the room and covered them with plastic. The storm quieted and in the distance we saw this insane storm coming. It really looked like something was trying to kill us. It was a big solid black cloud, one monstrous cloud with lightning shooting out of it coming toward us. We only had ten minutes to solve the roof situation, but we didn't have anything. We spent the next three hours trying to direct the water and put buckets all over and dump them out. Around midnight, I drove to Sikeston, Missouri to buy plastic at Wal-Mart. I wandered through Wal-Mart soaking wet and then I came back and we stapled that up over the roof. After that, it was beautiful for four days in a row. I really wanted to quit after that. It seemed like a sign that said, "We don't want you here. We'll destroy whatever you build. If you look back on the history of the town, everything gets destroyed, including you."

We called a few roof places. If we would have had it done by professionals it would have been $10,000. We talked about trying to do a fundraiser, but I didn't want to rely on the punk community. I didn't want to say, "Hey, we just moved to this new building. We need $10,000." I thought it would be an ultimate sign of failure and weakness if we told people that we ran into a problem already. The roof was good. I tell people and they think we bought a crappy old building, an abandoned warehouse with holes in the walls. It's a real building, not a piece of junk and I didn't want to give the idea that we bought a piece of shit. We decided to fix it ourselves. I called my dad and got roofing advice from him, and then looked up tips on the Internet. We spent $1,100 at the hardware store. It took us four days, and I had thought it would be a one-day job. It was hard.

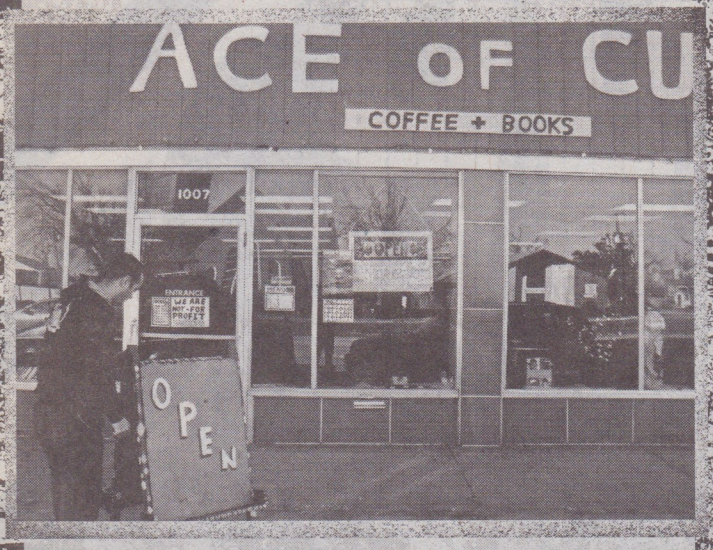
MRR: What is this you were telling me earlier about toads?
Toads were a different thing. In the summer, when it was still muggy and warm, you'd go up on the roof and there would be a dozen toads jumping around. We have no clue how they got up there. There's the rain of frogs from the Bible, but I have no clue how they got up there. It is a little weird.

A missionary group in town were the first people to introduce themselves to us. They call themselves Mighty Rivers Ministry. I think they're slightly Catholic-based, but they're an independent group. They all felt this call at the same time, this attraction to Cairo for some reason. They believe that this might be the site of the original Garden of Eden, and they believe it's the start of where the Rapture will begin when it starts. We don't really talk about these things with them. We're just polite because we don't want to have any enemies. Zach got asked, "What is your denomination?" which is a kind of inappropriate question. A lot of the response we've gotten is, "Usually, when anything like

this happens, it's church-based."

MRR: You've deviated drastically from what most people in our society do. Most people live in towns with punk bars, regular jobs, and identity-based friend groups that share the same interests and ideology they do. You've changed your life, bought a building, and what now?

It's challenging, and I feel a bit stressed. Winter is a big part of it. We're settling in. Now we're really running the coffee shop. But then what? What's the next stage? Is this all we're trying to do? We've achieved it all, and this is it? We obviously want more people to come in.



MRR: Do you have a plan?

The fact that this is, is one step. If it's all we've ever done, I'd still feel ok about it. The deeper I get into it, there's all these political corruption stories in town. There's very well documented acts of corruption by previous mayors and current politicians. Then you think, "We could apply our political thoughts to this and make a difference here." We talk about it. Once we get a lot more friendly faces, we're going to try to do something outside of the building. The plan has always been to do more than just our space, and work on the whole town. It's so challenging just to get things done here than to go out. We want to politically work on the town, we want to get involved in the local government and stop corruption. We want to fight the chain stores and be thankful that we don't have outside corporations ruining our economy more. We want to get real jobs here of some sort. It would be great to get a responsible community to move here. We do want to physically work on the town too. We have this plan to start the Volunteer Cairo Restoration Project. We're going to silkscreen shirts and go out into town and find one of the many physical problems in town and clean it up. We want to get people to volunteer and restore property and to get people actively involved.

MRR: People here are used to being dicked over by their mayors, by the economy, and by white businesses. How do you deal with the mistrust of anyone trying to do something like what you all are trying to do?

It's a challenge. That's why it's slow going right now. I'm hoping that by staying here and being open, eventually people will realize we're serious about it. We'll earn their trust slowly. At least once a week someone interesting and intelligent comes in and talks to us about what we're doing and is really impressed by it and excited. That's got to be spreading slowly. Even if the town doesn't want a coffee shop, if they know we're here and believe in it that will help. If it turns out we don't need to be open all the time that would be fine too. We're going to try to evolve into whatever we need to be. I want to have classes and meetings here. I want to have music lessons for kids, or anybody. I want to figure out the stuff that all of us know how to do and teach it to people.

I'd like to give people something. My plan for the music class is to get the kids in and say, "I'm going to play you my CD. You're going to laugh at it." I would play them my bands' albums and let them make fun of it. And then say, "Now I'm going to show you some pictures of me traveling around the world." And then have a little slideshow and say, "This could be you. Ever want to go anywhere or do anything? See the country? See Europe?" and tell them that you can make money on tour and see the world. Then say, "If you think my music is bad, and you think you can do the same thing or better, if you can do it this well, you can also do this with your life. I'm going to teach you how to be in a band. I can't read music or tell you much about theory, but I can teach you how to write songs and be in a band."

Most of the kids here have a plan of becoming a basketball star, then they'll get out of this shithole that way. Anything we could think of to give kids another idea of what to do would be cool, to offer the "I'm going to become a rock/rap star and get out of here" alternative. Here, there's a lack of a dream. Nobody thinks they're going to do anything here. They think they're going to turn eighteen and move to St. Louis where they can get a job. I think in 2004, the high school principal addressed the graduating students and his advice was, "You should move away." Which is depressing to think of. It's a realistic thing to say, but it's depressing to think that they young people are being told to just move away, not "Please help us save our town." If that was the attitude, it might be a better situation. Even if we don't run for offices or anything ever, it would be cool if we got involved in local elections and tried to get people to actually register and vote on issues in town. I don't personally want my name on a ballot, or to be a political official, so I'm hoping we get some more sociable people in here. Then it would be awesome, so the community could say what they want to say about it.

But it's hard because a lot of people say, "Do you even want to save the town? It's not even your hometown." That does feel a little weird sometimes. When people ask us why we started the coffee shop, we never mention anything about "saving the town" because that's what the missionaries are doing. We're not here to "save'" anything.

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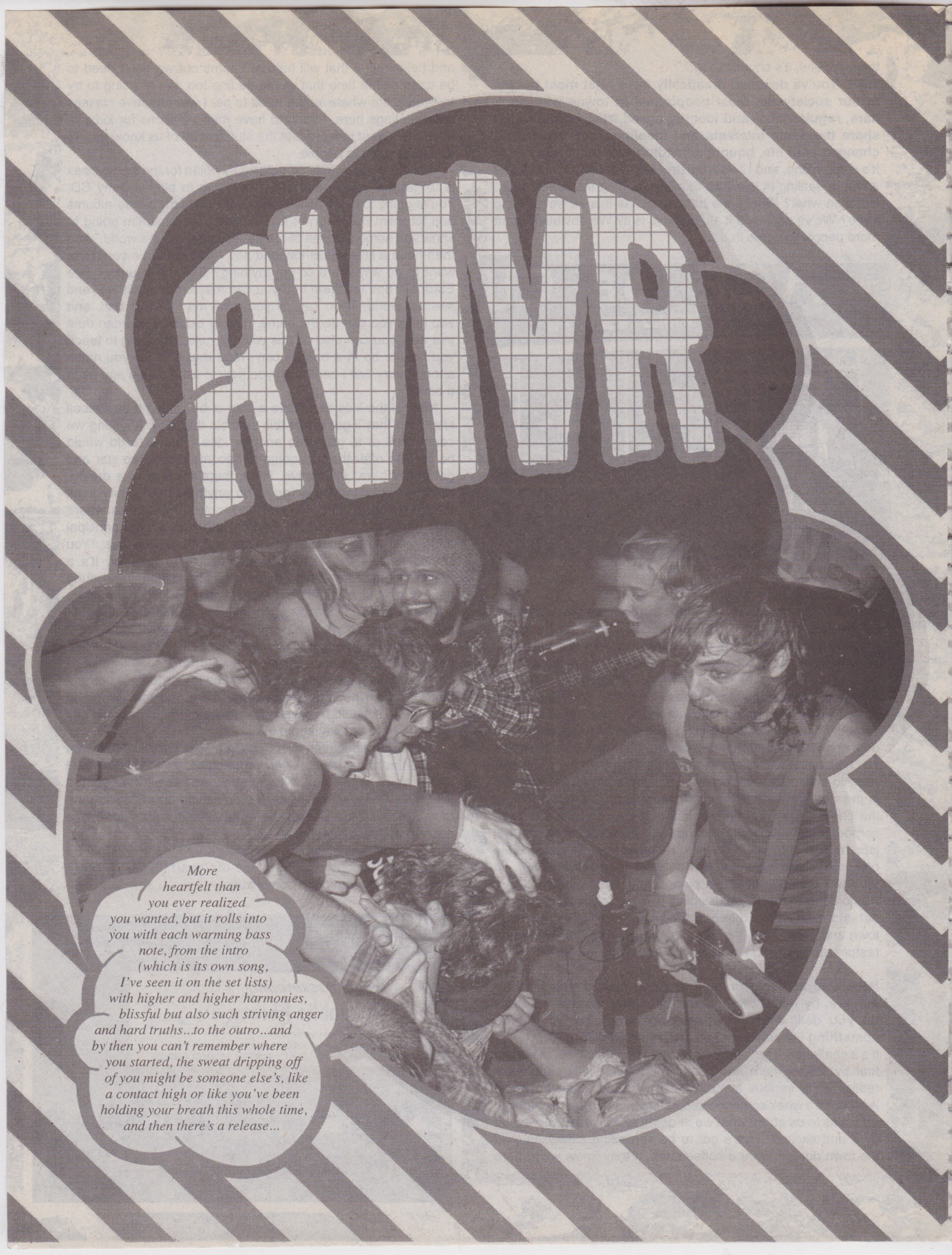

RIVER
More heartfelt than you ever realized you wanted, but it rolls into you with each warming bass note, from the intro (which is its own song, I've seen it on the set lists) with higher and higher harmonies, blissful but also such striving anger and hard truths...to the outro...and by then you can't remember where you started, the sweat dripping off of you might be someone else's, like a contact high or like you've been holding your breath this whole time, and then there's a release...

I bring you RVIVR...

Intro by Julia Booze

Interview By Fred Schrunk

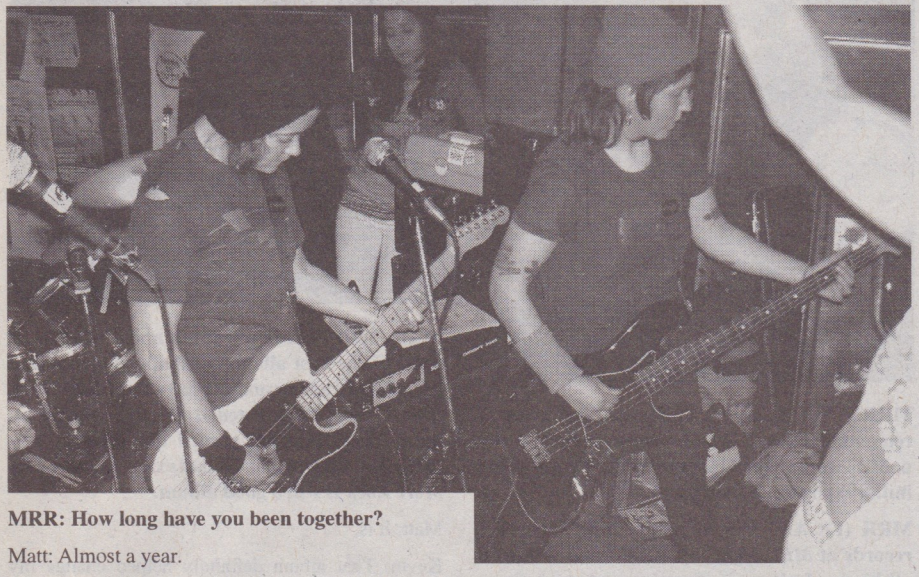
MRR: So generic interview question, who are you and what instrument do you play?

Kevin: I play the drums.

Erica: I play guitar and sing.

Nell: I play bass.

Matt: I play guitar and sing.



MRR: How long have you been together?

Matt: Almost a year.

Nell: No, more than a year, but Matt broke his arm and we had a time-out for a couple months so sort of like a year.

MRR: How did you break your arm?

Matt: I fell off my bike, for no reason, I was going slowly and I was sober. I got a little distracted and flipped over my handlebars, broke my arm, and hurt my spleen really bad, it was terrible.

MRR: So how long could you not play for?

Matt: Like two months.

MRR: I saw my friend's bands' first show the other day and he was totally playing guitar with a cast on.

Matt: Really?

MRR: It was impressive.

Matt: That's really awesome

Erica: On the picking hand?

MRR: Yeah.

Erica: Yikes

MRR: When Shawn from Abi Yoyos broke his arm he still played in his cast and it looked really cool with him dancing around with his arm in a sling.

Erica: I went to Ozzfest when I was younger (laughing) and I saw System of a Down and

their guitar player was in a wheelchair 'cause he had broken his leg and it was so badass, and he was rocking so hard. He was definitely doing some wheel chair acrobatics.

MRR: So how did you guys all end up starting a band together?

Matt: Okay, so the idea of the band was born a few months before we started playing together.

Nell: When you guys were in Denver.

Matt: Yeah, we were at this show and I was feeling bad.

Erica: It was a bar show there was a big fight in the bar over something that was really frustrating.

Matt: I'd been playing in another band with lyrics that were more personal and kind of negative, and this thing clicked in my brain saying I don't want to do that anymore I want to do something more than that, but I didn't really have any idea of what this new thing would be. I said, "Erica what's the name of this band going to be? What about Reviver?" And then I called Nell, and said "Nell do you want to play bass for this band?"

Nell: And there's all this noise in the background.

Erica: We were still at the bar.

Matt: And we got home and it took us a couple months to find Kevin.

Kevin: I'd heard rumors that they were going to ask me to be in the band.

MRR: Did you have some kind of cool prepared response?

Kevin: I was going to say yeah.

MRR: So what is that "something more"?

Erica: Being more intentioned, perhaps, or being explicit about our intentions. To make excellent rock and roll and keep a conversation going about what we believe in.

Nell: I kind of think of it as talking less about what is wrong with everything and talking more about all the ways you can make things better in your own life and community.

Erica: Which isn't to say the lyrics aren't talking about what's bad, cause we do that a lot we're just trying not focus on grinding our brains into the ground about how fucked up everything is.

Matt: It's a given that everything is fucked up and we're all feeling so bad anyway.

Erica: That's the same old crap.

MRR: What do you all do individually to make it better?

Erica: I don't fucking know. I'm just trying to live. And I want to rock out.

Matt: I think a part of it for me is not doing things half-assed. If we're going to put out records and go on tour and things like that, I want to do them full-assed. I want us to put in a lot of effort and intention 'cause, ya know, this is what we do.

Erica: And hopefully that inspires other people to realize that they can do it, too. That it's not like a secret or a trick. Breaking down the separation between the stage and the crowd.

Matt: By the same token we are just a band. If it does inspire people, that's really cool, I've been inspired by other bands, I just don't want to sound like we're bringing love and inspiration to all the tired punks of the United States. I hope that people can connect with the things that we're saying and the things that we're doing. And if not, that's fine, I don't feel like that's the main reason we're doing this.

MRR: I think the first time you guys came into town and played in the living room here there was an incident with the window getting broken. And that started a dialogue about acceptance that people are still kind of talking about. It was such a weird situation that people felt so different about.

Nell: I think that its easy to forget that just because we're all in the same scene or community that we don't all feel the same way about things and its important to talk to one another and remember that we're all coming from different places and have different takes on things. We shouldn't just assume that everyone is always feeling the same way and that situation was a perfect example of that.

MRR: Maybe without mentioning names you could describe the situation?

Matt: Regardless of what was happening, there were a bunch of white kids telling one of the only persons of color in the room that they had to leave. Race was obviously involved, because it is always an issue. It just runs too deep. Not to excuse any kind of boundary pushing behavior, 'cause that was happening, and it wasn't cool, but that's why it was such a complicated situation, there is no side that's really totally correct.

Nell: Also we all are always having every experience that we've ever had coming with us into every situation we're having now. And you can't separate those things.

MRR: In regards to that situation, I think that what most people were responding negatively to was that this person was really, really wasted and getting a bit confrontational.

Erica: Yeah, what was happening was this person was getting in peoples' faces, in a flirting way, and some people were feeling uncomfortable. Also she was trans, and people were unfairly reacting to that that part of her because they felt space-invaded. Okay, also she was drinking other peoples' beers and handing them out which was funny, but probably frustrating if they were your beers.

MRR: And then things kind of got to this breaking point when she pushed this one guy really hard for some reason. And the guy got really angry and left. And then there were

people who were saying I think that you're just too drunk to be here right now. Go out for a little bit and sober up little and cool down. And she understandably thought we were harassing her because of her skin color and sexuality.

Matt: The thing is that it's not okay to push peoples boundaries, and it's also not okay to disrespect someone who's transgender. And some people were seriously disrespecting this person's pronouns. So it's like these two sides of crappy things smashing into each other.

Nell: Two wrongs don't make a right.

Erica: That part is getting me a little riled up just thinking about it again. It made me so angry, people were like how dare she come in here and accuse us of being racists but then at the same time being like "how dare he" or "how dare it". "IT" using the term "it" when talking about her!

Matt: That's so dehumanizing.

Erica: And this is a punk show, in San Fran-fucking-cisco! Aren't we like a little more well read on our queer theory here? Can't we expect a little bit better from the people that we're sharing the scene with. And that shit happens everywhere. Just because we're in San Francisco doesn't mean that we're enlightened but it would be cool to at least get a base level of agreement that we're fighting against oppression against trans people and that includes respecting peoples pronouns and if they piss you off that isn't any excuse to call them by the wrong pronoun or to belittle their identity.

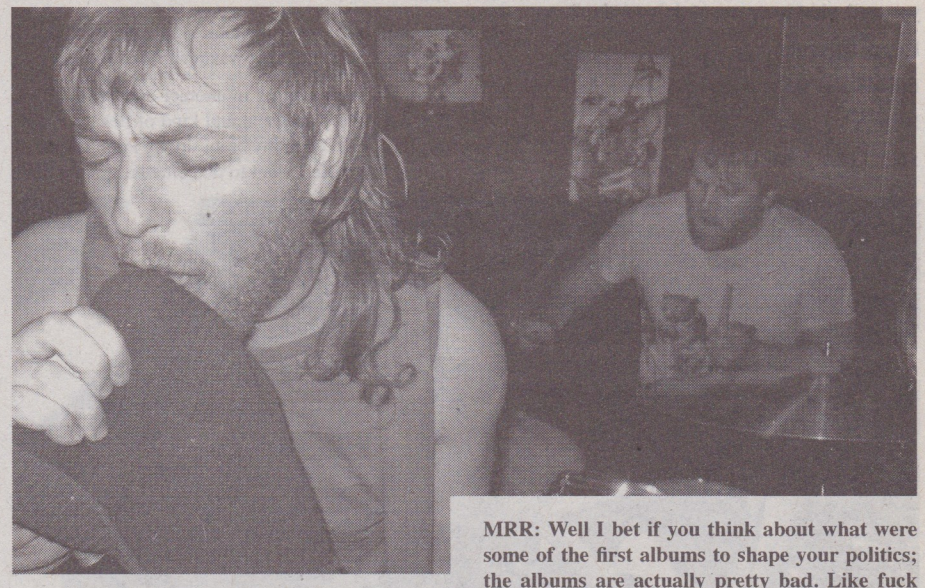
Matt: And that brings it back to what Nell said, we've got to keep talking about stuff like that, its so important. The other day we played with this band and the singer talked about sexism. He was like, I'm going to talk about this and I feel like I'm preaching to the choir, but you know he was talking about sexism in punk and how it exists and he seemed semi self-conscious about saying it only because he felt like he was "preaching to the choir." But you don't know every single person at that show. It might be some ones first time ever at a punk show. And that's why it's important to say that stuff and just have it out there. That sexism, homophobia and any kind of intolerance are not cool and we want this to be a place where people can feel comfortable with their freaky selves.

MRR: And I think that calling it preaching to the choir is kind of bullshit. Everyone at the show is not on the same level when it comes to sexism and racism and that kind of stuff. I mean we're talking about a group of people all coming from different places and experiences, or lack there of. And for the most part most punk shows are almost entirely all white kids and in some places or scenes all white male. And a lot of these people don't interact with trans gender people on a daily basis or really at all. And the same can be said for all kinds of other groups of people. And all we have is the media and their version and image of reality.

Nell: Erica and I were talking about last night, that even if you are "preaching to the choir," it's good practice to have those kinds of conversations or to say those kinds of things in front of people or with people that you already feel some affiliation with. So that you do feel more comfortable and confident saying them at times when it's more important and harder to say them.

Matt: Like at work (laughing.)

Erica: It's like you have to work your tongue muscles around in those awkward conversations so that the adrenaline of confronting someone you don't have an affiliation with doesn't paralyze you. It's like you've treaded that path of conversation and now it's easier to go there again.



MRR (C): I think it's important, too, cause I remember when I was fourteen years old my politics were shaped by punk rock. That was my initial exposure to politics.

MRR (F): And like so many times reviewing records at *MRR* I get weird CDs that are from all kinds of places in America and some times the lyrics can be really fucked up, like some pretty crazy sexist lyrics are not that uncommon at all. And these are people who identify themselves as "punk". They're playing music that could be categorized as punk, and they're sending their music to be reviewed in *MRR*. But they've probably been listening to punk rock that has sexist lyrics, and so they think that it's totally okay. Like in the '70s early '80s it wasn't uncommon at all. Like read some Dead Boys or Misfits lyrics. Shit is fucked up.

Matt: Or like old stories about Black Flag, Henry Rollins did some stupid shit. There is so much fucked up stuff going on in our own history. Because that is our history. That's why we have to say a bunch of shit about it now.

MRR: And so many people's politics are being shaped by the music they listen to, right now. And it's much better to have some young punk have their politics shaped by someone working for positive change, rather than like a DRI album.

Matt: Ten years ago I feel like it was cooler to talk about politics than it is now. Cause everyone was saying stuff. It can be boring but it's important. Like you see a band at a show and they're like, "fuck the government" and you're like yeah okay, whatever. But that's still a relevant message so it's important to think about new ways to be saying things.

Nell: And to say them and present them in an accessible non-militant fashion. So often people who are talking about things that are political deliver them in a way that is similar to what they aren't into about the way that mainstream media in our country presents itself.

Matt: I would much rather see a good non-political band than a bad political band. But maybe like when you were fourteen it was more important to see the bad political band, ya know. It's all about the balance.

MRR: Well I bet if you think about what were some of the first albums to shape your politics; the albums are actually pretty bad. Like fuck man I must have listened to Propagandhi so many times that the record doesn't play any more. But maybe that's a bad example. *Less Talk More Rock* is still a good album.

Matt: It is.

Kevin: That album definitely helped change my politics.

Matt: Me too.

Kevin: Even though when I was first listening to it I was really confused.

Erica: I think that is a part of the mind that is so cool: you can remember. Listening to Propagandhi and being like, "this feels right, but I don't quite get it." It's like challenging all these things that I thought were true. And now like a decade or more later you understand why it felt right and you've merged your politics with that and developed your own critical thought.

Matt: That's really interesting, 'cause that's how I felt, I felt like they were right. I kind of understood it, but I was like I just know that this is the right direction of thinking. That this is where I want to be. I want to be more involved in this. I can just feel it. And that one of the most important things you can do, that's like how you succeed if you're trying to talk about political stuff, regardless of what you say if you can get that feeling down somehow whatever it is, that connection with people.

Erica: And then also, that really makes some people so angry, like specifically Propagandhi being such a thorn in people's side, like "Aw I don't want to think about this shit."

Matt: This big magazine just wanted to review one of the records on me and Erica's label, RTR, and I was like "No. Fuck you. You have cell phone ads, and are all about buying hybrid cars. You have big corporate record label ads in your magazine, I don't want anything to do with you." But then the dude got mad and compared my old band to

Propagandhi.

Erica: "We already have one Propagandhi."

Matt: Which is a crazy thing to say because there was this line of thought that a band shouldn't be political and shouldn't be challenging things.

Nell: And he was trying to be offensive.

Matt: Thank you for comparing my band to Propagandhi.

Erica: But I mean if you are going to let Propagandhi challenge you, you have to think about the ways that you are embracing American culture and being stoked on it. Or letting capitalism drive your punk career. And it just feels like we must have struck that guy's Achilles tendon cause he was like, "Well fuck you for being political or for having a political stance," 'cause he's like got a career in this big magazine that's exploiting punk and advertising for ring tones and all this shit.

MRR: But he probably doesn't think anything is wrong with any of that. "This is the way the world works and these asshole kids are insulting me personally in this email saying that they don't want to be part of my magazine."

Erica: Is there something wrong with any of that? It's his choice to live how he wants and the exploitation of punk is done, that's old news. He really wanted Matt to join him and then took offense when Matt chose not to. Get real, dude!

Nell: He actually said something specifically relating to that. He said something along the lines of, time to grow up and join the real world and make some money—this is how the world is and it's time to get paid.

MRR: You should put that email in the liner notes of your next album.

Matt: I actually have a plan for when he tries to come to our show in Cleveland. I daydream about it in the van.

MRR: So to totally change topics, tell me what is Olympia like right now.

Nell: Awesome.

Matt: Its a really small town, or at least has a small town life.

Kevin: It feels like a small town.

Nell: You can ride your bike six blocks north in our neighborhood, which is in a pretty dense suburban neighborhood, and all of a sudden its just fields and trees.

Erica: Nell has a dog named Basel who is very much unlike a dog, and it has been said that this is perhaps Basel's first time being a dog and that's why he's not very good at it. He's kind of scared and really soft.

Nell: That's a good description.

Erica: A lot of us do piece meal work where we do odd jobs as they come up and we share those resources when they come along.

Kevin: Geoducking (Gooey-ducking.)

MRR: What's Geoducking?

Nell: A Geoduck is a bi-valve mollusk that…

Erica: Looks like a big penis.

Nell: …looks like a big penis coming out of a rounded corner rectangular shell. They can only live in very specific conditions and the Puget Sound is the best place on earth that they grow so there are all these Geoduck farms.

Kevin: It's a really weird job because you find yourself at three in the morning out in the water in the pouring rain, in the middle of winter with all of your friends.

Erica: Didn't Nell see a whale once?

Nell: I did see a gray whale one time and that was really cool.

Erica: I had a dream last night that had a baby hunchback whale in it and I was standing on top of a floating metal catwalk thing and the whale was maybe twelve feet long and swimming underneath. It was a really good dream.

MRR: What else should we talk about?

Matt: lets talk about E.G.Y.H.O.P.

Erica: Yeah, E.G.Y.H.O.P. (The Emma Goldman Youth and Homeless Outreach Program) provides emergency supplies to some of the low/no income populations of downtown Olympia. It was started by an amazing man named Long Hair Dave and the original idea was to help people out after other social services had closed for the day. Now, so many years later it seems to be partly about keeping people alive for the night and partly about maintaining a constant presence. Every night of the week all year long volunteers ride around downtown with bike carts full of whatever donations we can muster: sleeping bags, medical supplies, food from local restaurants as they close, coffee, etc. It's very loosely organized and mostly non-hierarchical, though there are always some individuals who are putting in more time and effort than others.

Matt: We mostly just go and hang out with people. Just like any other city, Olympia has a lot of homeless, but the difference for us is that since the downtown area is so small there are a lot of people congested into a four or five block radius. Regardless of what food and blankets, and medicine we have, it's just good to just hang with people who just need someone to talk to. Because people don't see homeless people, people don't see *people* on the street, they just like walk by them like they're not even people. So it's cool to just talk to people, get to know them.

Erica: And that was part of Dave's original goal, to create more of an interface with the people who have access to warmth, food and excess. He used E.G.Y.H.O.P. as a way to let them know that this population also lives in Olympia and can benefit from anything they can spare, like last year's sleeping bag or a couple extra dollars.

Nell: To make it less of an us/them situation. Everybody is in this larger community.

Erica: If any of you readers want to donate to E.G.Y.H.O.P. contact us, or just give some shit to that buddy you see on the street in your town.

MRR: I remember when I was a kid and I went to downtown Minneapolis to see a show by myself at the 7th street entry. And at the end of the show I had to call my mom to pick me up and I had forgotten to bring a quarter to use the pay phone, so I was like, "Shit! What am I going to do, oh well I'll just ask a stranger if they can spare a quarter." and I was asking these people as they were walking by if they could lend me a quarter and they were walking straight by me, not making eye-contact or even acknowledging that I was even talking to them. It was the weirdest feeling, like I was totally invisible, I didn't understand, like they could obviously hear me.

Matt: Yeah and imagine feeling that for like weeks at a time or however long, that is not good for some ones brain. It's dehumanizing.

Erica: This is the brain grinding stuff.

Matt: You know they want to redevelop downtown, "revitalize downtown" that's how they're always talking about it. Downtown's already great. There's so much life downtown, so much great stuff, so many great people, so many great places, what they mean is that they just want to kick all the homeless people out of there.

Erica: It's like a never-ending quest to make a perfect downtown where you can lick the sidewalk, it's so clean. So much bleachy clean.

Erica: Olympia is definitely not like San Francisco or Brooklyn in terms of how very much it's changed in the past ten to fifteen years. But I grew up there and I see how the city council is constantly proposing for how they want to bring in condos and raise the height limits so that we can have skyscrapers. And, you guys have been to Olympia, it is so beautiful, you walk up the Puget Sound and you can see all the islands leading up to the Peninsula…

Nell: The Olympic Mountains.

Erica: Or you can look out East and there's Mount Rainer standing like a huge beautiful Rain Dog, it's so stupid! We are so lucky!

Nell: And the land that they want to build on is currently a reserve area, because it's really close to

where the salmon come into the Puget Sound from the ocean and go up the Deschutes River.

Erica: Is this interesting to you guys who don't live in Olympia?

MRR: Yeah I'm honestly interested in how similar local politics are—even in like Las Cruces New Mexico, it's very similar.

Erica: So I know talking about tour can be boring, but we tour around the United States and its like there's a conspiracy going on to homogenize the entire fucking thing!

MRR; Its like when my parents comes to Las Cruces and they stay at the Holiday Inn and eat at the Outback Steakhouse, they know what it's going to be, and I'm like "No let's go to someplace fucking different."

Erica: So much of this stuff about development and condos and making everything the same is coming from a place of scarcity and fear. "There's not enough to go around so we have to horde it and we have to make money we have to do all these things…"

The problem is not scarcity, the problem is greed.

MRR: To kind of change the pace, but still kind of stay on the topic, maybe you guys should talk about your new record and what it's about.

Matt: So, we have a new 7" out.

Nell: It's called *Derailer*.

Matt: Derailer is this awesome bicycle collective in Denver. Talk about gentrification: white kids, white punks moving into areas where white people aren't living and next comes the college kids and then you know the story, the same thing happens every where. But instead of just living there and not doing anything, my friends in Denver's Westside were like, okay let's become a part of this community and they opened up this bike shop, which is still fucking awesome. It's a neighborhood hang out. I hung out with kids all the time and I helped them build bikes. I was always talking about how we need community but this was the first time I ever really felt like I was doing something. Derailer really inspired me. I wrote this song years ago. It's about all those things: it's about Derailer and it's about gentrification, about the kids. It stayed in my head because I thought it was so important, and finally I got it out of my head and we recorded it onto a four-track.

Nell: At our house.

Matt: The Joester (Left Field Studios) recorded us. And then we brought the four track with us on tour to Denver and recorded the gang vocals with the Derailer volunteers and our buddies inside the bike shop.

Erica: We had the microphone taped to a tall bike that was clamped into a bike stand leaning over people.

Matt: And we were conducting people like Whoo-oh-oh Whoo-oh-oh, it was really fun, and then put the four track back in the van went back home where Joey recorded the main vocals and mixed it. RTR put it out as a single, and 100% of the label profits are going to Derailer as a benefit.

Erica: And our buddies at the mastering place did it for free because they thought it was cool too.

Matt: Yeah Aardvark Mastering in Denver.

MRR: You guys played at 16th and Mission BART, the day before yesterday, what was that like?

Nell: Oh the generator show, that was one of the coolest things I have ever done in my entire life.

Matt: Ditto.

Erica: Nell pulled the van up into the bus zone and we unloaded, at Mission and 16th street, in San Francisco, and we unloaded so fast and all of our adrenaline was flowing so we had shaky limbs and then you, Fred, started up the generator and Nell was parking the van so I tuned her bass and then right as she got there it was tuned and we started playing.

Nell: And my pedal came unplugged five times.

Erica: And people were pouring out of the BART station and some were stopping and being like this is cool and some weren't and that's fine, and there were these two guys who were partying up in front of us and playing air-guitar and wailing and singing on key into the microphone, so Matt thought that I was just getting weird. And afterwards some guy told us he was driving by in a car with his boss and he was like "Wooh boss, you have to let me out of this car, I got to listen to this shit" So his boss just let him out and he came to watch the show, and then went back to work.

Matt: And that was also fun, that was so cool.

Kevin: This trip is just one amazing thing after the next, last weekend we were at this festival on a goat farm (Straight from the Teat Fest.) There were sixteen bands and it never got boring, it was the most exciting show I've seen in years.

Nell: Twelve hours.

MRR: And we got to play on a stage that had the baby goat kennel as the backdrop. Man all those baby goats were fucking awesome.

Matt: Goat fest was a magical time.

Erica: We organized that fest as a collaborative effort between us and the people who work on Boone's Farm in Jacksonville, OR. It was so perfect and wonderful and Joey did such a good job on the sound, it sounded better than any outdoor show I've ever been to.

Nell: Better than most indoor shows.

Erica: And I've never organized a sixteen-band festival before.

Matt: At a goat farm.

Erica: At a goat farm, and Joey has never done the sound at a fest before, we like cobbled the PA together with the PA we have at our house and a couple other PAs around town in Olympia and it was just this resounding feeling of like we are capable of doing whatever the fuck we want! And cell phones didn't work out there and if you tried to Google it, you can't find it, it was so technology free, nobody texting in between bands. You know when a band plays the last chord of their set and then all the heads in the front row drop to their phones. Nobody was sneaking of to go sext in the bathroom.

Nell: And all the bands were good.

Erica: Yesterday during the Dirty Marquee set at tire beach (San Francisco) they were talking about the feeling like you were born in the wrong time but you just have to make do with where you're at. I remember shows where there weren't cell phones and I remember pre-internet shit and I loved it, it just felt so great. So thank you Goat Fest—that was just what I needed.

MRR: Fully agreed.

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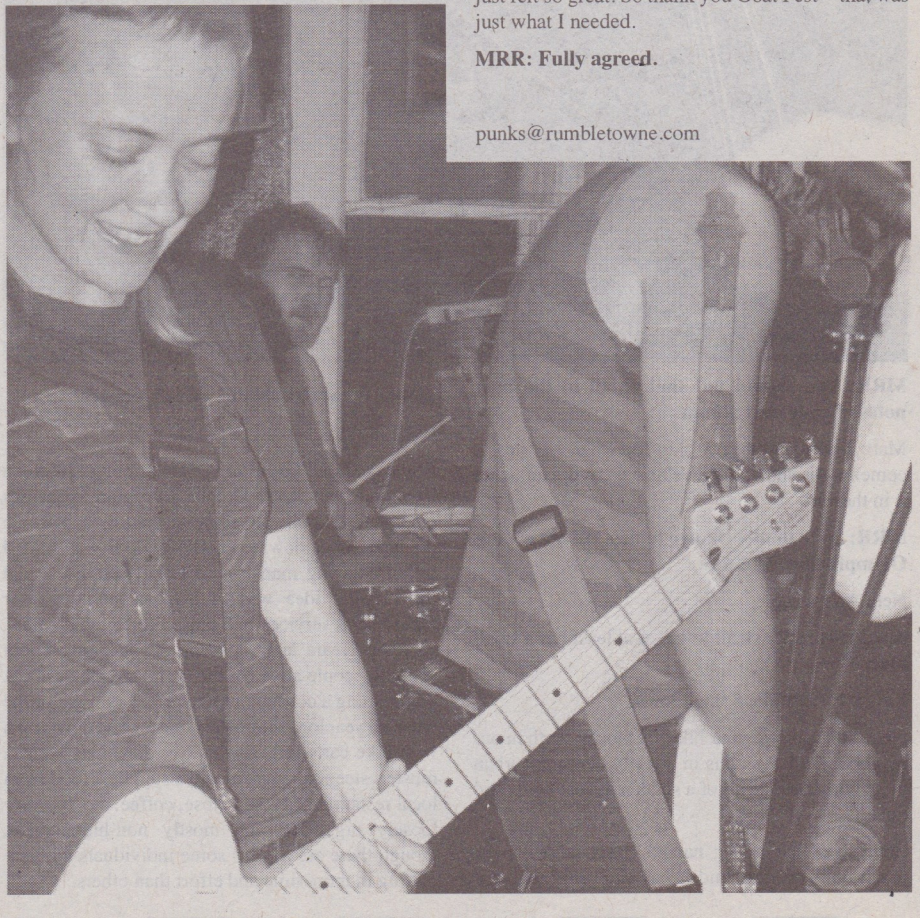

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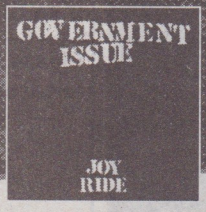

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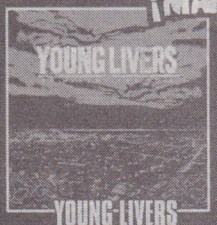

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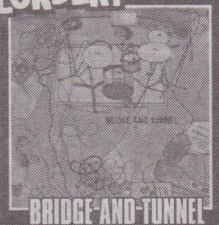

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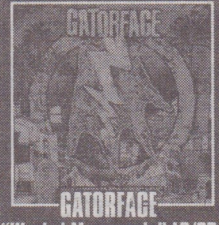

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BOOKS

Death to Trad Rock
John Robb
395 pages • $14.99
Cherry Red Books
www.cherryred.co.uk

Death to Trad Rock is John Robb's, punk rock journalist and frontman of the Membranes, attempt at chronicling the British (and Dutch) underground of the mid '80s. The bands of the this period in the UK were heirs to multiple waves of London birthed punk, the brief burn of Top of the Pops post punk, and touring, zine and distribution network of early DIY. Not surprisingly, this lead to a real cluster fuck of different styles and genres all mixed up and shot out with a self-righteous tinge. Therefore, this book covers everything from the jangle-pop of the June Brides to the aggressively abrasive Ex, and I wouldn't be surprised if they shared a stage at some point.

Although I'm too young to have lived through it, it seems that the mid to late '80s were sort of lost decade for British to America musical imports. The US underground was busy wrapping it's mind around the mutation from post-hardcore to indie-rock to have any time to worry about across the pond developments. So, this book is a real godsend for anyone wanting to get into this period of music and don't know where to start.

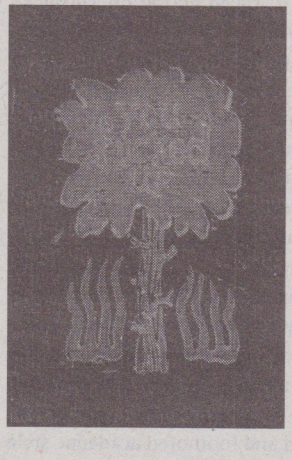
—Ben Howell

Another Dinner is Possible
Isy and Mike
256 pages • $24.95
AK Press
www.akpress.org

Another Dinner is Possible is yet another vegan cook book. Members of Brighton, England's Anarchist Teapot Mobile Kitchen, which seems to be the British equivalent of Food Not Bombs, bring this one to you. Having never eaten a delicious Food Not Bombs meal, I was a bit skeptical. There are some recipes in the book that fall into the trap of just throwing a bunch of shit together, because its around you're making food for a lot of people. Which is to say, that they don't seem all that well thought out. This is not true of all of the recipes though and there are a few keepers. Most measurements are in the metric system, but there is a handy reference, though, for converting things into the British system that Americans use. Additionally, there is a glossary that translates various vocabulary words that are different for the British.

The book doesn't just stick to recipes, though. It also comes with several lengthy essays about why veganism rules, home brewing, gardening, etc. There are no new arguments about why omitting meat, dairy and eggs from your diet is the right choice (I am not vegetarian or vegan and didn't finish the book feeling like I should be). There is an essay about being pregnant and vegan though, which was problematic for me. The woman who wrote it states at the beginning that she hasn't really done any real research on the topic. Vegan pregnancy can be done right, but it can also be done very wrong with serious consequences for the child. It seems a bit irresponsible to me to include an essay like this when they probably could have found someone who has put a little more effort into the topic. This book is not something that I would cook out of that frequently, but it is adequate in the end.

—Isaac Pirie



You Fucked Up
Robert Rowboat
238 pages • $6
Counter Clockwise Publishing
1771 11th St., Oakland, CA 94607

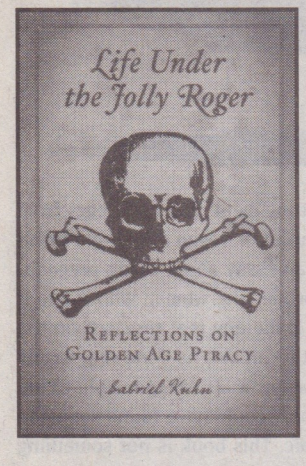
At times, it can seem as though the squatter-punk lifestyle is based in a post-apocalyptic world, what with the desolation, minimalism, and scant contact with the surrounding population. Robert Rowboat imagines what a true post-apocalyptic world might be like for a few punks and takes it a little further in his book, You Fucked Up #2.

The second installment of this story takes place in Minneapolis, telling the story of Taffy, a survivor of a catastrophic event that kills nearly the entire population of the United States. With only few people left, the new landscape of the country leaves much to be explored by Taffy, Franklin (his lover), and the rest of the squatters of the Last House. All the while, they are in constant threat of death or imprisonment from newly spawned organizations that wish to capitalize on the clean slate of the global market.

The book hinges on themes of friendship, substance abuse, sex, and freedom. In the first half of the book, the members of the Last House abuse alcohol heavily to the point where their autonomous freedom is called into question by their constant dependence on drink. And when Taffy and his friends become members of the new nation-state, arguments of resistance and freedom are lobbed between old friends like that of Alyosha and Ivan in the Brothers Karamazov. Although the mannerisms of the new government are different than the one before, semantically it is almost entirely similar to the government that was in place during the reign of the United States. Rowboat highlights the worst parts of the new regime, like the meaning of citizenship and labor, so that it seems almost strange and unbelievable, but is ultimately a comment on the lack of freedom and worth that exists today. While at time the narrator and author glamorize poverty and the punk-rock lifestyle to a point that is Crimethinc-ishly offensive, the book is an interesting read for fans of the science fiction genre. Like much of sci-fi, the strange world created in the pages is not very far off from the strange reality of present day, and many of Rowboat's ideas and arguments poise questions

that are timely and important.

—Krista Ciminera



Life Under the Jolly Roger: Reflections on Golden Age Piracy
Gabriel Kuhn
265 pages • $20
PM Press
PO Box 23912
Oakland, CA 94623

Pirates as a metaphor? The cultural cache is certainly there whether we take them as anarchist Robin Hoods or Disney movies starring Keith Richards. But what do we really know about pirate lifestyle, philosophy and intent? If you find the question intriguing then Gabriel Kuhn has just the book for you. Kuhn, a translator and author based in Stockholm, takes on the "ideological battle" of pirates by digging into both primary source material and the few contemporary pirate historians.

His specific focus is on the "Golden Age", a crucial period for European colonial powers and the Caribbean waterways. In terms of sheer numbers, roughly 4000 pirates were roaming Golden Age heyday (1716-26) with about 1500-2400 of them sailing in about 20-25 ships at a time. The majority were English, followed by Americans, West Indians, Scots and a smattering of Western Europeans. Many were decommissioned from the navy. At the risk of sounding obvious, I'll agree that this was a transitory time, as Spain and England's dominance receded, and pirates roamed largely unchecked. "In general, too, the sea has long been a symbol of freedom."

Kuhn does a balancing act here sticking to the historical facts and respecting the romantic power of the open sea. You get an idea of his style in this passage: "In short the pirate economy was an expression of people refusing to accept their lack of privilege, obey orders and toil for crumbs. Instead they decided to live off of others—ideally the rich, but probably often enough those who simply sailed into their ambushes." His writing walks a deft line between the well-researched and footnoted academic style while still keeping it lively enough to engage generalists. I wasn't particularly interested in pirates of any era, but the writing itself was a winning example of solid research, critical inquiry and sly humor. The technique reminded me of Dan Berger's Weather Underground history, Outlaws of America (AK Press, 2005). Or, if you already know Kuhn's writing then he does a similar, supportive critique of leftwing love of soccer in his pamphlet Anarchist Football (Soccer) Manual.

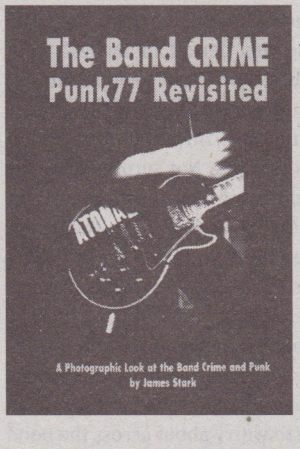
The chapter titles do read like the paper presentations at a university history symposium: "Fashion, Food, Fun, Lingo: Circumscribing the Pirate Subculture" and "On Sodomites and Prostitutes: Piracy and Sexuality". But the writing isn't awash in the usual, off-putting college style. Nor do they lose sight of the topic and mission. I liked how non-traditional his focus was in examining their politics and lifestyle. Regarding eye patches, hooks and peg-legs, he has this to say, "It must be one of the most notable achievements of the Caribbean buccaneers and pirates that they are about the only communities in Western history that have managed to make physical disabilities look cool." Don't be thrown off by the references of Foucault's theory of "anatomo-politics of the body." Again, Kuhn's work is scholarly, but not inaccessible to non-academics.

More casual readers, however, may have been just as happy with an essay or pamphlet on the topic. But I' m all for him riding the book wave. Capitalism, of course, remains the largest looming shadow. Kuhn posits that capitalism "along with its demands and its logic, played a decisive party in the rise and fall of golden age piracy." How and why do pirates remain "a powerful symbolic focus for anti-Capital' s desire"? Can pirates be radical without a cohesive or agreed radical consciousness? In a nutshell, that's what Kuhn is addressing here. Despite their wild style and threats to the colonial powers, what, if any, sort of role model were they? He ends with these lines: "The said ambiguities can only be resolved by adaptation instead. It is too late for both Nietzsche and the golden age pirates to do this. It is not too late for us."

Wilder still is when Kuhn gets into the violence attendant to pirate life and legacy. Nietzsche and Deleuze enter the fray. Then a Dionysian explanation that the ability to drink whenever, wherever was a great enticement to the pirate lifestyle. Since MRR is a punk mag, I'll make the easy correlation to today's crusties. His chapters end at page 182, but the footnotes and citation keep going until p.248. So fair warning. Or, happy cross-referencing. And the cover design is by John Yates. Good to see Stealworks still going.

As a final side note I'll mention that Kuhn's U.S. book tour this spring was cancelled due to his inclusion on the No Fly List. Books, however, cannot be stopped.

—Travis Fristoe



The Band Crime: Punk '77 Revisited
James Stark
96 Pages • $14.99
Last Gasp
www.lastgasp.com

I could barely contain my excitement when I heard this book existed. Crime are, as I am sure you already know, San Francisco's first and only rock'n'roll band, and part of what gives them the rights to this title is their suave, dangerous and transcendent image. From the flyers they made to the clothes they wore, everything was sharp and on point at all times, sending out signals that evoked dimestore paperback covers, the eternal teenage hoodlum, back alley jazz and a particular mythical seedy American undercurrent. The music? An explosion of doom and frustration made all the more important and incendiary by the sneering gaze of the musicians that made it. James Stark's photos capture a time so long gone that I can barely imagine this happened in the same city I now live in. The photos of Crime by the strange plastic bubble like tiles of the downtown BART stations are sort of iconic at this point, but seeing all of them lined up in a book like this is out of sight... They grab onto the Tom of Finland idea of manhood, and spew it through Marlon Brando and Sal Mineo and yes, the Ramones, making their own universe. It's really cool seeing how the band progresses from the aforementioned style through to their famous police uniforms, and reading all the commentary detailing the transformation. The pictures of all the punks hanging out are great, it's like Crime are never out of persona when the shutter clicks, but the audience is full of mutant drag queens, glam rejects, attempted punks, suburban miscreants and punk girls that look like Veronica Lake and Moe Tucker all at once. Before people knew how to dress "punk" you know? The pictures of Frankie Fix in nurse drag are incredible, he looks like he would cut you ears off for talkin' smack. So on point all the time.

Stark's commentary is fantastic, leading the reader through the many mutations and malfunctions that Crime experienced, but the pictures tell the real story. He writes Hank Rank off as a spoiled rich kid, and claims that the reason there are so few pictures of the band in their "street clothes" is that they liked to have total control of their band image. This book makes me want to move in North Beach circa '78, start dressing like I give a shit and in all honesty makes me wish some new mutant sound and style idea like this would happen in my lifetime, before I die of boredom...

—Layla Gibbon

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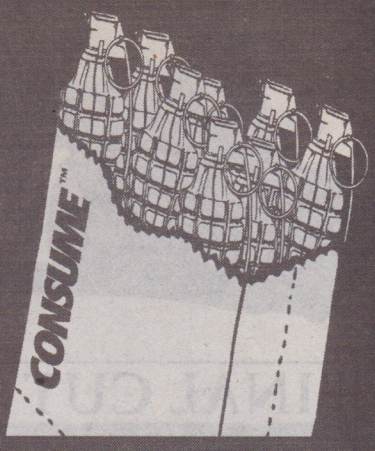

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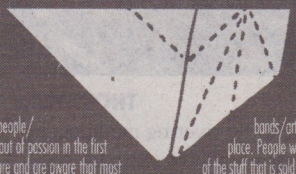

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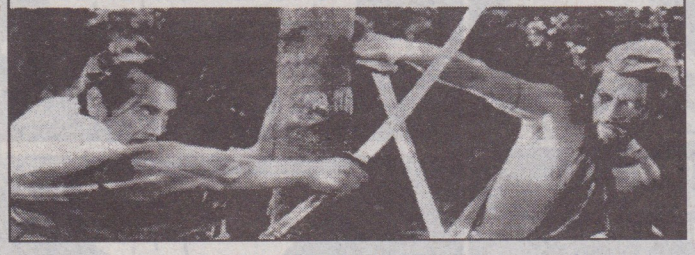
MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



THOSE WERE THE TIMES

One of the riveting moments in American television occurred when conservative pundit William F. Buckley featured Daniel Ellsberg as a guest in *Firing Line* – a segment that didn't rate as one of Mr. Buckley's better moments. Ellsberg had been sharply critical of the US presence in Vietnam, one of the rare voices who roundly objected to President Lyndon Johnson's version of blind imperial in the guise of "preserving democracy"—a cause that would be subsumed by Richard Nixon.

In the early moments of the show, Ellsberg pointed out how America's incursion into North Vietnam signified a new level of violence in the conflict. Buckley's face fell into his notes. Flustered and stammering, Buckley shuffled through his pages and muttered that he couldn't locate his information; but Ellsberg continued to hammer his point home. The documentation Buckley needed to refute Ellsberg were nowhere to be found, because it didn't exist in the first place.

Buckley recovered enough from the painful episode to finish the show, bruised but beaten. It's also one of those rare moments that seems to have vanished from the annals of *Firing Line*, an otherwise lofty treatment of the political issues and personalities of the day. Ellsberg would eventually turn out to be proven correct in the longer-range political debate; Vietnam became "the first war that America lost," and Ellsberg emerged as one of the strident figures in the growing public conscience of US military ambitions.

The Most Dangerous Man in America may be a little too late in the game to boast political currency, but it's always a good thing to hear from a figure known for his forceful articulateness. Directed by Judith Ehrlich and Rock Goldsmith, the film's story itself is narrated by Daniel Ellsberg; it's safe to say that its point of view is, so to speak, "concise."

For those relatively unfamiliar with the episode (and the book) eventually to be known as *The Pentagon Papers*, the story still claims more than its share of breathtaking moments.

In the late '60s, outspoken Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara commissioned a top-secret report on the Vietnam War—partly to document the roots of what was becoming an extremely costly conflict, but also to determine what could be done to turn the war around. To President Johnson, however, quitting the war was never an option; by this time, it was more a matter of saving face than preserving democracy.

In those early days, Ellsberg was an employee of the Rand Corporation, which aimed to find ways to win the war in any way possible. He also turned out to be one of the key members of the think tank charged with discovering any intelligence (however contrived) that McNamara and Johnson could use to justify funding their war. Nowadays, Ellsberg considers himself partially to blame for some of the violence that resulted.

In reality, Vietnam had nothing to do with Democrat/Republican divisions. Support for regional aggression was signed off by Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and later Nixon. As time went on, the violence and rhetoric became increasingly hawkish. One of the great mysteries about the U.S. involvement with Vietnam revolves around the fact that so many lives, from both sides, were lost for such a petty reason. The U.S. had never admitted to losing a war before.

After a certain point, after learning so much about the dire state of affairs in Vietnam, Ellsberg realized he had to make a choice. In private, during an air flight, McNamara asked Ellsberg whether he saw any solution to the conflict; Ellsberg suggested that the options were fairly limited. But once back in his public role, during a press conference, McNamara contradicted himself, and claimed that the chances for a solution were better than ever. Ellsberg realized that even the bureaucrats were mired in their own lies. The way out, he realized, was McNamara's secret study.

This document was not intended for the eyes of the public, however, and if it weren't for Ellsberg, no one really knows what would have happened. But Daniel Ellsberg, who had access to the secret Vietnam history, had a chance to read enough to realize what he had to do. Nixon, while publicly claiming that he was moving the country toward peace and reduced troop levels, was in fact dropping unprecedented tonnage of bombs on the country—more than any other time in the war's history.

Ellsberg was outraged by the situation and the lies surrounding it. So, armed with his weapon of choice—a copying machine—Ellsberg managed to haul away over 7000 pages of the secret documents. There was so much paperwork that he enlisted his children to help in the task.

But that was only the first part of the drama that was to come. Allying himself with the *New York Times*, Ellsberg managed to get the document published. As soon as the *Times* barred the documents from publication, other newspapers followed in line—until more than a dozen papers participated. Before too long, Senator Mark Gravel won the political spotlight with his filibuster—making the information an official part of the Senate Record by putting 4000 pages into the Senate Record. The documents could not be unpublished, and this turned out to be Ellsberg's first major victory in the legal battle to come.

Before long President Nixon clamped down on the White House, causing the proverbial house of cards to collapse. It's fair to say that the Pentagon Papers, encouraged by the Watergate burglary, led to the fall of the Nixon White House. And Ellsberg would not go away, a self-appointed voice of conscience suggesting that some of the most painful revelations were undoubtedly yet to come.

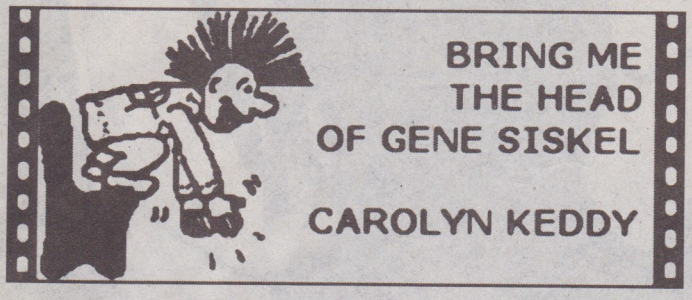
Oscar Nominated for best documentary, **The Most Dangerous Man in America** earned its title from a remark from a taped remark of Henry Kissinger. It's to the credit of the filmmakers that the story still retains considerable tension.

As time went on, a graying Ellsberg made something of a name for himself in speaking engagements, and I had the chance to hear one of this talks in San Francisco. The audience was packed, and he clearly hadn't lost his reputation as a hard-hitter when it comes to telling the political truth. Alas, the talk itself rambled a bit, as if it were difficult for him to put a handle on the range of issues he'd hoped to address.

Toward the end of his talk, in a sudden burst of emotionalism, Ellsberg

described how his outspokenness put him on many enemies' lists – at one point even making him the object of political dirty tricks at the hands of his enemies. He didn't go into any great detail on what kind of things were done, but it's clear that Ellsberg's image as a whistle-blower gained him a certain prestige – even from those who didn't totally agree with his point of view.

As the documentary suggests, Ellsberg made changes in our political debate whose reverberations can still be felt today. Official voices may have changed over the years; but even his harshest critics regard him as a man of enormous conscience. His story is fascinating episode in American history.



HELLO DADDY, HELLO MOM

The Runaways purportedly tells the story of the band of the same name based on the autobiography of former singer Cherie Currie, *Neon Angel*. Former guitarist Joan Jett executive produces the film. As a result the story is centered on those two members, instead of the whole band. That alone is always a problem for me. I tend to obsess about who was left out and why. I already knew that original bassist Jackie Fox wouldn't allow the filmmakers to use her story. Her name in the film is changed to Robin. Right away history is rewritten. She never existed. Of course, you never go to a Hollywood film expecting to find the true story anyway.

In **The Runaways** Joan Jett sees Kim Fowley at Rodney Bingenheimer's club and introduces herself. Fowley turns around and introduces Jett to drummer Sandy West. The two start playing together in the garage at West's parents' house. Fowley decides they need a Brigitte Bardot type singer so the search is on to find one at Rodney's club. He happens on Cherie Curie who is now dressing up as David Bowie after performing at her school talent show lip-syncing to one of his songs. Fowley asks if she can sing. She says she can. The next day she goes to try out for the band.

The Runaways were five teenagers who got together to start a rock band under the guidance of producer Fowley. The actual band stuff in **The Runaways** is the best parts. The band is rehearsing in a trailer out in the middle of nowhere. Fowley shows them how to react to hecklers throwing stuff at them. They play at a house party and get chased by the cops. Playing at a club and being put down by the older, male members of the headlining band. It is authentic feeling. If you've been in a band you can relate.

But the film veers off course with the more personal story of Curie. Her home life is a mess. Her mom moves to Indonesia leaving Curie and her twin sister Marie in the care of their alcoholic father. When she returns from touring she doesn't want to deal with it so she turns to drugs and alcohol. It affects the band and her relationship with Jett, which may be more than just friendship. Curie quits the band dramatically while in the studio recording an album. The film continues showing Curie's downfall and Jett's rise to fame with her new band The Blackhearts. This was about the time when I can tell I am getting bored because I found myself looking at the theater ceiling.

I expect a certain amount of liberties to be taken in a dramatic film based on a true story. In that case shouldn't the film being trying to get some sort of point across? Perhaps one about female empowerment or bonding or just a just a simple cautionary tale about the price of fame. **The Runaways** has some aspects of all those, but the characters are so watered down and bland it is hard to really care about it. Even Fowley's character though well played by actor Michael Shannon doesn't come off as crazy and flamboyant as the real thing.

If you are more interested in the band The Runaways, there is a documentary called *Edgeplay – A Film About The Runaways*. Aside from lacking an appearance by Jett, it gives more information about the whole band from the beginning to the afterthoughts. (runawaysmovie.com, www.edgeplaythemovie.com)

For a more chaotic family portrait than fictional Cherie Curie's, turn to **Prodigal Sons**. **Prodigal Sons** starts off as a documentary about filmmaker Kimberly Reed's return to her Montana hometown. Reed was formerly Paul McKerrow, quarterback for the high school football team. She is going back for her high school reunion. She is unsure how her former classmates will react. Yet, she is ready to face them. Her former classmates are all happy to see her. The reunion is a success. Except for Reed's adopted brother Marc.

Marc was held back a year while in pre-school. As a result Reed and he ended up in the same classes throughout school. By high school Marc was competitive with his more popular brother. At the age of twenty-one Marc was in a car accident that has left him with a brain injury. He has also never been told of his brother's new identity. Due to his adoption Marc has his own identity issues as well.

That is just the beginning of **Prodigal Sons**. As the film progresses the story gets more complicated and awkward. Marc's unpredictability and sudden bouts of violence strain the family's relationship. Reed never turns her camera off even when problems gets worse. It is an intense film to watch. Yet, I felt guilty at times thinking maybe this is the type of thing that should be worked out behind closed doors. I know we live in a voyeuristic world, but I can't help but feel that we don't truly always need to see every aspect of people's personal lives. Not matter how incredible or fascinating they are. (prodigalsonsfilm.com)

Fear Of Fiction takes on a fictional aspect of family intrigue. Sigrid Anderssen is a writer living the shadow of her famous writer father. She is unable to complete her novel. Instead, she answers a newspaper ad looking for someone to go on a cross-country trip. Red, the guy who placed the ad wants to travel south, but Sigrid convinces him to go to Oregon by way of Canada. The two set off from Red's parents' house and immediately pick up a hitchhiker who happens to be Red's twin brother Tom. When Tom stays behind at the first stop, he then attempts to hitchhike in pursuit of his brother and Sigrid.

Fear Of Fiction is a double road movie. In Red and Sigrid's car they are dealing with each other and their personal demons. Tom gets rides from a collection of weird characters including a homosexual priest and Penn Jillette, as a garage music obsessed freak. When Sigrid, Red and Tom finally get to the lakeside cabin belonging to Sigrid's deceased father things seem a bit too strangely coincidental. (brinkdvd.com)

Neurotique is a collection of six short silent films. William Buck portrays the protagonist who has six different adventures in lust, debauchery and insanity. Each film is done in an authentic silent film style, but with a more modern edge. Instead of simply telling a story the films express the state of mind of the characters. Each is like a dream. Buck makes an excellent silent film character. He looks like an original silent film star.

My favorite is **Neurotique No. 4**. Buck goes to a fortuneteller who sees in her crystal ball that he has a hex placed on him. The fortuneteller tells him he must perform the "Black Chicken" to rid himself of the curse. Black Chicken consists of him taking off all his clothes and dancing wildly while the fortuneteller eats some chicken. She smokes a cigarette and he is cured. Brilliantly done and very funny.

The DVD for **Neurotique** also includes the bonus film **Madalien The Small**. Madalien comes from the sea and explores land for the first time. She ends up in San Francisco without knowing how things work. She tries to figure it out and decides she'd rather go home. (naradenning.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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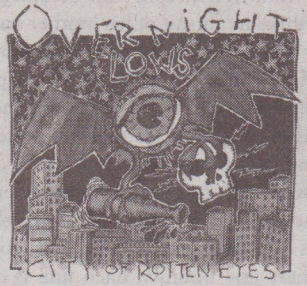

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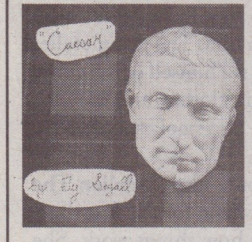

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(BB) Brace Belden
(JU) Justin Briggs
(TB) Tim Brooks
(DB) Dan Butler
(WN) Robert Collins
(AD) Andy Darling
(DD) Dr. Dante
(HD) Helen Degenerate
(BD) Brian Dooley
(SD) Sean Dougan
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DG) Dan Goetz
(BG) Bob Goldie
(JH) Jason Halal
(MH) Mike Howes
(CS) Chris Hubbard
(ML) Mike Josephson
(KK) Kenny Kaos
(CK) Carolyn Keddy
(RK) Ramsey Kanaan
(AL) Andy Larsen
(RL) Ray Lujan
(MM) Marissa Magic
(JM) Jeff Mason
(AM) Allan McNaughton
(MU) Andrew Murphy
(RM) Ryan Murphy
(IS) Mark Murrmann
(RR) Randy Ransone
(BR) Bruce Roehrs
(KS) Ken Sanderson
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(MS) Martin Sorrondeguy
(SS) Steve Spinali
(AU) Andrew Underwood
(XV) XYosefX

ABANDON – "Dead Dreams" EP

Want some crust? Some D-beat? Then this is the record for you! It's full of rage, various well flowing tempos present in the D-beat/crust pantheon, galloping guits and vocals ferocious enough to make you shit your pants—or at least think "What's that guy's problem?" The drummer, *yeeeouch*! Solid as fuck. If you're into WOLFBRIGADE, STATE OF FEAR, paying homage to early '90s crust stuff, these are your dudes. It's tight and well recorded. I have to comment that the insert picture pretty much sums up why I think Portland is a town that takes itself *waaaaay* too seriously. Calm down, *tranquis*... For the first time in a long time, I am reading lyrics that do not make me wanna vomit with rage and snap all of my crust records in half. They are personal takes on larger issues; he took the time to figure out how shit makes him feel, not how he is supposed to feel, and builds images with them. I really appreciate that. I am gonna see these guys play soon, I hope they push me over the edge, cuz I dig what I hear. (MB)
(Defector)

THE ADJUSTERS – "Reckless Relations" CD

Glammed-up punk rock'n'roll. They're going for a MC5/NEW YORK DOLLS kinda thing here I think, and the opening track, "Drinkin' Red Wine," comes closest to nailing a sleazy mid-'70s pub rock vibe, with some piano noodling. They've got their shit together as far as knowing what and when to play and are as tight as a Rottweiler's sphincter, but there's something lacking. I think it's maybe *so* tightly played and cleanly produced that they've squeezed all the soul out of their sound. If they're not careful, they'll end up sounding like later HIVES, or worse, JET. (AM)
(Zodiac Killer)

AEROSOLS – LP+7"

This is a great, *great* 12" 45 RPM record. Fucking wild, nasty, hyperactive, thrashing hardcore with incredible slower moments and every member of the band's parts seem fully realized. The riffs are great, the drumming is great, the bass tone is great, the vocals are great, the recording perfectly compliments the songs, etc. On Youth Attack so act fast! (JU)
(Youth Attack)

AGAINST YOUR SOCIETY – "The Path of Ages" CD

Slick modern metalcore/tough-guy hardcore from Germany that's admittedly powerful and good for what it is, but pretty generic and nondescript overall. (DG)
(Cobra)

A GOOD DEED – CD

These guys get credit for being from Sweden and for listing one of their genres as "folk" on MySpace. Four songs that are better in theory than in end result. The vocals, done in a rough Chuck Ragan way, bring down the attempt of melody. Not unlike early AGAINST ME!, these guys could be a release or two away from being great so I'll keep an open mind. (RL)
(Concrete Jungle)

AKEMARROPA – "Esclavo De Lo Que Ves" EP

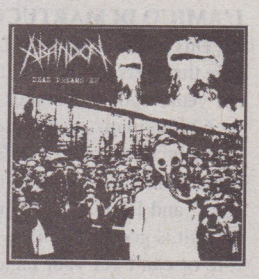
Four tracks of thudding neander-punk from Peru, akin to a lot of European bands (SIN DIOS, APATIA) where a steady dose of sluggish 1-2 hardcore is driven by dull riffs and basic drumbeats, but emotive vocals contrast almost in opposition to the music, making it greater than the sum of its parts and giving the entire thing a ponderous mood that probably works even stronger in a longer set of more songs. Recorded in Portland at Smegma—so there's a solid recording instead of a more raw one you might expect—with most lyrics in Spanish. It seems the meaning and intent balances the simplicity, making for a solid, sturdy EP on multi-mixed-up colored vinyl. (KS)
(Darbouka)

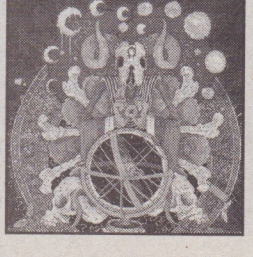
ALFAEC – "Brainphobia" EP

Ya rippers! Punk-as-fuck Italian hardcore rockers ALFATEC *burrrrns* through six tracks of dance-till-you-drop hits, hits, hits. Every song on this record makes me wanna yank my hair out, stage dive and force my way onto the microphone to sing along! The leads are killer, the pace is fucking furious, but above all the songs are original, catchy and satisfying in the best possible way! Not predictable, not obvious, not rehash but creative and fun songwriting that's familiar yet well done. Think for a moment—what if the NEW BOMB TURKS had a bastard child with THE MISSING 23RD and learned to play instruments during the thrash revival of 2000? Well, that may sound a lot worse than this record is, but, if there is any way to make that concoction sound good, these doods figured it out! (RM)
(L'Univers Sale / World's Appreciated Kitsch / Matzugoru / etc.)

ALLIANCE – "Resonant Agitate" LP

A fucking stellar debut from Japan's ALLIANCE!! After you get over how devastating the record *sounds* (which will take a couple of songs), you can start listening to the guitar,





and holy shit this stuff is just so far out there. The guitar tones are fuzzed to hell, but in a blown-out '60s psych way, and then out of nowhere come these blazing leads over the top of some inventive riffs and a bass player who seems to spend most of the record meandering all over the fretboard but never once takes away from the awesome power of these songs. This comes from ASSAULT personnel, who released two of the most inventive records in years while still staying within the admittedly narrow confines of hardcore, and ALLIANCE pushes those boundaries even further, with the singer's agonized and pulverizing screams forcing the whole thing along. I am pretty sure that these are already sold out before this issue even goes to print, but you would serve yourself well to try to track a copy down. (WN)
(HG Fact)

L'AMICO DI MARTUCCI – "2002" LP

This is a self-released LP by these Italian hardcore thrashers for their reunion after calling it quits six years ago. It includes their killer EP put out by 625/Agipunk, their side of their split EP from Thoughtcrime with CEMENTERIO SHOW from Spain, and their covers of DRI's "My Fate to Hate" and RKL's "Not Guilty." What can I say... the shit is good! If you haven't heard this band before or can't get your hand on any other releases, getting this LP is a good idea. These dudes play *suuuuuuuuuuper* fast, catchy guitar-driven Italian hardcore in the tradition of NEGAZIONE with hints of DC spread about, mostly in the vocal style and pattern, and in the breakdowns. It's sort of crazy how these songs can be upbeat, yet thrashy and fierce—sorta like something CIRCLE JERKS-ish in feel, but with higher and less whiny vocals. There are only 300 printed, which is the only thing I fucking hate about this record. What the fuck, assholes? It's so good, how about spreading it around, ya selfish bastards? All gossipy bullshit aside, I can't deny it... this is a great band and a killer record. (MB)
(self-released)

ANATOMI-71 – "Mot Nya Höjder" LP

ANATOMI-71 has been around for a little over ten years now and this is my first real exposure to their music. They play modern Swedish D-beat that incorporates some rock'n'roll elements. It doesn't particularly stand out as good or bad to me but they seem very sincere and straightforward. It's a well-traveled path in contemporary hardcore and I guess of the different interpretations of classic, raw hardcore this style is my least favorite (I'll rather listen to MEANWHILE, KVOTERINGEN, ÄÄRITILA). One of the singers (a guy) reminds me of TO WHAT END? Sometimes they've got me thinking SKITKIDS. ANATOMI -71 should have a split with BOMBSTRIKE out soon. (DB)
(Unrest)

ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT – LP

I wish I could say that I like this self-proclaimed "rock'n'roll band in the purest sense," but I can't. Even though they're tight and they work their way through all the rudimentary rock'n'roll clichés, it seems that they never quite get out of first gear and find that real groove that makes a good band great!! To me this just sounds like a wannabe STONES and comes off like a plodding, second-rate NEW YORK DOLLS... Sorry! (ML)
(Slow Gold Zebra)

APACHE DROPOUT – "Do the Splendid Crown" EP

Ex-JOHN WILKES BOOZE Indiana band APACHE DROPOUT comes from the thread their lineage would suggest. Same gristly, stumbling psych that keeps one foot on stable bar-rock ground while the other sinks into the quicksand that is sludge, bad vibes and just enough questionability that causes your weird cousin to get uninvited from family events. The A-side, "Do the Splendid Crown," is definitely a bar-brawl jammer stepped up a few notches, seeped in the fuzz and guts of the edge of restraint. On the other hand the flip, "All I'm Gonna Do Is Laugh," slows down to a sun-coming-up heroin crawl that, as the title suggests, teeters on the edge of just about losing it. It's truly a B-side, and not a track that demands repeat listens, but the A-side gets something so right it's hard to complain. (AL)
(Magnetic South)

JAMES ARTHUR – "Manhunt" LP

Primitive and stripped to the bone with just the right amount of '60s garage mixed with '50s trash and some later psych just for the sheer hell of it. Coming off as the CRAMPS if the CRAMPS were on Goner Records and had some JAY REATARD magic sprinkled all over. I'm hearing Chicago via the HUMAN EYE and even some early JESUS AND MARY CHAIN. Did I mention early BUTTHOLES? Guess I just did. Diggin'. (SD)
(Aarght!)

JAMES ARTHUR – "MannTT/Baby Blue"

If you know and love JAMES ARTHUR from his work with the great garage bands FIREWORKS, NECESSARY EVILS, A FEAST OF SNAKES, etc., you will probably like this record as much as I do. But this is nothing like any of those bands. Side A is an almost industrial bout of noise with overlying, sampled, spoken vocals. Kind of '80s style, but the guitar sound is a bit too '90s to make it truly authentic. That is a good thing; it is just missing a constant overpowering beat to be really industrial. There is one, but the drums sound a bit too natural. The B-side cover of BOB DYLAN's "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" starts out dreamy and shoegazing, then gets twisted and otherworldly. Lots of reverb and vocal effects, but with an underlying pretty, twang-y guitar. It's an amazing version bound to make DYLAN roll over in his grave (eventually). (CK)
(Perpetrator)

ASSPISS – "Rubber Bullets" EP

Um, this band is called ASSPISS, and they spell this out in sound-clip form as soon as the record begins. There are a million others that sound like this: drunk hardcore punk bands offering vague social commentary who can be found playing scuzzy venues to mohawed teenagers and patchwork 30-somethings alike, and whose stickers can be found on bar urinals and punk house refrigerators from coast to coast. It's better than average for this style, but still without anything to make it distinctive or memorable. They do get bonus points for including a stencil with this 7" though, even if it's professionally printed with the record label's logo. (DG)
(Suburban White Trash)

ATOMIC SUPLEX – "Rock & Roll Must Die" EP

Heavily channeling GUITAR WOLF, with massively blown-out guitars, frantic and marble-mouth singing—no small feat for a group of Brits. They're far more tamed than the legendary madman from Japan, adding a nice touch of solid garage punch, not to mention a healthy does of fun, especially in "Do the Suplex," which swings like a dirtied-up DEVIL DOGS number, sax and all. (IS)
(Frantic City)

THE ATTACK – "Of Nostalgia and Rebellion" CD

I don't know why I get a lot of this melodic mid-tempo hardcore stuff for review. Out of all the bands that fit the description, there's only a few that I would say I like, and they've all been defunct for ten to twenty years. This CD has a very clean, very produced sound that does nothing for me. I know there's still lots of kids out there who like this kind of stuff, so if you're into current melodic hardcore, youth crew back-ups and circle-pit breakdowns, give this one a spin, you just might like it. (BD)
(self-released)

THE BABIES – "All Things Come to Pass/ Caroline"

Another attractively hollow pop release from the bi-coastal post-lo-fi crew made most familiar to me by the likes of GRASS WIDOW, BOSSY, NODZZZ and VIVIAN GIRLS, and labeled by Wild World in Brooklyn. I like this better than a lot of those bands' recordings though. They keep it simpler than usual but still manage to hook me violently in the same way anything by K Records did when I was 16. It makes me want to take a nap because I'm in San Francisco and it's raining and I had a shitty birthday. The B-side "Caroline" is totally heart wrenching and I want to listen to it over and over and over again. (HD)
(Wild World)

BARE WIRES – "Young Love/Keep Your Cool"

One of my fave local bands returns with a surgary sweet two-tracker that has enough balls (proven by the very tight jeans on the cover) to keep it firmly in the punk corner. I believe they refer to themselves as "softpunk," which could work I guess. The key with this band is the songwriting and the raw production. It's like the PLIMSOULS or some shit but filtered through a broken Vox amp. Along with their LP of last year, this is mandatory. (TB)
(Southpaw)

BATTLE RUINS – "Blood Eagle" EP

This marks the third time I'm writing about this recording for *MRR*—first as a demo, second in the 2009 Year-End Top Ten, so obviously I fucking love it to death! Mid-paced punk that can't be pigeonholed as an Oi, punk, rock'n'roll or hardcore band. "Warpaths Ahead" is a monster of an infectious hard-as-hell tune. I don't really know what else to say about it at this point, but take it from someone who has easily listened to this 300-plus times—no matter what little sub-corners of punk you normally listen to, there is a good chance you will like this. (JU)
(Rock 'n' Roll Disgrace)

BILL BONDSMEN – "Disaster Prone/36th"

This sounds like an ambitious record from a band that's been around a while. Usually that sucks, but these kids do a good job. Whereas their earlier material brought to mind a hardcore band playing bouncy punk with busy drumming, this stuff is the desolate sound of the dark, empty, trash-strewn streets, where you dream of never seeing the sun or people again. Maybe like MANIKIN on shitty speed, and they're doing a brief set, surrounded by a field of dead bodies, after which they'll be shot as well. I wouldn't play this to get ready for my day, but I would totally rock it to amplify the fucking pointless shittiness of the industrial spectacle. So yeah, check it out for sure. It's probably their best record. (JM)
(Local Cross)

BLACK KITES – "Advancement to Ruins" LP

I have always loved extremely heavy hardcore that has few metal influences, and that's what you get from the BLACK KITES. A three-piece from New Jersey who will pummel you into dust. I cannot believe there is just one guitar and no bass. The sound is big and heavy, with three different vocalists screaming bloody murder. Blend influences of bands like CHOKEHOLD or SNAPCASE, add a smidgen of CONVERGE and wrap in a heavy modern hardcore sound. Next, cover with a dab of metalcore, all made with vegan/straight edge love. (MH)
(Ride the Fury)

BLOOD BÖMBER – CD

Former members of DISSUCKS and THOUGHTCRIME deliver a solid debut. This Philadelphia-based band plays heavy punk along the lines of CAUSTIC CHRIST, DISTRAUGHT or SANGRE DE LOS PUERCOS—gruff vocals, driving drums, lots of guitar, hints of melody here and there. With only nine songs stretching close to a half-hour of music, the CD drags a bit at times; the more Swedish-influenced tracks ("Regginomics," "The Outsider") had the most energy and I'd be psyched if BLOOD BÖMBER continued developing in this direction. Apparently they just picked up a member of gone-too-soon Philly band LOST CAUSE, so keep an eye out... (CS)
(self-released)

BORN TO LOSE – "The Dreams Of Kids" CD

Greaser punk done OK. Along the ways of SOCIAL DISTORTION, ZEKE and RANCID. From Texas, this is decent but not overwhelming. Still, I bet these guys rock the house for the locals. (RL)
(Altercation)

BRING THAT SHIT / DIOS MIO – split EP

This EP features two new hardcore bands from St. Paul, MN, and Eau Claire, WI. BRING THAT SHIT plays straightforward hardcore and I really think the vocalist is what makes this record. Jimena has a cool vocal style that is decipherable but still packs power. Lyrics are sung in English and Spanish—overall pretty awesome shit. On the flipside we have DIOS MIO, who has a thrashy, crunchier guitar sound and crew-style back-up vocals. It is the first time I have ever heard about both bands and it is a nice introduction. (MS)
(Give Praise)

BROKEN BONES – "A Single Decade..." CD

Essential. What else can I say? This CD (released by the fucking awesome Malaysian label Black Konflik) collects BROKEN BONES' first two EPs *Decapitated* and *Crucifix*, the *Bonecrusher* album and the later *Religion Is Responsible* EP. BROKEN BONES were, of course, the band formed by Tony "Bones" Roberts after he quit DISCHARGE due to Cal dedicating himself to making terrible crossover hair metal and generally acting like a nutter. BROKEN BONES were always a bit more melodic than DISCHARGE, and made occasional missteps themselves, but the riffage and solos still hold up 25-plus years later. Seriously, songs like "Liquidated Brains" and "Point of Agony" were the building blocks of thrash and crossover. (AU)
(Black Konflik)

BUCK GOOTER – "Dogfood Towers" CD

Serious art-damaged sonic distortion from this two-man wrecking crew. Not entirely a noise-fest, as the melody and riffs do come bubbling somewhat to the surface—it's got a scratching menace mixed with a dark wave undercurrent. Reminds of some of the better stuff that came out on Blast First back in the '80s. Like a stripped-down HEAD OF DAVID colliding with a more fucked-up BLANK DOGS. The more I listen, the more I'm liking. (SD)
(self-released)

BUKKAKE BOYS – "Elite" EP

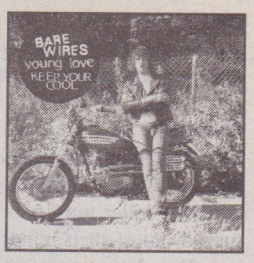
I have to say that despite the name, this band is downright fuggin' amazing! The seven-track *Elite* EP is unrelenting hardcore noise that more or less combines raw Japanese thrash and straight-up USHC into an aural wallop that will separate the tourists from the diehards. And if you thought the first EP was boss, you will be pleased to know that this follow-up is even better! Each hate-fueled track flows into the next, and outside of a couple of lyrics that might offend the most sensitive of punks, these BUKKAKE BOYS can't go wrong. What the fuck is going on down there in Georgia? With bands like this and AMERICAN CHEESEBURGER, is it possible that the South will truly rise again? Holy shit. (BG)
(Sorry State)

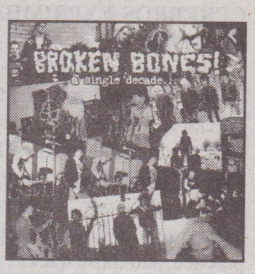
CANNOMEN – "Science Studies the Black Hole" EP

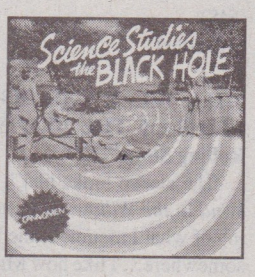
Despite the fact that they apparently call Nashville home, CANNOMEN have a beach-punk feel, with a touch of *Cleveland Confidential* in there. Somewhere between D.I. and the DEAD BOYS?? The song "Palm Reader" is fucking killer—I sort of can't believe it's shoved on as the last song on side B. A solid 7", definitely worth checking out if any of the above floats your boat. I bet they are great live, too. (LG)
(Flat Black)

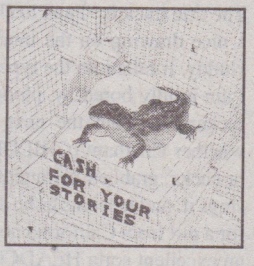
CASH FOR YOUR STORIES – "Hold Your Ground" EP

This Manchester band has a sound straight out of the early '90s. Setting up camp in the wasteground where emo, post-hardcore and post-punk meet, they call to mind UK acts such as THATCHER ON ACID, FABRIC and GLUE, without sounding like any one in particular. Four songs on this here EP: great stuff, looking forward to hearing more. (AM)
(Andi's Friends)









CATBURGLARS – LP

I dig this band—they walk a tightrope between thuggish hardcore and straight-up garage rock… and it totally works. One minute they sound like CHRONIC SICK, the next the REDS. They sound so messy, frantic, raw and *annnngry*. They fucking murder "Cherry Bomb" too…so good. The cover is fuckin killer too—two photos of them clearly fucked out of their minds. Bet this lot are a gas live. This shit is going to get hella play at my yard. (TB)
(Criminal IQ)

CAVES – "Torn It Down" EP

CAVES are a female-fronted pop-punk band from the UK. Very melodic, lots of "Oohs" and "Aahs." They're comparable to LEMURIA or later-era DISCOUNT. The songs do everything right musically, but aren't very dynamic or clever. The lyrics are all personal, mostly about love and relationships. (FS)
(Specialist Subject)

CEREBROS EXPRIMIDOS – "Las Maquetas 1985-1988" LP

We have six different recording sessions on this LP by this band out of Mallorca, Spain. CEREBROS EXPRIMIDOS plays punk that is doused with rock'n'roll à la STOOGES or HEARTBREAKERS. It gets pretty rockin' with picked-up tempos and gnarly vocals that are just shredding. There are a few songs that must be from an early practice, and those tracks (which are few) are more "straightforward" hardcore punk. An interesting and energetic timeline of a pretty unknown outfit. (MS)
(Munster)

WILD BILLY CHILDISH AND THE MUSICIANS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE – "Papa Rolling Stone" 12"

The sleeve looks like it should be the cover of *Wind in the Willows*, a pastoral very English painting of what I assume is the band in a boat on a river somewhere… I like how Mr. CHILDISH has always adapted his love for early US garage stomp like the SONICS to his own pastoral Kent background. The title track is "Papa Rolling Stone," matched by a nice drawing on the inner sleeve by Billy's son Huddy. It falls into the type of CHILDISH number I am mildly bored by, plodding and sort of lifeless rockarolla… but the next song, which questions whether Chatham (CHILDISH's hometown) rocks or sucks, grabbed my attention swiftly. Nurse Julie sings it, and it seems to be about the nature of home for a girl from California now residing in Kent, with an excellent sorta HEADCOATEES feel. Though I may just be saying that because of the female vocals over CHILDISH riffs? At any rate the song is killer. "She Hates Me So Much" has an excellent mid-'60s beat feel—CHILDISH at the height of his powers. The backing vocals sound awesome throughout; you can almost see a dancehall full of mod kids working it out… I would say that this 12" is most definitely worth adding to your BILLY CHILDISH library. (LG)
(Smart Guy)

CHINESE BURNS – "Can Dig" EP

The best Australian band you'll never see. And until the reissue of their one and only single came out, they most likely would've just sunk like a (well-loved) stone to the bottom of ye old garage/punk rock swimming hole. Aussie punk that—*hey*—sounds nothing like EDDY CURRENT, nor any of the other crop of Aussie bands hitting foreign shores. Each of the four songs on here differs from the others enough to make you want to play it over and over, making for an album's worth of pleasure. "Can Dig," is blistering, blown-out, manic. Over before you know what hit you. Then "Steal Magnolias" slows down a bit, hitting maybe a raw BLACK LIPS-ish nerve. "Get Out" is a simple, garagy stomper that leads to the best song on the record, "Everyday Is the Same," a thunderous monster of a song. Highly recommend tracking down a copy of this before it's gone for good. From my internet sleuthing, it seems these lads have broken up, so this is likely to be the only thing we'll ever get out of 'em. Shame. (IS)
(Must Destroy Mankind)

CHINESE RESTAURANTS – "River of Shit" EP

This is a truly weird record and a very well made one. In today's modern world, there is a scene of music considered weird, noisy and new but most of it sounds the same. CHINESE RESTAURANTS does not sound like them. The A-side starts as a mid-tempo catchy punk song but a speech from President Obama is mixed in with the singer's vocals so well that it sounds as if they are singing a duet together, although singing completely different songs. Once it ends, the speech and guitar cut in and out as if skipping—a good way to finish. The two tracks on the flipside are not as strange but are equally good, catchy rock songs. One has a nice monotone layer of feedback throughout and the other is a good old-fashioned "work sucks" sing-along. (MU)
(S-S)

CHUBBY BUNNY / SHOCKING BEHAVIOR – split CD

Two bands that probably hang out together and decided to join forces to get their tunes out on CD. Although it's generally fairly generic, both bands sound like they had a good time putting these tracks together. SCHOCKING BEHAVIOR has a more consistent sound—buzzsaw distorted guitar and gruff vocals. They actually remind me of an old Boston band called CABAL. CHUBBY BUNNY is a little all over the place—one minute they sound like SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, the next, NOFX. I'd hazard a guess that this is a first release for each of these bands, and as such you could treat it as more of a demo on CD. As time goes on they'll probably develop into something less generic, but even if they don't, they're having a good time. (AM)
(Crack Rock)

CLAW TOE – "Ingrown Ego" EP

The Illinois-based bedroom project seems to have bottomed out here. And by that I mean I don't see how any band could ever give off less feeling or more apathy. The A-side "Ingrown Toe" is cold as it plods along to its post-rock-for-beginners guitar bellowing with such ridiculous lyrics at times it really reminds the listener that CLAW TOE really just not give a fuck. The B-side "Girl from the Gas Station" feels a bit less benzo'd out and refreshingly more substantive. But even though there is one song here that feels like it might be going somewhere, I can't think of anything less shocking than a band who wants to offend and doesn't give a fuck at this point. (AL)
(Criminal IQ)

THE COATHANGERS – "Scramble" LP

This record came out last year and I already listed it as one of my favorite albums of 2009 (see issue #322) so this may seem a bit redundant. Oh well, here goes. I always say that the COATHANGERS are like punk cheerleaders. Of course, I mean that as a compliment. They are bratty and energetic in a kind of scary way. They scream out lyrics and play music that is catchy and anthemic. There are elements of punk, new wave, garage, riot grrrl. *Scramble* is their second LP. It is even better than their first. Fun and wild. (CK)
(Suicide Squeeze)

THE CORPSE – "Fight Against Rules" CD

Is it my fuckin' birthday? Cuz I got the score of this issue. The CORPSE is a Polish band that formed in 1985 behind the Iron Curtain. These guys list SEPTIC DEATH, LÄRM, ACCÜSED and MOSKWA, among others, as influences and for good reason. They are described as "punk/thrash crossover," but they are so much more; a perfect blend of punk, DIS-worship, metal and thrash, executed beautifully and without too much of any one style. Thank the world for tapes, cuz that is what got these guys to be heard and it's awesome to see this band get a CD out that does them justice. *Fight Against Rules* chronicles their year between '88/'89 and comes with a 20-page booklet with tons of pictures, an interview, biography and lyrics in English and Polish. These guys created amazing and pissed-off classic thrash under the weight of the communist bloc, which ultimately contributed to the band's limitations and eventual demise. Yes indeed, people, the CORPSE CD is the best thing I have heard in quite some time. It's definitely my album of the summer and I am fairly certain this will be on my top ten of the year, and one of my favorite albums for the rest of my natural life. It's that good. It fucking blew me away. Seriously, this CD is essential: get it. Don't believe me? I will play it on the radio. (MB)
(Refuse)

CRIME AND THE TIMES – "Arrears" EP

Some of the best music comes from the most unlikely sources (in this case, an undercover East Coast skin that I'm not at liberty to name) adding a new dimension to the mystique of the record/artist. Dark wave done to perfection, like the blacker parts of JOY DIVISION, a GARY NEWMAN stripped of any chart aspirations, DIGITAL LEATHER without a hint of any dancefloor irony,

or FRUSTRATION on downers. Enough guitar to balance the high-tech noodlings, almost bringing back memories of MY DAD IS DEAD and a nice air-brushing of CHRISTIAN-DEATH-type goth. If this were on Goner Records, the hipster vinyl freaks would be rubbing their willies all over it—their loss. Top ten material. (SD)
(self-released)

CURRAHEE – "Why We Fight" EP

My friend Mike, who plays guitar for the bands MUTINY and DIEHARD REMAIN, is a happy sort of guy and has an optimistic outlook on life. I, on the other hand, am a cynical bastard who usually sees the worst in things. We both love straight edge hardcore from all eras and we both dig a lot of the same bands; but I tend to branch off towards the nihilistic, angry side of the genre while he prefers the uplifting messages of the more positive bands. I mostly can't stand the group-shouted choruses and he's all about 'em; I'm more into the grittier, early-'80s side of things and he's more into the late-'80s/early-'90s youth crew stuff; I dig power chords but not too much chugga chugga, and he's all about the chugga. The CURRAHEE *Why We Fight* EP, the second by this Manchester straight edge band, sounds pretty good to my ears, but Mike would likely think this fucking rules. (BG)
(Commitment)

CYANIDE PILLS – "Break Up" EP

All the way from smelly Leeds, England, and holding their own in the power-pop-meets-'79-punk premiere league. It's got that nice BOYS-meets-BUZZCOCKS feel while taking in some of the spark and urgency of the STATUES and TRANZMITORS. Without sounding like a prick (which I am), this just sounds way too good to be coming from across the pond; this could very easily fit on the Deranged roster, and I'm still not convinced that I'm not dealing with a bunch of undercover Canadians. The CYANIDE PILLS prove that's it's not entirely grime up North whilst almost making up for their shit football team. Love it. (SD)
(Damaged Goods)

DADS – "Invisible Blouse" EP

DADS is a trio from Tampa that plays lo-fi, blown-out, feedback-soaked rock. The liner notes say "Punk's not dead—it's chillin'," and that's kinda what's going on here. The drummer is banging away up-tempo beats but the rest of the band is taking it easy—screaming when appropriate and letting each note on the guitar ring into a distance before striking again. Pretty good stuff but nothing special—their amps may be blown out but my mind is not. (MU)
(Soft Languages)

THE DAKOTA – "Chopped in Half" CD

Fast, thrashy parts mixed with heavy '90s hardcore and a lot of screaming. Very chaotic, in a controlled way. It sounds like these are some small-town kids making their own kind of hardcore by mixing all of the influences from all the disparate bands they're into. I can get down with that. This probably means the world to their friends and all the kids in their scene. The music here doesn't particularly offend me, but it also doesn't really do anything for me. After listening to TEAM-KILLER, though, this sounds like audio gold. (VX)
(District 5)

DEADLY COMPANIONS – "You're Not the Only One" EP

Despite their deceptively poor choice in artwork, DEADLY COMPANIONS play some cool aggressive, catchy garage punk with hardcore leanings, with a male and female vocalists that take turns singing and sometimes belt out choruses together. Everything else is sleazy as hell with a mix of rawness and glitz, perhaps the musical equivalent of some trashy encounter on a barroom floor. (DG)
(Post Party Depression)

DEADVERSE / UNVEIL – split CD

UNVEIL (or X UNVEIL X, if you will) are super-crunchy modern youth crew hardcore. Lots of back-ups, but with a disheartening lack of mosh parts. They're actually not bad, but I don't have much of a frame of reference for stuff like this. Sounds a bit like a lesser TRIAL. DEADVERSE are on some FUGAZI shit. There's a lot of indie rock in the mix, but they'll drop a gang vocal or a fast part once in a while. Not great, or at least not my thing. (AU)
(self-released)

DEFECT DEFECT – LP

This band has been around for a while now: members of AUTISTIC YOUTH, CLOROX GIRLS, OBSERVERS and more Portland stalwarts. Eight short, direct statements in the form of hyper-kinetic, jerky punk rock. The songs on this 12" platter reflect their best stuff yet, to my mind. The songwriting is catchier and the playing tighter than ever. As befits any band from Portland, the lyrics are a little on the bleak side, but with a healthy undercurrent of angry defiance. Great stuff. (AM)
(Residue)

DEFIANCE – "Johnny Was a Soldier/Will We Survive?"

Well, I'll be damned. I didn't know these guys were still a band. It's been years since I have heard DEFIANCE. I had one of their earlier EPs a long time ago—I think it was called *No Time*? This new one isn't too far from what I remember them sounding like: melodic street punk very similar to OXYMORON. However, the B-side on this record has a bit more of a MOTÖRHEAD vibe to it. Not bad overall. Added bonus—being on a Japanese label, the lyrics to both songs are written out in English and Japanese! (BD)
(H:G Fact)

DER TODESKING – "Kicking and Screaming" EP

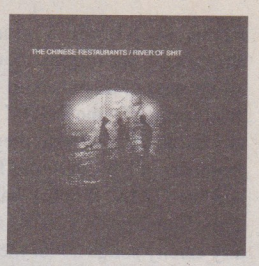
This is a strange EP that I can't really get behind. It was hard for me to sit through repeat listens of this record—not that it's that bad…just not for me. The music falls somewhere between later BLACK FLAG fused with any McPheeters project, and SOULSIDE maybe? I dunno, the whole package seemed a bit pretentious and uninteresting, which exacerbated the low music and artistic quality of the record. If you're into mid-tempo, rock-ish stuff, this may be for you. It does have an edge; but I found it a bit boring. (RM)
(self-released)

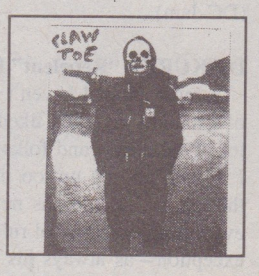
DIE WASTED – "Wasteland Fugitives" EP

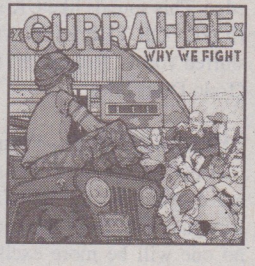
Lowest-common-denominator street-punk-sounding stuff with slow ballad-y cock rock and heavy metal solos. All three songs involve the booze in one way or another. The music, as basic as it is, is well played and skilled, for sure, but I *really* hate the vocals. I know that sounds harsh but I really can't take this. When it comes to this kind of stuff, I'm more interested in Swiss, brie, cheddar, American, cream, cottage, smoked gouda, feta, provolone, queso fresco, mozzarella, etc. (JU)
(self-released)

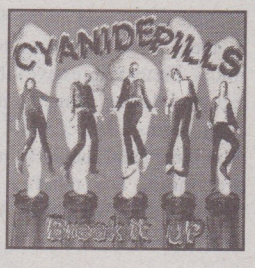
DIRTY FILTHY MUGS – "All Yobs In" CD

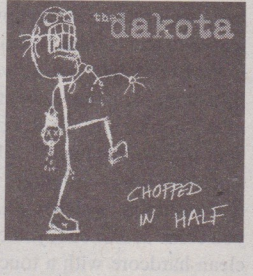
File this one next to your DROPKICK MURPHYS and











REAL MCKENZIES albums, kiddies... While not exactly an original sounding band (which in all fairness to them is hard to do with this genre of "Celtic punk"), the DIRTY FILTHY MUGS are really damn good at what they're doing. With former members of SWINGIN' UTTERS, BIG IN JAPAN and the GAIN, this LA-based band utilizes banjo and a squeezebox (i.e. an accordion) to create really catchy songs about the usual subject matter—working hard, drinking harder and fighting their way through life, of course! (ML)
(DC-Jam)

DISKURZ – "Repelent" EP

I must admit I haven't heard a ton of shit out of Croatia I've really liked—they seem to have a lot of skinheads and folks who like ska there, so I wasn't holding up too much hope. Then I saw the label.... Eddie has never steered me wrong, everything on his label rules! Of course this is no exception—as always his keen ear for good shit has uncovered just that....good shit. DISKURZ has sharp, distorted, angular guitars and a dark edge. This sounds like UK's UNDERDOGS or NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS with more distortion and slurred vocals. Ruling!!!!! (TB)
(Todo Destruido)

THE DISPENSED – "Bury Your Heart" CD

I believe 'round about now Blackball Records are re-releasing the first JAWBREAKER record. I'm guessing, from the sounds of this effort, that no one will be more excited by this re-mastered classic than this trio. And credit where credit is due, the DISPENSED do it justice, and even add in some fancy lead guitar flourishes and vocal harmonies, which just serve to update that perennial sound. Pretty impressive, and continues to grow on repeated listens, which is never a bad thing. Lyrically, seems a bit, er, emo, all about remembering your breath and suchlike, but I guess we can't have everything. The missing link between KNAPSACK and LAWRENCE ARMS? (RK)
(self-released)

DISSESTO – "Supremazia" EP

It's a bit of a mystery to me why this record has appeared for review now, ten years after it was recorded and (I think) released. We don't have one in the library here, but a flyer included with the EP lists it among items Rebound Action had available in 2001. A visit to the Rebound Action site tonight does not list this record as being available (though since the site is in Italian, it's possible some info was available which I missed). Anyway, should you come across one, you can check out some fast, clean hardcore with a touch of melody to the vocals and gang choruses. I never played the TEAR ME DOWN 10" too much, and a couple of spins of this 7" was enough for me. It's not bad at all, but I need something to really grab me to get all pumped, and it's not happening here. (JM)
(Rebound Action)

DRAGO / 007 HUNDRED CLUB – split CD

Two bands here that were formed from the ashes of DARKBUSTER. 007 HUNDRED CLUB plays four songs that mix poppy punk, bar rock and SLAPSHOT-esque hardcore. Not my thing but competently played. DRAGO... A couple song titles: "Ian MacKaye Is a Douche," "Drink Beer and Mosh," etc. The lyrics are the real star of the show here: "This is hardcore / You're supposed to get hit, you're supposed to get hit / Don't be a pussy / Or get out of the pit / This isn't emo." And: "Make the world a better place / Punch a vegan in the face." I'm all for the thug-y moshcore thing, I fucking love it. But not everyone can be Paul Bearer. SHEER TERROR, this is not. And I'm not offended in any way, but not entertained either. (JU)
(Winter Street, no info)

DRY SPELL – "Lies/Two Weeks Notice"

Nice! Frantic and just a little shamble-istic, kind of a looser TEENGENERATE style with a bit of thrashing. (DD)
(The White Glove Group)

EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING – "Rush to Relax" CD

Before hearing this album for myself, I'd heard mixed reviews from ECSR fans privileged with advanced listens or MegaUpload accounts. Some declared it an instant classic on a par with the band's previous two long-players, while most found it disappointing. While the ratio of hits to misses doesn't quite match up to the consistent excellence of *Primary Colours*, there are enough examples on here of the bands' expertise at keeping things extremely simple while simultaneously writing some of the catchiest tunes on any side of Ayers Rock. I think of the band as a perfect combination of the FALL, the CLEAN, and WIRE, run through a modern garage punk filter. When a band has written a classic song like "Which Way to Go" (off *Primary Colours*) they pretty much get a free pass for the rest of their career. Nothing on *Rush to Relax* quite matches up to the standard set by that one song, but to expect that would be insane. However, the opener, "Anxiety," is a desperate, revved-up art punk number that any number of lesser bands would sacrifice their right arms to be able to write. Other standouts on the record include "Tuning Out" and the sweetly romantic "Gentleman." True, there are some questionable moments, like a meandering, keyboard-driven almost-instrumental that doesn't really go anywhere, and about twenty minutes of relaxing ocean noises at the end, but on the whole it's a worthwhile addition to the ECSR canon. Can't wait for their upcoming US tour. (AM)
(Goner)

ESKORBUTO – "Maldito Pais" EP

Unearths two outtakes/rejected takes from this legendary Spanish punk band's *Mucha Policia, Poca Diversión* EP recorded in Madrid in 1982 and two from the session in Bilbao for the split with RIP *Zona Especial Norte* in 1983—both from the original tapes. The title track appears here for the first time and the other three have been remastered for vinyl. Classic sneering, snarling mid-tempo punk riffing out of '77 on the A-side, with a punchier, faster neo-hardcore attack on the flip. *Killer!!!* (KS)
(Munster)

OS ESTUDANTES – "Perdao" EP

This is the first time I've heard this Brazilian band and I believe it's their second release after their limited-to-100 mega-rare LP, but they're like a hodgepodge of 30-some years of punk and hardcore influence blended into an upbeat, amped-up, snotty, positive slurry. The vocals sort of remind me of early-'90s Norwegian stuff. Like it, don't love it! (RR)
(Todo Destruido)

FEAR OF TOMORROW – "...No Fucking Future No Way" EP

Beware if you fear the generic crust aesthetic, like a cover illustration of a spiky-haired dude sitting amidst the ruins, looking drunk and out of beer. The record's a lot better once you put it on. The sound is loud and raw like the world's best boombox recording. When they get going, FEAR OF TOMORROW sounds like a slightly slower and clearer ATROCIOUS MADNESS, which is rad, and even their more D-structive material is perfect for being drunk, raising a fist and/or banging into other thrashers. This is the same record you've heard a thousand times, but this is better executed than 950 of those. I'll be playing it a bunch more. (JM)
(Charged/Distorted)

FELON Y SU MIERDOFON – "La Alegri de Cantar" EP

Some jarringly intense colors adorn the crude DIY Photoshop collage sleeve. It was only when I dropped the needle that I realized part of the collage is actually "MIERDOFON," some kind of robot one-man-band slave built to do FELON's musical bidding. I dig the computerized cheap toy machine music; when FELON's Catalunyan-wine-fueled garble comes in I get major Circus Funhouse Punk vibes. This must be a great installation to see. I think this "MIERDOFON" has lots of potential—I can imagine a series of insane collaborations with different artists. (GB)
(Alehop)

THE FIGGS – "Casino Hayes/Another Point of View"

Personally, I don't get the fascination with gambling, 'cus I work too hard for my money to lose it that way, but "Casino Hayes" is a song that seems to glamorize the act of gambling as "more than a hobby." Overall this supposed rock'n'roll song is slicker than a greased pig (i.e. slightly over-produced for my liking), but lacks much real substance—it kind of reminds me of a lite version of the HELLACOPTERS... As for the B-side song, it is as close to an acoustic ballad as it gets, and sounds like some kind of song you'd hear on a lame TV show like *Gossip Girl* I would imagine!! (ML)
(Peterwalkee)

FINGERS CROSSED / LEGION – "Sign of the Southern Cross" split EP

The LEGION tunes here are of the ugly metallic hardcore variety with nice and nasty vocals. The first two of their four tracks seem like they are missing something, like they aren't fully re-

alized and rushed to write. The other two are great. I guess I favor LEGION when they up the momentum some. FINGERS CROSSED comes right out of the gate with a metalcore sound that is more straightforward and appealing to me. A little more "pro"-sounding. Normally I find that characteristic detrimental to hardcore but when it comes to heavy, mosh-y, metallic shit, the slicker the better to my ears. I'm hearing a bit of RINGWORM, a little HATEBREED, and quite a bit of GEHENNA in their sound. Both bands here offer something cool if you're into the metalcore sound. (JU)
(Dead End)

5 COBRAS – "Brave New Hole" CD

The only thing punk about this is the dude's GERMS shirt. It's Southwestern-fried bar rock with guitar solo after guitar solo. (JU)
(self-released)

FLESH TEMPLE – "Too Numb to Cum" EP

Burly hardcore from New Jersey. While this is heavy and aggressive, it is hardcore and not metal. The lyrics are somewhat unique in that most of them tell a story and all lean towards the difficulties of life. The sound quality and production is great. Reminds me a bit of COALESCE. Good stuff from this new band. (MH)
(Toxic State)

FOSSIL FUEL – "Christmas Sieg Heil Ride" 2xLP

This is a very, very expensive joke. The ingredients here are: shitty drum machine, alcohol, a bunch of inside jokes and apparently enough cash to make a double-LP of this nonsense. FOSSIL FUEL makes SOCKEYE sound like the first SSD record. One of the records has a Christmas theme, which ups the stupidity substantially. (WN)
(Cubicle)

FUCK KNIGHTS – "Oh-Oh" EP

The Weird-Oh knockoff artwork would lead one to suspect some '60s garage action, and that's exactly what these four songs deliver, in medium-fi style. (DD)
(Munster)

F.U.G. / SOVIET NUNS – split LP

Here's a two-band split, put out by *fourteen* labels. Par for the course, I suppose, F.U.G. and SOVIET NUNS both hail from Italy. They both write their lyrics in English that is somehow less broken than that of many US hardcore bands, which says a lot about the virtues of a Continental education versus one provided by our podunk, under-funded school system Stateside. But I digress. F.U.G. plays fast, bouncy, unremarkable hardcore with good snotty vocals and stereotypically pissed-off lyrics. They also provide a totally adequate ADOLESCENTS cover. Really, the vocals are the best thing they have going for them, since all of their riffs sound recycled and the songs start to blur together before their side of the LP is half-finished. Their fellow countrymen in SOVIET NUNS (awful, awful band name) have a song titled "Elvis Zombies Attack," which almost made me skip their side entirely. I probably could have anyway, as this is much like the A-side: perfectly serviceable, perfectly forgettable hardcore. There's nothing wrong with what they're doing, but there's nothing all that right with it either. More by-the-books poppy '80s-style hardcore, this time with lower growly vocals. Still, it's better than anything Bridge Nine is releasing, other than those terribly packaged AGNOSTIC FRONT reissues. (VX)
(Rising Riot / Subwix / Punk4Free / Tefboy / etc.)

FUNEROT – "And Then You Fucking Die, Man" LP

"And then you fucking die, man!"—a phrase I have been uttering all week. Unable to shake the eerie slogan, I totally embraced it, living the last six days as a complete and hopeless zombie, trudging through life's meaningless existence repeating the records solos and riffs endlessly as I shuffled through my life's tomb. The only redeeming quality to my bleak outlook seems to be the fourteen tracks on this here LP. FUNEROT's uncanny ability to simultaneously channel DRI and ANNIHILATION TIME is still very apparent on the new one, although there is a noticeable shift in overall approach. Thankfully not abandoning, but certainly backing off the blistering speed of previous releases, the band opts for a more melodic dynamic here. Now, usually that spells disaster for me—a raging band toning it down and going for hooks? Well not the fucking case, man. To FUNEROT's credit they have successfully taken their sound and transcended the rush of hyper-fast ripping tunes to create a really solid and memorable record. *And Then...* is more of a riff-heavy, almost a post-party album that is dark, complex and aggressive but serious in a way that leans more to the metal end of the crossover spectrum. A little closer to the FUCKING CHAMPS than C.O.C., not a bad thing and minus the wank. I am seriously in love with this LP and am psyched to have a copy. Once you hear that intro—you'll have no choice! *"And then you fucking die, man!"* will be your new mantra, too. (RM)
(Inimical)

GARGAMBOIG – "Passatgers Frenetics" CD

Don't be put off by the super weird name, this Spanish band is pretty fucking ripping. Killer male/female trade-off harmonized vocals over fast punk rock. Think HARUM SCARUM's last LP with a dude singing too...or maybe a tougher Spanish JOYCE MCKINNEY EXPERIENCE. The get a little "funky" at times which I'm not feeling, but when they hit it, this shit rules.... (TB)
(self-released)

THE GERMAN MEASLES – "Color Vibration/I Don't Like Your Friends"

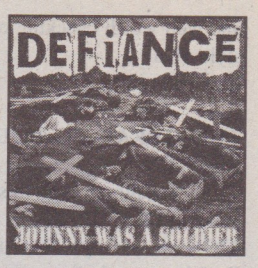
A bucket of dudes doing simple, non-scuzzed garage pop. It's repetitive, the lyrics rhyme most of the time, and of course, sing-along choruses. The B-side clamored along like the DEAD MILKMEN. The A-side sounds like a version of REDD KROSS that never fucks shit up. Definitely would cause drunken singing along in the pit or a good time on the dancefloor, but still pretty tame. (MM)
(Wild World)

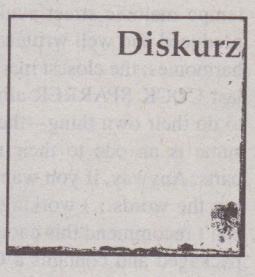
GLITTER WIZARD – "Black Lotus/Witch's Limb"

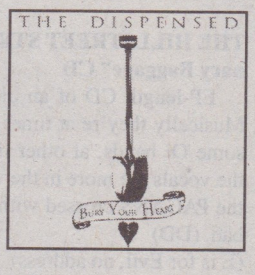
The '90s are cool I guess. This is just grunge with a bunch of keyboards...it's pretty good and they descend into killer psycho-delic jams a few times, but it's SLEEP riffs with MOTHER LOVE BONE vocals and amps set to TAD. (WN)
(Sans Escape, no info)

GONE DRINKIN' – "Destructive Mind" CD

This Nova Scotia band's classic buzzsaw guitar and 1-2-1-2 rhythms can't help but remind me of early CASUALTIES (you know, when they were actually *good*), but that probably does more to date me than accurately describe their sound. Either way, what GONE DRINKIN' lacks in originality they more than make up for in energy and spite, and I'm sure that's how they'd prefer it. Lyric-wise, the songs don't stray too far from drinking (duh) and punk rock, but I thought it was at least cool they included "Nazi Scum" and "Homophobes" on their "Fuck Off" list on the CD insert. 12 songs in 22 minutes,







and well worth checking out if you appreciate the style. (CS)
(self-released)

THE GREAT ST. LOUIS – "In Your Own Time" CD

Second album from this Brit band. The comparisons to LEATHERFACE and SOCIAL DISTORTION are perhaps obvious, but for good reason. Rough yet melodic punk with lots of hooks and that raspy, whiskey-soaked voice. Some nifty lead guitar parts. Top-notch, really. Though I do think it's a little odd that the first track is singing about wandering about with a baseball bat, and the singer has an American accent. But mebbe that's just me being parochial. Not since the ENABLERS have I heard someone pull this powerful, driving sound off with such aplomb. Really rather impressive. (RK)
(Boss Tuneage)

HATEFUL – "Killbowie Road" LP

Great band from Scotland—they have the mid-tempo melodic street-punk thing down pat. Well produced and well written with a lot of hooks and harmonies; the closest marker I can think of is that last COCK SPARRER album. They're not afraid to do their own thing—the title track (which I assume is an ode to their neighborhood) has five parts. Anyway, if you want genuine (and I hate to say the words…) working-class punk rock then I can't recommend this enough. It's also excellently packaged and contains a CD of the record. Very, very good. (AD)
(Longshot Music)

THE HILLSTREET STRANGLERS – "Imaginary Baggage" CD

EP-length CD of an old school-ish punk trio. Musically they're at times slightly reminiscent of some Oi bands, at other times pop-punk, though the vocals are more in the vein of Mike Hudson of the PAGANS crossed with JELLO BIAFRA. Not bad. (DD)
(E is for Evil, no address)

HOLLEY 750 – "Prison Rules" CD

Rock'n'roll-infused punk rock that has the whacking punch of some ol' '80s hardcore. This is big, tough, and it's got the scare factor that has me convinced that these Denver boys are all 250 pounds and rule the blocks in backyard wrestling. I'm not supposed to like this genre of prison rock, but this has got it—it's as dumb as a brick, it even thanks that piss-shitty beer PBR, but any band that can successfully merge MOTÖRHEAD, NEGATIVE APPROACH and MOTÖRHEAD gets my maximum thumbs up. This is ENEPSY for the rednecks, an ANTISEEN with big muscles and a guilty pleasure for, well… for me. (SD)
(Zodiac Killer)

HÜSKER DÜ – "The Truth Hurts: Early Demos and Recordings 1979-1980" LP

The majority of the material on *The Truth Hurts* comes from three 1979 demo sessions—the band's first-ever known recordings—with two 1980 outtakes from the *Statues* single tacked on at the end. While the first of the three is pretty dismal quality and worthwhile as a historical document and not much else, the other two feature some pretty solid unreleased tracks. It's funny—some of the best songs are pretty similar stylistically to where the band was at by the end of their career: catchy, mid-tempo punk with solid-as-a-rock hooks and melodies. The only difference is the sense of youthful exuberance that on the HÜSKERS' last couple albums had been replaced by a sort of wistful melancholy. Tracks like "All Tensed Up" (unfortunately lacking vocals here), "Don't Try to Call" and "Do the Bee" would later be sped up significantly and appear on *Land Speed Record*. I don't think I'd call this essential, but it's a nicely assembled (albeit unauthorized) complete collection of the first rumblings of one of the greatest bands of the last 30 years. (CS)
(bootleg)

IN DEFENCE / PARTY SLICE – split EP

Split EP from these two Midwest bands. The cover is a drawing of punks eating pizza and tacos; lyrics are about pizza, partying and zombies. I don't know how this whole pizzacore thing got started, but it's trendy and lame. Music is all over the place—fast parts, some heavy/mosh stuff, some youth crew. I'm sure these bands are fun to see in a sweaty basement, but I'm really not digging it. (JH)
(Crash Assailant / Goodtimes / Bezerker / Insulin Addicted)

THE IRRITONES / ROUGH KIDS – split EP

Cool! I had the pleasure of reviewing an EP by ROUGH KIDS a couple of months ago, which I really liked a lot. Thankfully the tracks on this new split EP are equally as catchy, and in fact possibly even better!! This is straight-ahead punk rock'n'roll that channels all the great influences from years gone by like the KIDS or old ZERO BOYS, for example. On the flipside of this slab of splattered wax is the IRRATONES from France featuring Olivier from LES HATEPINKS on vocals! So needless to say, in addition to a great name, these are some great songs with driving bass and fuzzed-out guitars with more of a garagey sound. Overall, this EP is a blast of rock'n'roll that is very worthy of checking out. (ML)
(Crapoulet)

THE JOLTS – "Kaminari Lover/Loser (Baby I'm A)"

When reviewing records, I will often mention that something reminds me of Band A or Band B. The A-side of this record doesn't just remind me of the RAMONES, it sounds exactly like the RAMONES. If I told you it was a RAMONES track, you would believe me. I'm not kidding. On the B-side, they speed things up a bit, throw in a little more (and maybe even a little too much) lead guitar and the vocalist gets a little more shouty and screamy. At the same time, they keep the catchiness of the A-side. Good shit. (KK)
(Meaty Beaty /No Front Teeth)

THE JUKEBOX ROMANTICS – CD

I hate to sound like a jaded old fuck, but this sounds like pretty generic mall-punk music that I would expect to find in Hot Topic… And as much as I can appreciate that they are not "afraid to drop a little ska or rocksteady into their set," I personally find it annoying. Figure it out, guys—do you wanna be the next NO DOUBT or the next AGAINST ME?? I guess this is for fans of the Vans Warped tour, so if you are into that, don't take my word for it and check these guys out… (ML)
(Altercation)

KARLOFF – "Bled Dry" CD

Dirty and raspy low-end hardcore assault from Indiana. The bass and single-string guitars hit me just like when I heard FUDGE TUNNEL the first time—a raw thunder. KARLOFF accentuates those sounds with plenty of mid-paced, floor-tom-heavy riffs, but they aren't afraid to blaze either (and speaking of blazing, check out tail-end of "Graves"—it's like an EYEHATEGOD inspired crush-a-thon), and when they play fast there are elements of '90s start/stop hardcore that show up and sweeten the pot. KARLOFF blends a lot of shit that you've likely heard before, but Southern crust, '90s sludge and modern HC dragged through the mud all sound fucking good when delivered together. *Bled Dry* got better as I listened, and was well worth the second spin I gave it immediately after the first one ended. Quality shits. (WN)
(Midwestern Decline)

KEVIN K & TEXAS TERRI – "Firestorm" CD

Typical sleaze-rock from scene veteran TEXAS TERRI. I guess it's a fun time but really this could be MOTLEY CRÜE and I wouldn't know the difference. (MM)
(Realkat, no info)

KING HELL! – "Rhythm and Bruise" CD

Sounds as though their main influences are AEROSMITH and BOSTON. No thanks. (DD)
(King Hell, no address)

KITTEN FOREVER – "Mystical Realism" EP

Whoa, riot grrl. Like in the BRATMOBILE vein. This is just bass, drums and vocals and as per usual I wish there was way more fuzz on everything. The vocals cheerleader-chant and scramble over each other, which is exciting, but the recording is really clean and loud, which sucks. It has that say-whatever-you-think-right-when-you-think-it kind of honesty, which I find valuable and slightly annoying at the same time. I don't think I'd sit around and listen to this, but I'll definitely go see them if/when they swing through town. (MM)
(Unnecessary Friction)

LAMPS – "Niels Bohr Was an Excellent Ping Pong Player/I've Been on a Lot of Camels"

LAMPS specialize in a blown-out, stripped-down, basement rock style of punk. Heavy and scuzzy, like early NIRVANA but not as hook-driven. Plodding and detached, it's the sound of boredom that got so overwhelming that it had to come

out sonically; as if pounding your head against the wall is the only way to relieve the monotony. (AM)
(Dull Knife)

THE LASTERS – "Allergic to Your Face" EP

I take it from the label design, someone involved is a big VOX POP and/or ANGRY SAMOANS fan, as they lovingly co-opted the Bad Trip Records logo on this fancy clear yellow 45. Three rockin' songs with a big '90s-rock-club sound giving me Kozik poster flashbacks, but with an updated faster 'n' snottier delivery. "Allergic to Your Face" would be my pick as well, which breaks from the basic garage punk format, slowing it down with an infectious bassline-driven, woozy weird punk snarl. (GB)
(Bat Shit)

LIGHTEN UP – "Absolutely Not" CD

Another mediocre hardcore band that imagines it sounds like MINOR THREAT and BAD BRAINS, but comes across as FALLOUT BOY meets whatever the current hype-of-the-week hardcore band is that *also* pretends to be influenced by classic '80s hardcore. Derivative, boring, uninspired and dull, dull, *dull*. At least it comes accompanied with a handy promo sheet—those are always entertaining. "The latest and greatest in a long line of amazing hardcore bands [...] rip-roaring debut full-length [...] perfectly fusing breakneck tempos and infectious melodies with an evident nod to the pissed off aesthetic of '80s punk and hardcore." Who writes shit like that? Fuck you, you fucking hack, for trying to convince us that this is worth our time. Die, hack, die. (VX)
(Jump Start / Ass-Card)

THE LOADED NUNS – CD

Eleven tracks of amped-up rock'n'roll in under 25 minutes. They do a good job of recapturing that HUMPERS/DWARVES rock and fucking roll vibe. Cover art is superb, and worth the price alone. The monikers of the band members are puerile, and I fear the lyrics aren't much better. But they do rather give it a welly with the tunes... (RK)
(Zodiac Killer)

LOBOTOMIA – "Extinção" LP

A limited-to-350, hand-screened vinyl reissue of a 2008 CD finds these Brazillian veterans are still on point 22 years after their 1986 debut with their original straightforward, raw, metal-singed hardcore sound, but here they shed the raw, brute edge of a basic recording in favor of a more balanced sound. This allows really creative guitar leads to push to the forefront, as the band seems to tweak their basic formula—which is largely charging with metallic chugging riffs, but also breaks down into jazzy, funky jam parts that work with varying degrees of success. It's one of those things that questions whether certain bands were served better by musical ineptitude. It's not quite *Ataque Sonoro*, but ends up no less punishing than current Brazillian bruisers like AGROTOXICO, UNIDOS PELO ODIO, etc., which makes for the strongest recommendation! Move quick! (KS)
(Shogun)

THE LOBOTOMIES – "Big Bang Hangover" CD

Hi-speed political HC punk from Belfast. While I'm more impressed by the content of their lyrics, the music is delivered passionately and vigorously. Despite the touches of melody on several of the songs, the consistently full-bore pace means everything starts to blend together about halfway through the seventeen tracks on here—I for one would've appreciated a slow 'n' heavy number or two to break things up—but it's a minor complaint overall. The LOBOTOMIES address a relatively wide cross-section of issues on this CD, ranging from large-scale ones like genocide and immigration to day-to-day stuff like apathy and staying true to one's ideals, all with a thoughtful approach that belies the fact that countless bands have written about them before. These folks appear to be worth your support. (CS)
(EHC / Pumpkin)

MAY OR WEST – "We, The End" CD

There's an obvious AFI worship thing going here. Wannabe slick rock done very poorly. Either that or AFI's worst practice tape ever. (RL)
(self-released)

THE MEGACOOLS – "Introducing the Fun Police" LP

P-U-N-K. Fast, furious and completely silly. Songs called "Fun Police I," "Fun Police II," "God vs. Drugs," "You've Got to Lie to Save the World." The music is straight-up punk. I am having a great time just listening to this LP. At times they sound like early DAG NASTY. Then they're like a cuter ANGRY SAMOANS. The small slip of paper inside this record says the MEGACOOLS were a band from 2005 to 2007. Alas. (CK)
(Sacramento)

MEGATHERIO – CD

Excellent Brazilian thrash metal with mosh parts that are probably paying homage to S.O.D. Plenty of epic interludes and shredding solos. Fist-banging mania! (WN)
(Absurd)

MIGRAINE – "Weird Tales" EP

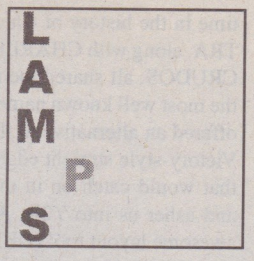
This is a wreck, a total fucking train wreck. Brutality, gore, unbridled momentum, screeching halts, anxiety. The pace is unpredictable, the songs are unbelievably tight and intimidating, and the musicianship is top-rate. Many comparisons have been made to describe MIGRAINE; none really do justice. A melting pot of stream-of-conscious aggression and REVERSAL OF MAN records make this new one an exciting anomaly. *Weird Tales* has a unique quality of innate design and off-the-cuff spontaneity. It's also a stunning package, released on white vinyl with screened covers donning art from hotshit Dan Rossiter. Overall a nice progression from the first EP and a concrete example of why we should be excited about hardcore. (RM)
(Cowabunga)

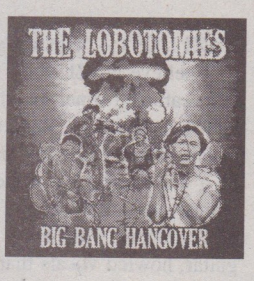
ROGER MIRET & THE DISASTERS – "Faded" EP

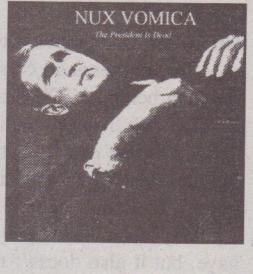
For anyone not familiar with ROGER MIRET, he is better known as the fearless and enigmatic leader of perhaps the best NYC hardcore band ever: AGNOSTIC-fucking-FRONT!! Now having said that, forget about HC music and switch gears to straight-up rock'n'roll, 'cus that's what the DISASTERS are all about. Although a little generic sounding, the DISASTERS string together three solid songs that are relatively simple and no-frills, but therein lies the charm that makes this an effective EP!! This reminds me a little of a cross between '80s-era Cali punk and Southern rock'n'roll, if that makes any sense? (ML)
(Zodiac Killer)

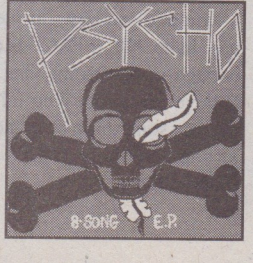
MK ULTRA – "Discography" 2xLP

This discography compiles almost everything this band released, from splits with LOS CRUDOS and SEEIN RED to a handful of comp and demo tracks. It's 55 songs of ferocious, classic, fast hardcore. I haven't listened to some of this material in years and it's cool to recall how blistering MK ULTRA were to me. The record is a testament to a really vibrant









time in the history of Chicago hardcore. MK ULTRA, along with CHARLES BRONSON and LOS CRUDOS, all shared members and were some of the most well known names in '90s hardcore. They offered an alternative to the chain-wallet wearing, Victory-style straight edge regime—an alternative that would catch on in the latter half of the '90s and usher us into Y2K. Awesome record with an awesome layout too! (DB)
(Youth Attack)

MONGREL COUNTRY – CD

MONGREL COUNTRY sent in their new full-length for review all the way from Perth in Western Australia. As expensive and time-consuming the thoughtful act was, I really wish they'd have kept this album confined to their island. I just don't know if there is any more room Stateside for mediocre, scary-old-guy alterna-club rock. We may be at a critical tipping point now. In the best interest of Americans across the nation, I will destroy this CD post-haste. (RM)
(self-released)

NAZI DUST – "Hatred Side" EP

I believe NAZI DUST is a straight edge band that features former members of CULT RITUAL, who I really liked. Reading the description from Youth Attack made me assume this was going to be a wet-blanket black metal poetry reading. Listening to it rapidly altered this assumption. It's aggro hardcore with early BORN-AGAINST-style guitar, howled vocals that come from some other era—the human being sitting next to me asserted that it reminded him of CITIZENS ARREST a little. Maybe like that moment of NYHC but with the magikal aura that being on Youth Attack gives a band? That certain special glow. It must be strange to be in a young hardcore band with the weight of the internet on your case, frantic consumers waiting for your every cassette tape with forked tongues and endless paypal accounts. This rules though—totally fist-to-the-face killer hardcore. Would love to see them live, preferably in a shitty basement or rec room. The band name is sort of meaningless and vapid. (LG)
(Youth Attack)

NICE FACE – "Immer Etwas" LP

A few singles and a cassette or so under the belt, the man behind NICE FACE has finally released a full-length. Honestly, this is a tricky record. It's certainly quite catchy, but it's not something that blu-tacks itself to your dorm-room wall forever. It doesn't have the gratuitous attitude problem that so many other bands playing this style of music have, but it also doesn't really take any chances, either. A definite catch-22 because the too-cool-to-care attitude has ejaculated itself dry, but the play-it-safe-and-see-how-far-we-coast leaves us with blue balls. NICE FACE is a band that is competent enough to play somewhat interesting and non-offensive music but who falls flat when it comes to making something new and worthwhile. I think we just deserve more. (AL)
(Sacred Bones)

NO IDEA – "I Won't Change" CD

Hardcore band from Spain, sound kind of like PENNYWISE. Very easily digestible lyrics about cool stuff like hating the government and organized religion, the best of which is the last song "A.I." about distrusting artificial intelligence and how it will only end in the destruction of the human race. We all saw *Terminator 2*—that shit is fucked up! We need to be talking about this. (FS)
(Fragment Music)

NOTHING PEOPLE – "Soft Crash" LP

The third album from the NOTHING PEOPLE is distinctive from the previous two in that it's slower. Even as they continue the simple yet effects-heavy style you've come to know (and possibly love), the pace of the songs, particularly the singing, has been knocked down a notch, creating an interesting dynamic, a sort of electric tension that feels like it's all going to short-circuit or explode in a spectacular flurry of sparks. First listen left me oddly uncomfortable, but I kept flipping it over, coming back for more, letting it soak in. Exceptionally smart music for the socially awkward…or just a good record that sounds like nothing else going on right now. Take your pick. (IS)
(S-S)

NOWHERE FAST – "No Escape" EP

This killer new band (already broken up) out of Liverpool throws down total and utter 1982 USHC jams like their lives depended on it. Everything about this is perfect, from having eight hardcore scorchers packed tightly onto a 7" slab, to the raw production that gives the tracks warmth and depth. Ah yes, and with songs like "Useless," "Get Away" and "Hatred," you know that this ain't no posicore picnic. You might think the whole IMPACT UNIT/NEGATIVE FX worship thing is played out, but records like this just show that it's all about pure hardcore and not just mimicking a long-gone era. Pick this one up while you can! (BG)
(Mind Rot)

NUMBER 9 HARD – "All Lubed Up and Ready to Go" CD

Not sure what it is that irritates me about this CD. This foursome plays decent enough scrappy, melodic pop-punk with that raspy CRIMPSHINE edge. Mebbe it's the embarrassing OPERATION IVY skank attempts. Or the juvenile humor. Or the fact that the A on the front cover is circled. Smacks too much of frat boys playing punk, and a lack of braincells. Could be wrong, and musically, 'tis not so bad...but y'know, sometimes you gotta go with your gut instinct...which is a definite thumbs-down. No more mixed metaphors. And that's quite enough of NUMBER 9 HARD. (RK)
(SBS)

NÜ SENSAE – "Three Dreams" EP

Whoa, this two-piece Canadian bass-and-drum combo is the shit. This sounds like a better BIG BLACK with a pissed-off little sister singing in a style reminiscent of riot grrrl, which I really don't care for, but here I really like (who knew?). The four songs are beat-driven with precision drumming that reminds me of Stephen Morris of JOY DIVISION with the reach and crazy playing style of Olav from SEEIN RED; there is something methodical, yet totally insane and mesmerizing about it. The bass is blown-out with some fuzz and feedback. It's pretty thick with "fuck you" in every note—argument enough that a strong rhythm and the right attitude is all you need. There are sludgy bits and chaotic moments that remind me of deconstructed FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS with out all the feedback. Overall, the music is simple, not generic. I didn't think I would be into this, but they surprised me. (MB)
(Critiscum Internationale)

NUX VOMICA – "The President is Dead" EP

Really? A 7" with George Bush lying in state, entitled *The President Is Dead*? Isn't this A.) A few years late, and B.) Kind of dumb? The answer to both is yes. However, if you can get past the usual simplistic lefty politics and the feeling of being stuck in a time warp (fuck, people wrote anti-Reagan songs well into the '90s), NUX VOMICA plays some killer epic metallic crust in the vein of REMAINS OF THE DAY and SCHIFOSI. (VX)
(The Defector)

THE OBSESSORS – "Living Under the Power Lines" CD

Stereotypical suburban punk in every since of that idea. Generically catchy, severely overproduced with female/male singers sorta doing the Excene/John Doe thing, singing about soccer moms, spaceships, being wiretapped by The Man, being snubbed by friends, etc. Utterly unmemorable. Expect to see the OBSESSORS on the Warped Tour line-up in the near future. (IS)
(Braindart)

OLHO SECO – "Lutar Matar" LP

Fuck you, buy this. OLHO SECO was Brazil's first hardcore band and are still one of the finest of the early HC bands, easily rivaling the TEEN IDLES and the MIDDLE CLASS. Fueled by rage; songs like "Eu Não Sei" and "Lutar, Matar" should be staple covers in the international hardcore scene. Of course through the *Welcome to 1984* comp, at least "Nada" had its day in the sun. While it's unfortunate that this material hasn't gotten a legitimate reissue, this is a (mostly) fantastic-sounding bootleg though typically short on information. Besides a couple of throwaway live tracks, the record contains the 1981 and 1982 demos plus an unreleased 1982 studio session. Legendary hardcore, essential by any standard. (AU)
(bootleg)

1.6 BAND – "The Checkered Pasts of All Kings Present" EP

I can't believe these dudes are back together. Every sense of sonic aggression found in their original early-to-mid-'90s output seems to be lost to the ages. They still seem to be playing a style different than their peers (?) as they always have, but fifteen years after initially calling it quits, 1.6 BAND has returned with a swaying, swinging, swaggering, discordant-in-a-jazzy-way four-songer that leaves me feeling "nah." (JU)
(Metastasis)

THE PACK A.D. – "We Kill Computers" CD

I am trying not to judge this CD by its cover, but it is hard when it is just sitting here staring at me and the two women on the cover are so beautifully coiffured. The PACK A.D. are a guitar-and-drums two-piece that plays grunge-y blues-rock. The music is simple and distorted. The singer has a deep, husky voice and can really sing. The whole package just seems a bit inauthentic. (CK)
(Mint)

PANZER BASTARD – "2006-2009" CD

This is a collection of three EPs and a "bonus" cover of "Ace of Spades" by this Boston band. I gather they're super proud to be "anti-PC," but they didn't include any lyrics in the CD so I have no idea what the hell they're going on about. Generally this is OK crossover. The newer stuff is better, as they moderate the tempo a little and focus on the songwriting. I mean, you can't go wrong ripping off MOTÖRHEAD, right? To be honest, I might have omitted the first EP (*Boston*) entirely as the songs are pretty weak and the recording is bad in a thin, tinny, non-raw way. The fuck would anyone cover "Ace of Spades" in the 21st century anyway? You're never going to top the BATTALION OF SAINTS version, why even try? (AU)
(Patac)

PARIS VIOLENCE – "Rivages de la Tristesse" EP

Where do I start with this one? To begin with, at the risk of sounding totally "politically incorrect" and sexist, the best part of this release is the young topless girl on the front and back cover… Once upon a time, I though PARIS VIOLENCE was a pretty cool French Oi! band with slightly above-average intelligence and musical ideas with somewhat cerebral subject matter and lyrical content—but that was back in the '90s when the earlier inception of this band existed. Any recent material I've heard though is way out there in left field as far as punk/Oi music goes, with a ton of synthesizers and admittedly "new wave"… I'm pretty darn open-minded about music, and the closest thing I can compare this to that would make sense is *The Killing Dream* album by BLITZ, which I absolutely loved! Keep in mind however that most Oi fans hated that album, and to me *The Killing Dream* is one thousand times better than this!! Sorry guys. Let's hope that the concept of "sex sells" will hold true for ya on this one… (ML)
(Koi)

PINK NOISE – "Birdland" LP

This is the third album from this Montreal guitar-and-electronics duo. I like this band and I like this record, but it's hard for me to be excited by it. Labels like Not Not Fun, Siltbreeze and Sacred Bones have been releasing good stuff in the past two years, but so much of it sounds so similar that I can't get excited about this one when three other records just like it were released the same week. I suppose I should be happy that there are many hundreds of weird, noisy bands across the globe, but this scene is getting oversaturated and this particular album, although I dig it, isn't standing out as the best I've heard. Had this record been made in the late-'70s it would be considered a masterpiece, but in a scene where thousands of others are doing the same, it's just another brick in the wall. I realize my comments are more focused on a general scene of bands and not this specific album so I apologize to the band and the reader for that and shall direct my attention to these specific songs. This album contains fifteen songs that are best described as abstract pop, though I imagine this band somehow gets lumped into the noise genre, despite the lack of abrasive noise. The music is nonlinear yet simple and strange. It's a good record and will please anyone that likes any record ever released on this label, Not Not Fun or Siltbreeze. (MU)
(Sacred Bones)

PINK SEXIES – LP

Pink vinyl—cool. This one is interesting. And when I say it's interesting, that doesn't mean I don't like it. It's punk for sure, but it's also very rock'n'rolly. What the fuck does that mean? I think it means that it's got a blues element that you don't get in much punk. It reminds me of CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN, the BIG BOYS, FLIPPER and AC/DC. If I'm even half right, you have to believe that this is pretty good shit. Hell, I'm convinced. (KK)
(Wrecked 'Em)

THE PLIMSOULS – "Live! Beg, Borrow and Steal" CD

18 tracks of vintage PLIMSOULS, recorded at the Whiskey a Go Go in October, 1981. The recording quality top-notch, packaging great and tune selection what you would expect. Now it's up to you. (SD)
(Alive)

POLLUTION – "Nasty DNA" LP

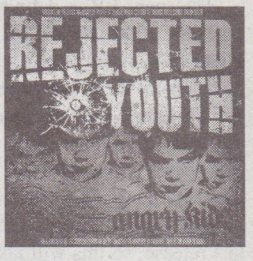
When I reviewed this as a demo over a year ago, I mentioned hoping it would see vinyl treatment, and lo and behold, here I am listening to it on 180-gram vinyl. This band has a heavy, dissonant sound that is their own, but draws from the heaviness of SWANS and RORSCHACH, the bleak, cynical tone of BORN AGAINST and FLIPPER (somewhat), and riffs that remind me of the slower parts of *My War* and *Slip It In*, as well as black metal in a few places. The opening guitar part listens like a doomed warship setting sail, and the rest of the record is the playing out of this scenario, with otherworldly vocals that are often elongated over the music and tell a sorrowful tale, and crushing, sometimes complicated drumming that emphasizes everything. Except for a few scattered fast parts, this record maintains a moderately slow, heavy pace, and a pattern starts to emerge by the B-side: these songs are generally held up by riffs that build things up and then let a single note ring out as the vocals scream over, and all of them end on a whim with feedback that's ended abruptly. POLLUTION's sound is hard to pin down, and nothing I write will do them justice. If you are a fan of heavy music, this is essential. (DG)
(Feast of Tentacles)

PROYECTO HOMBRE – "Cuerpos"

Barcelona has dished out yet another lo-fi, D-beat-induced hardcore band. Screaming, snotty vocals, buzzsaw guitar work and intense energy. This record is yet another prime example of the sonically chaotic tuneage coming out of a specific area at a certain time. (MS)
(self-released)

PSYCHO – "Studio Recordings 1982-1986" CD

Fuckin' A-right. This CD contains one of the forgotten classics of '80s Boston punk, in PSYCHO's *8-Song EP* 12" from '83. Songs like "Destruction," "Elimination" and "Contempt" are serious rippers. Along with that record, this disc contains three demos, the *Son of 8-Song EP* 7", a split 7" track, two comp tracks, and the *Hosebags from Hell* album. All of it great, with the *Hosebags…* stuff being the burliest. PSYCHO seems like they were kinda shunned in the scene at the time, maybe 'cause they were noticeably more nerdy and "punk" and not as jock-like as the rest of the Boston Crew. I'm not sure—I wasn't there. But this shit should be more well-known. (JU)
(Welfare)



PURPLE RHINESTONE EAGLE – "Amorum Tali" LP

This record is excellently recorded and sounds super authentic. By authentic I mean this sounds like it could have come out in the '60s. I just wish they hadn't kitsched-out the album art; it really undermines the integrity of the recording. The songwriting is typical of this genre, complete with reverberated and multi-layered vocals and a meandering jam session for each song. Unfortunately, the jamming goes on for a bit longer than is perhaps prudent, and the shredding doesn't keep me captivated like other bands of this nature. Maybe I'm just not stoned right now. However, this album is major encouragement to see PURPLE RHINESTONE EAGLE live. If you like BLACK SABBATH and JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, then you'll probably love PURPLE RHINESTONE EAGLE. (HD)
(self-released)

PUTAS MIERDAS – "La Nacion Mas Pobre" EP

This new EP is definitely different from their amazing 2009 release, but still killer. The catchy guitar riffs, super pissed lyrics and that mid-tempo beat are still there, but there is more of a street-punk feel to this, with a definite change in vocal style that uses some interesting patterns over the music that seems to be a bit off. The sound is distinctly Mexican punk and I can imagine the arm-and-arm fist-pumping to these anthemic tunes. I loved their last release, so this will take some getting used to, but it's definitely good and I would say that anyone interested in hearing the killer stuff coming out of Mexico should pick this up because it is the sound of any given show there. Check it out! (MB)
(Adelante)

RADIO REELERS – "Too Dumb to Quit" EP

I'm guessing this is a posthumous release, as these old timers have moved on to pastures new. A fine farewell with two originals and POGUES and PROBELMATICS covers. No surprises if you are familiar—super competent roll'n'roll-flavored garage rock. Think DEAD BOYS and PAGANS. Killer packaging, great production and a handful of great tracks make for a nice swansong! (TB)
(Meaty Beaty)

RAW NOISE – "System Never" CD

This CD rules! The production is great: loud and heavy but clear and raw. I've always favored vocalist Dean Jones' voice in EXTREME NOISE TERROR, and on this recording he sounds really brutal and strong. The songs are all raging crustcore in the vein of members' other bands EXTREME NOISE TERROR and DISGUST. This similarity between songs probably comes as no surprise to those familiar with the aforementioned bands. This is just a no frills, "(dis)charged ultra brutal hardcore punk holocaust", from a band whose demise birthed EXTREME NOISE TERROR in 1985. If you're a fan of the aforementioned, or earlier RAW NOISE recordings, you won't be disappointed. (DB)
(MCR Company)

RED MASS – "Too Many Parties/Kinda Funny"

Choyce, from CPC GANGBANGS and like a million other Montreal bands, has gone off the deep end. Far from the garagey punk fare he's been serving up for ten-plus years, in RED MASS Choyce (he wrote the songs and plays pretty much everything) channels PERE UBU or, more accurately, some other more obscure, more bent Midwest band from the mid-'70s. Kinda art-punky, but not too far afield from an early DEVO demo either. Both songs would sound right at home on the killer *Those Were Different Times* 3x10" compilation of Cleveland bands. (IS)
(Wall Ride)

REJECTED YOUTH – "Angry Kids" CD

Poppy, anthemic street-punk specializing in the kind of sing-alongs that kids at the Warped Tour probably go nuts for. (JH)
(Concrete Jungle)

ROT – "Seeding the Absurd" CD

This Brazilian band has been around since the early '90s making straight-ahead grindcore. *Seeding the Absurd* collects up a few splits and some live tracks including ones from their splits with YACOPSÆ, DEPRESSION and NO PREJUDICE. Most of these tracks were recorded in the late '90s. I've always liked their brand of no-frills grindcore, which is not unlike EXTREME NOISE TERROR or AGATHOCLES. The live tracks have much more of a hardcore sound. These aren't as heavy or fast as their *A Long Cold Stare* release, but the great vocals are still there. Looking for more old-school grindcore? Pick this up. Sadly, the band called it quits in 2008. (MH)
(DFL)

ROT SHIT – "You're Welcome" EP

The best record of the millennium; a thousand years will pass before perhaps someone reissues this and it is Top #1 Seller of 3010, you know what I'm saying? A bit wigger, some DEAD in there, some PHISHy meanderings—just kidding dog, it's *hardcore*, hardcore that addresses who cares issues like I forget what. Funny but serious. The Diceman. What the fuck do you want me to say about this record? These guys were definitely stoned, probably to the bone, probably high as shit when the made this record. Featuring members of !!! and the RADIOBEATS (yo, I ain't kidding, don't edit that out). Columbus Discount only prints like 40 copies of each record, right? There's only 39 of these bad boys out there cuz I just broke this fucker with my huge dick so if you see it purchase it with mommy's money. (BB)
(Columbus Discount)

SACRILEGE – "Time to Face the Reaper: The Demos" CD

Whoa! This CD is a collection of demos from November of '84 thru August of '86 and it totally rips! If you haven't heard this female-fronted UK band before, I would say that they're essential for any one who loves crust or a little metal and thrash in their hardcore, because I guarantee that they are a major influence on all crust/stenchcore bands after them. The sound quality is exceptional and these songs give a look inside the development of this great band, including a stylistic change with the drummer being replaced in '86 and a move away from their earlier UK punk sound. There is a booklet that contains lyrics and a sweet full-color photo spread. Get your hands on this. (MB)
(Absurd)

SCEPTRES – "Flatline Generation/The Tow"

Turns out something can be exuberant and cynical at the same time, sounding like a handshake and a punch. Sorta wish there was a lyric sheet since it seems the underlying message is biting and urgent, but mystery is the air nowadays. Not to say that this is some trashbag T-shirt, mask-wearing mysterioso hardcore—the fact that the band shares members with thee SHITTY LIMITS should indicate somewhat of what you're in for. Bryony's voice is jagged and the music is too, but it's got hooks that'll sink you if you're not paying attention. I have heard the SWELL MAPS and X-RAY SPEX bounced around in reference to this band; clearly Poly Styrene is the only female vocalist said person had ever heard of, and as for the Epic Soundtracks reference? I don't hear it. This is forceful, much more like the SADO-NATION 7" than any shambolic UK post-punk cassette-tape traders. In fact I would say this sounds like what it is: English hardcore kids playing jumped-up, sharp-edged punk with a few nods to the bands mentioned in the *Hardcore California* book. It's catchier than most diseases I can think of right now. (LG)
(Dire)

SCHOOL JERKS – "Decline" EP

Loved this band's first 7", not as into this one. It's still snotty, raw, mid-tempo hardcore with punchy riffs and a clean-ish guitar tone, but the potency is diluted partially due to the vocals sounding more sloppy and almost less confident, while they were more piercing and on-point on the first 7". The riffs sound fairly reminiscent of *Damaged* on this record, which gives the whole thing a slightly suburban SoCal feel, which isn't a bad thing on its own but doesn't quite work with the musical aesthetics here. It'd be like POISON IDEA theoretically doing "Thirsty and Miserable" on *Pick Your King*: combining two great things that don't entirely gel together—though if you disagree with me, then you might be more into this than I am. (DG)
(Cowabunga)

SCREAMING FEMALES – "Singles" CD

A collection of their singles, as the title suggested, talking in six tracks in total. If you ain't familiar with the SCREAMING FEMALES, this New York outfit plays somewhere between early '90s indie, post-riot-grrl punk rock and some out-and-out '70s longhair rock'n'roll. I have trouble pigeonholing this band, and that is a damn good thing as they've managed to roll all the above influences into their own unique sound without ever losing the rock. (SD)
(Don Giovanni)

SEED OF PAIN – "Blindfolded & Doomed" CD

This sounds like an independent movie soundtrack—very cinematic. This quality is indeed one of its strengths, but when I say "independent movie" I'm referring to a genre of film tethered to the mainstream by its self-identification as an alternative. SEED OF PAIN claims to be a "group of angry young men" playing music "without limits, restrictions and rules." And this "no limit" philosophy, they say, allows for the expression of "honesty" in the music. While SEED OF PAIN would like to escape musical and aesthetic limitations, they can't—until they acknowledge they can't. The transgression of aesthetic limits happens by going to the limit, not by acting like one has none. And the most ironic part of their somewhat cavalier mission statement is that musically they sound like a post-hardcore/post-rock band, a band so easily marketable, a band on Hydrahead, a band that loves JOY DIVISION and (possibly) HEAD OF DAVID, a band with an image, an aesthetic, with limits. And these limits make it what it is: cinematic, dark, engaging, melancholic, angst-ridden, etc. Why deny it? (DB)
(Cobra)

SHELLSHAG – "Rumors in Disguise" LP

As far as mid-tempo pop music goes, SHELLSHAG is the best band on the planet. They're like the best kept secret in pop-punk. I've seen them play around 30 times (they're not a local band by the way), and it's always a modestly sized crowd there. *But*, everyone at the show is obsessed with them. And totally flipping out. They're singing along to every song, dancing, crying, blacking out, puking, making out...it's like an over-dramatized movie version of a show, but it's real life! Their songs are like finely crafted pop gems. Each has an infectiously catchy guitar riff, and you can sing along to the song the first time you hear it. Perfect dance-party material. Although on this album, you'd probably do less dancing and more swaying from side to side. The tracks are slower and dreamier—although one like "Resilient Bastard" and "He Said She Said" will get you doing the pogo, no problem. These songs are some of the best tunes that Jen and Shell have ever written. You'll instantly fall in love with this album if you give it a chance. This is super highly recommended! (FS)
(Don Giovanni)

SIGNALS – "Too Modern World..." EP

This guitar/synth/drums trio from West Philly plays distorted, discordant but still catchy punk/wave on the first two tracks of this EP. It might be a lazy comparison, but I can't help thinking of the SCREAMERS; maybe like LOST SOUNDS at their least melodic would be a more fitting description. Surprisingly, the B-side is total psych rock... Didn't melt my brain or anything but it's pretty sublime nonetheless. Cool record, worth checking out. (CS)
(self-released)

SLAVE SCENE – "Heaven Only Knows" LP

This is a noise record as far as I'm concerned. Maybe SONIC YOUTH's evil dopplegangers. Full of super damaged sounds, exploring the territory CULT RITUAL only touched on but steered away from. Most prominent on *Heaven Only Knows* seems to be the vocals. Drowned in reverb and babbled out relentlessly, they seem more distracting to me than interesting. The constant distortion and repetitive secondary (e.g. the music) remind me of FRESH MEAT's unfortunate EP on Fashionable Idiots a year or so ago. This must have been a drug-induced album—it distinctly reminds me of the endless nights of bad drugs and mean things put to music. All of those uncomfortable thoughts that I never liked anyway, caught to tape and replayed at 45 RPM. No thanks. (RM)
(VPS)

SLOBS – "Memory Lapse" EP

SLOBS clock in with a great blast of trashy HC in the style of early GANG GREEN; the sound is thick and pungent, with riffy guitars and snot-nosed vocals. This Quebec band covers familiar ground with songs that are often stripped down to the basics (as with the no-nonsense "Done Caring"), but they package it in a way so that it avoids cliché and actually comes across as fresh and vital. Strongly recommended! (SS)
(Machette)

SLUTTY CHURCH CHIXXX – "God Bless America" EP

Apparently, word is, they tell me; these guys requested that I review their record. I assume this is because they want me to give it a bad review so they can put it on their fucking MySpace or something and laugh about it. "Fuck Maximum!!!!" Well, I'm not gonna waste words on this waste of time. Bad record, bad review. This is CD-R rock, ex-con bullshit. I'm gonna go home. At least there's a free digital download. Just realized this band sent me a personal copy, which I'm not even gonna sell to Amoeba, just throwing it away. (BB)
(No Profit)

SLUTTY CHURCH CHIXXX – "Your Morality" EP

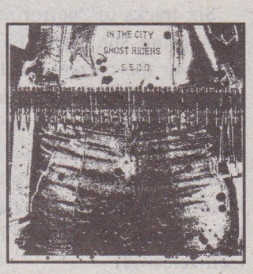
Sidestepping the silly cover and even sillier band name, this is a WARSAW-PAKT-type experiment where the eight songs were written and recorded within 24 hours (though not pressed and put in stores within 72 hours, like WARSAW PAKT) by veterans of Huntsville, Alabama bands like '90s thrashers RANDOM CONFLICT. It's "dedicated to the legacy of early-'80s American hardcore," respectfully delivering solid, to-the-point, rudimentary USHC in tandem with blunt lyrics like "We've had enough police harassment," "Minimum wage... maximum rage," "I don't need your morality / Fuck you, you're not the majority." There's something about the simplicity and the way really basic, straightforward music is belted out with throaty vocals like the PIST or CAUSTIC CHRIST that all serves the easy-to-understand lyrics—even without looking at the lyric sheet, the intent is easy to grasp. Everything is a vehicle for expressing rage, anger and indignation so that it *does* actually capture something about '80s bands that a lot of retro groups miss; it somehow seems a little fresh in contrast to the vague, layered poetic lyrics people sometimes try to pass off as political... While this doesn't reinvent the wheel, it's a fun listen that probably clocks better than those last few dregs of the Mystic Records Super Seven Collection you're still hunting down for your record stash. (KS)
(No Profit)

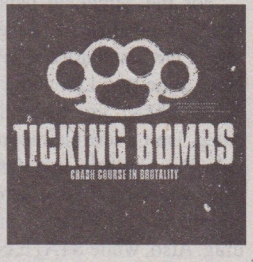
THE SNAKES – "Hiyahoya/Bill Jack I & II"

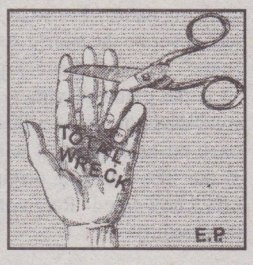
This had me hooked from the intro, where the band struggles a bit with a bubblegum riff and a scream from the *Navajo Joe* soundtrack gets tossed into the mix a few times. The band continues to struggle with the rest of "Hiyahoya" but they emerge entirely victorious: absolutely magic! Not unlike the GODZ (the ESP Records GODZ, that is) at their more garagey. "Billy Jack I" and "Billy Jack II" venture into HALF JAPANESE territory, the former with some pretty tolerable psych noise jamming. The SNAKES don't seem to give a fuck and it does my heart good to know that someone is still making records like this. (DD)
(Slow Gold Zebra)

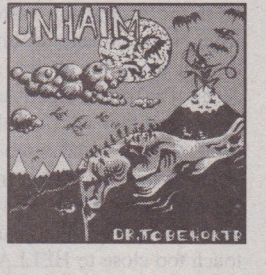
SONIC AVENUES – LP

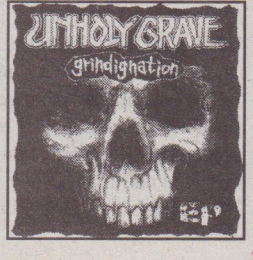
I'm just putting this on the turntable now and I think I'm going to like it. The record label shows the song titles and includes song length; nothing over four minutes, one under











two. There's even a gentle reminder that the record plays at 33 RPM. Fuck yeah, it does. Oh, it's just starting. The guitar is catchy and jangly. My head is bouncing. I can't stop it. I don't even want to. This is somewhere in that magical place where pop-punk and power-pop become one. This one goes on my list, fer sure. (KK)
(Going Gaga, www.myspace.com/goinggagarcords)

SPAWN ATOMIC – "Power Plant EP" CD

Six tracks of "horror-rock." Actually, not sure what genre sub-MISFITS combos fall into, but whatever the current label is, these young chaps wear that mantle with pride. Complete with songs about zombies and women (they seem to favor the former, and not so keen on the latter). Lots of woah-oh-ohs and that growly bass sound. Cartoon misogyny aside, this is one of the better MISFITS tribute bands doing that thing. (RK)
(self-released)

STATE – "Excommunicated" EP

For the Michigan band STATE in 2010, it's almost a handicap to have released *No Illusions*, one of *the* best hardcore EPs of the 1980s. They've since done two LPs and a handful of 7"s (mostly in the 2000s), and while their latest, *Excommunicated*, isn't a terrible record by any means, I can't help but compare it unfavorably to past glories. The band *sounds* good here—the recording is nice and thick—but a couple of the tracks really kinda drag. Also, while STATE continues to write decent political and anti-authoritarian lyrics, they're just too damn rhyme-y for my tastes: "Go ahead and trash my name / For what I am I feel no shame / I will never be the same / As you, or play your little game." Anyway, the high point of *Excommunicated* is the guitar playing—Art Tendler has a great style when he drops a lead into a song. The best track on here, perhaps tellingly, is a re-recording of the '80s-era song originally known as "Nixed Life," now titled "Reign of Terror." (CS)
(Statement)

STEFAN & THE PROBLEMATIX – "In the City" EP

If the production weren't so antiseptic, this would have a chance of hitting as hard as it wants to. But every bit of dirt, spontaneity and danger seems ProTooled right out of these three songs. Too bad. If they were roughed up around the edges a bit, they'd sound more dirty bar than Warped Tour. Stefan Granberg from the Swedish band RANDY takes a stab at swaggering, leather jacket and cum-stained tight-jean punk rock. Sounds a touch too close to HELLACOPTERS for my palette. Limited to 333 copies. (IS)
(Machette)

THE STICKS – "On the Run" 2xEP

The STICKS are a three-piece from Brighton, UK. They mix '60s garage sensibilities with post-punk attitude and lo-fi noise. Messy, primitive and aggressive, then pretty and poppy. The recording is distorted and fuzzy. They would fit in nicely with TY SEGALL or THEE OH SEES. There are ten songs—a whole album's worth on two 7" records. Very nice. (CK)
(Upset the Rhythm)

STUN GUNS – "And There Was Nothing We Could Do About It" LP

STUN GUNS were around in Miami during the '90s. One listen to this record and I get a strong sense that they were pretty influential in shaping the sound of current bands coming from that corner of the world, most notably Chattanooga and Gainesville. As a reference point, and so as not to go comparing this band with others, a handful of the songs here originally appeared on an EP on Recess ages ago. This is a repress of a record that originally came out close to ten years ago, but sounds like it could have been new in the last few years. (BD)
(Do Ya Hear We)

SUBURBAN SCUM – "Internal War" CD

These dudes beat out some serious metal moshorama. Sometimes it's just straight metal, but usually the breakdown is prominent. The lyrics are personal and relentlessly negative; they really didn't work for me. The sound is pro, but it's not too bad regardless. This is a competent example of the genre. Actually it's not as bad as many, as they bang out seven songs in fifteen minutes. Still, I got kind of bored. (JM)
(Ride the Fury)

SUPER YOB – "Aggrophobia" LP

Awesome! Originally released in 1996 on CD only, this is the debut album from this classic fucking pub rock'n'Oi band fronted by one of the godfathers of English skinhead music—on vinyl for the first time!! Frankie "Boy" Flame is the Oi version of "The Killer" JERRY LEE LEWIS with his punked-up piano and keyboard playing! Starting way back in the late '80s/early '90s, Frankie Flame and his piano appeared on many releases for numerous English Oi! bands like the BUSINESS, ANOTHER MAN'S POISON and Switzerland's beloved "sugar Oi" darlings, the VANILLA MUFFINS. His input broadened the sound of these bands to create more of a pub-rock feel while retaining the brickwall sound of Oi music, and his own band SUPER YOB does just that as well. This is the first of three planned vinyl reissues by SUPER YOB from Rock'n'Roll Disgrace Records, which should be greatly appreciated by anyone who claims to be an Oi fan. Get your copy as soon as they come out 'cus they are being limited to only 500 each so they won't last for long!! (ML)
(Rock'n'Roll Disgrace)

TALK SICK – "Wish You Were Beer" EP

Now let me get this straight: you have this whole beer thing going on, record cover has a bunch of badly dressed clowns sitting on a stack of PBR (they even thank said brand in the inner sleeve) whilst the title is just soaked in the stuff. Now let me tell ya, I love the stuff—I even might be borderline alcoholic, I love the stuff so much that I wouldn't let that weak shit you call beer anywhere near my elitist lips. Fuck that low alcohol pisswater—PBR is the shittest of the shit. You ain't no beer drinker—you would be scared shiteless of the nectar that gets pored down my throat. As for the music, well, what can I say? Your choice of the amber hops says it all. I'm off for a nice royal watering of Samuel Smith's oatmeal stout. (SD)
(self-released)

TATTOOED MOTHER FUCKERS – "Hey Ho! Let's Go!/Boring"

Two songs from these British hooligans. This has all the telltale signs of a bad record, from the band name to the lyrics and cover art, but it's well executed and catchy. If you're into modern/heavy Oi and street-punk, chances are you will like this. (JH)
(Koi)

TAYLOR BOW – "Thin Air" LP

Q: How much art can you take? A: Not this much. Hipsters *raus*. (VX)
(Youth Attack)

TEAMKILLER – CD EP

CDs are a fucking garbage format, so it seems appropriate that they usually house the worst music I get to review. This is definitely the worst piece of crap I'm going to review this issue. Slick production + weak '90s chugga shit + Euro wannabe-NYHC vocals + band photos that look like an aging boy band trying to hold on to the last shreds of their fading sexual attractiveness + vaguely Hare Krsna "spiritual" lyrics = this crap. Now excuse me, I'm going to go bathe in bleach to remove the all-permeating smell of fecal matter that this pile of shit left behind. (VX)
(Cobra)

TEENAGE GLUESNIFFERS – "Nervous Breakdown" CD

From Italy, these guys join the masses in the QUEERS/SCREECHING WEASEL genre. This is upbeat and fun if not original. They even have a song called "Back to the '90s," so at least they are honest as well. Mostly for fans of the genre. (RL)
(Mind Rot)

THURNEMAN – "Tegelsten for Tegelsten" EP

On this, their third EP to date, THURNEMAN further refines their hardcore style, which still seems very influenced by early ARTICLES OF FAITH. The best material is tense and tight (like "Din Tystnad Som Svar"); it serves up a grating, trebly guitar attack without a breath of dead air. I can see the comparisons some make with '82-vintage HÜSKER DÜ, especially when they're playing their occasional mid-speed material. Nevertheless, this EP is consistently compelling. Recommended. (SS)
(Sorry State)

TICKING BOMBS – "Crash Course in Brutality" CD

Damn! What the hell is it about Sweden?? They continue to produce some of the best fucking punk rock'n'roll bands out there!! And the best thing about groups from Europe in general—and for some reason Sweden in particular—is that the

lines between punk/Oi and rock'n'roll are so blurred that you can get bands that look like straight-up skinheads that play fucking incredible rock'n'roll riffs—think of something like the 4-SKINS meets the HELLACOPTERS!!! Personally, I love it. Even the relatively cheezy use of brass knuckles and hand grenades in the cover art and band logo... Love it!! (ML)
(Concrete Jungle)

TOTAL WRECK – "Repetition" EP

Even before I saw that this band is from Richmond, I was already comparing the opening riff and vocals to the first GOVERNMENT WARNING 7", but I like this record better than that one. TOTAL WRECK plays tight, speedy hardcore with big, memorable riffs that just call out for giant circle pits, and the occasional sudden breakdown that makes you want to do a flip off a PA speaker; before you know it, it's time to flip the thing over for round two. This is a good record that is made even better by the dynamic, tight drumming and a great recording that's slightly boomy and lets everything ring through, but something tells me that this band needs to be seen live to be truly experienced. (DG)
(Absent)

TRICLOPS! – "Helpers on the Other Side" CD

Looking to drop some acid and listen some prog/psych-punk? Well then, this is the album you're looking for. There is some truly mind-altering madness going on here. Although their first LP was great, you were a little more prone to a bad trip—especially if you had some particularly strong psychedelics. Like that song where the lyrics were all bubbly and it sounded like you were underwater, and then you thought you couldn't breathe? Way less likely to happen on this album. You're more likely to be approached by a Pegasus and told the origins of human existence. But seriously, punks who are fans of BUTTHOLE SURFERS and MELVINS take heed: TRICLOPS! is the band you should be listening to right now. (FS)
(Alternative Tentacles)

TYVEK – "Skyin" LP

This 2004 four-track recording documents Detroit's TYVEK at what I assume is a nascent stage; it's got early versions of tracks like "This One or That One" and "Mary Ellen Claims" that would later wind up on vinyl. I'm not a TYVEK fanatic or nothing but I really liked that Siltbreeze LP from a year or so ago.... While *Skyin* is not hugely removed from their current material, it's pretty straightforward and less interesting to me than the band's later stuff. Although there is a really cool slower song towards the end of side A that I dug quite a bit, I dunno... This is kind of like sitting in at someone's practice (complete with false starts and extended silences in between songs)—cool if you like the band, but not really for the casual fan. (CS)
($15 ppd: EXBX)

UNHAIM – "Dr. Tobekoktr" EP

There seems to be a rule here at *MRR*: if it's somewhat crusty and put out by four or more labels with *looooong* addresses, it ends up in my review box. Fortunately I happen to often enjoy incredibly lo-fi Eurocrust, so it all works out. The drum kit sounds like a collection of tin cans and buckets stuffed with pillows, and the production on a couple of the songs borders on garage rock, but it somehow works pretty perfectly. Actually, the garage rock influence is in more than just the production: there are some pretty weird '60s proto-psych riffs going on in three of the four songs, and the bass is played very unusually for this style throughout. I like it—it's four parts DEATHREAT to one part 13TH FLOOR ELEVATORS. Unexpectedly great shit here, and it comes with a glow-in-the-dark cover, which is beyond strange. (VX)
(Deviance / Rinderherz / Ravachol / Alcoholic Desaster)

UNHOLY GRAVE – "Grindignation" EP

What to say about UNHOLY GRAVE that hasn't already been said, after having been around since 1993 and in the last ten years put out over 80 records? There are two things I can say about this release. First, it's a very thick *square* 7" with nice blue swirls among the black. The artwork on the other hand is confusing because it includes the covers of two or two of their other releases. Second, these are some great tracks. Japanese grindcore rooted in the beginnings of the genre. Seven short, ripping, raw tracks with the unique vocals that are UNHOLY GRAVE. Includes a BLACKWATER cover. (MH)
(Death Agonies and Screams)

USELESS CHILDREN – "Skin" EP

My first impression of this record was that the singer sounds remarkably like Kathleen Hanna. It would be very difficult to see this as a bad thing. This vocal similarity is only apparent on the first song, which definitely has a BIKINI KILL vibe, only heavier. More rock'n'roll is introduced in the second song, with a creeping, crawling scummy vibe to it. The bass is pretty overwhelming, turning it into noisy sludge. BIG BLACK comes to mind. Flip the record. More snarling bass-heavy rumbling; the jangly, upbeat feeling of the first song on side A now vanished into oblivion. This is good. This is actually very good. I would also *never* listen to this in my free time, but that says a lot more about my priorities and the generally limited spectrum of my tastes than about the quality of this record. I pretty much stick to metal, hardcore/punk, the BEATLES, some psych and CAT STEVENS, and this is none of those things. It's still a fine record though. Maybe it's something you'll want to listen to. Maybe not. Not really my business, anyway. (VX)
(Criminal IQ)

THE VACANT – "Kings of Evil" EP

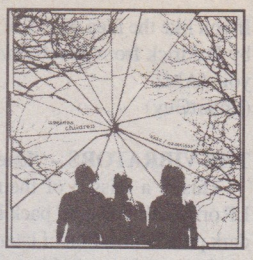
This is really boring pseudo-satanic hyper-misogynist ass rock. They give me such a strong sense of sincerity in the lyrics that I almost believe the song titles—that these hairy-palmed, talentless cretins really do want to be my "Sexual Hitler" and that if I met them, they might deign to think of me or any of my friends as "Sexy Bitches." The music is less inventive than most LOOKOUT! bands' songwriting. Listening to this is like looking at GG ALLIN's MySpace page and realizing that he didn't start being GG ALLIN until he was your dad. (HD)
(Wrecked 'Em)

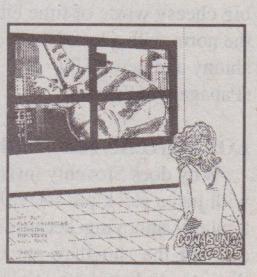
VARSITY WEIRDOS – "I Can't Go Home" LP

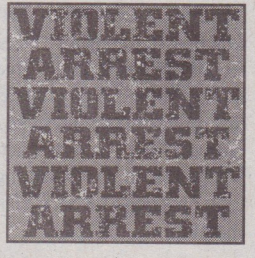
Good, hard pop-punk. This has a real punch to the melody and the hooks are plentiful enough to call it catchy. It has that great "Sonic Iguana" sound, thick and solid, and I would list these guys alongside the METHADONES and that whole old Chicago scene. I can hear WESTON in there too...and of course RAMONES. Good stuff. (AD)
(It's Alive)

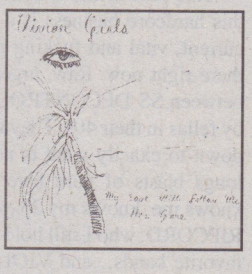
VERMIN POETS – "Vermin Poets" EP

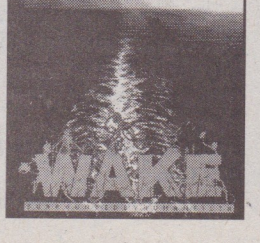
This is a BILLY CHILDISH project, although he's on bass here and I don't think he wrote the songs. Still, it's pretty much what you might expect—exceptionally well-written garage punk, played with just the right amount of practiced nuance (e.g. very little). The twist here is there seems to be some sort of medieval theme, which mostly reveals itself in the occasional chirp of a lyre and in the sartorial affectations of the musicians.











If you like the idea of THEE HEADCOATS fronted by Baldrick from *Blackadder*, this is the record for you. (AM)
(SmartGuy)

THE VIBRATORS – "Energize" LP

This is a reissue of their "Hello, we are back" LP originally released back in 2002. Decent enough dark punk with a hint of later DAMNED. Not gonna set the record player ablaze or win any new converts to these old stewards of punk rock, however not a big cheesy waste of time either, which seems to be the norm with a lot of the older folk trying to get all shinny and new. (SD)
(Papagajuv Hlasatel)

LOS VIGILANTES – "Mi Mami Dijo/Que Mal"

Why does Slovenly insist on putting out records with just a stock pic sleeve? It's annoying. It's particularly annoying because I happen to like quite a lot of the shit they put out, including this one. As you might expect, it's got a bit of a throwback feel—sort of '60s, but not really. It's sort of garagey, but a little too polished for that. It's got a little surf and a little swamp. This is the kind of record put out by kids that really enjoy rock and roll. It's the kind of thing you could imagine kids in Keds and sweaters shaking their asses to down at the Tiki Bar. (KK)
(Slovenly)

VOID – "Hit and Run/Condensed Flesh" LP

Mysterious Guy Hardcore, a genre I created, stems from this band, but not from these recordings. This is the shit—some stoned-as-fuck teens making a sick funny demo that you should purchase and listen to. This has the *Hit and Run* demo that made the rounds on the internet when the internet was first started (mid-1800s), the *Condensed Flesh* recordings and a fuckin' live set that sounds like it's on the wrong speed at the end. But it might not be, this might just be the sickest fuckin' band ever you morons. This live set is actually sick as fuck. This whole record is something you would definitely light up a doob to. Sick. (BB)
(bootleg)

VIOLENT ARREST – "Minute Manifestos" CD

This band is inspiration to older punks who think this hardcore business is a young man's game. As current, vital and fucking ripping as any band out there right now. Raw, urgent hardcore like a cross between SS DECONTROL and UK punk… Made by fellas in their 40s. They manage to pair the songs down to exactly what is needed—namely minute-longs blasts of pure hate and bile. Anyone who knows me, knows my 23-year long love affair with RIPCORD, who I still hold up as one of my all-time favorite bands…and VIOLENT ARREST features three-fourths of that band! I would go as far as to say this as good as anything this group has done. Ten new tracks and the rest culled from the double-7" and comp material. 24 tracks in 27 minutes. My only complaint is that there is no vinyl. What??? This shit kills! (TB)
(Boss Tuneage)

VIVIAN GIRLS – "My Love Will Follow Me/ He's Gone"

Perhaps many of you have been turned off to this band because of all the attention they have received from the mainstream alternative press. It's understandable. And attending a sold-out show at some hip rock'n'roll bar feels kind of gross. And for many of us, this is what we associate with VIVIAN GIRLS. But, if you can see past all that nonsense—listen to one of their records, just for the pure enjoyment you'll receive. It's kind of a beautiful thing. You know that place between dreaming and waking up with full consciousness? That where VIVIAN GIRLS' songs exist. And this two-song 45 is no exception. The A-side is a catchy mid-tempo pop song with harmonizing vocals. B-side sounds like it's straight off *Pet Sounds*, which is a complement. Totally worth picking up if you dig theses ladies or if you've never heard them before. Recommended. (FS)
(Wild World)

WAKE – "Surrounded by Human Filth" EP

Based on the super HydraHead-y design of the sleeve and record, I was expecting something a lot different. Rather than being emo or hipster metal, the A-side is slightly tech-y grind with more than a hint of NASUM influence. The flip is much more in the TRAGEDY epi-crust vein, but with some metallic trem-picking parts and a rather cool melodic outro. I have to admit, I was judging this book by its cover and I was more than pleasantly surprised by this 7". (AU)
(self-released)

THE WANKYS – "Weapons of Musical Destruction" 8"

England's noisiest band is at it again. For those who don't know, take the guitar from ATROCIOUS MADNESS, turn up the high-end (yeah, I know, but make it go to 11) and add it to repetitive bouncy UK Oi/punk rock with Screams From The Toilet vocals (whatever that means). This music is completely stupid, and that is exactly the point! Ultra fun noise punk distortion chaos that comes from dudes who are well old enough to know better but too drunk to care. This awesome eight-song 8" record comes complete with a fanzine called *Wank Mag* so you can learn more about your favorite noise punk band: the WANKYS. If you are lucky enough to live on the East Coast, then go see 'em this summer. (WN)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

WAR OF DESTRUCTION – "Tapes 81-82" LP

So what we got here is an LP containing three cassette tapes from WAR OF DESTRUCTION—the first, *Warchild*, recorded in '81, and the second and third, *W. of D.* and *F'DI*, recorded in '82. Each differs slightly from the previous. *Warchild* has this total primitive, dirgy, atmospheric thing happening like a harder, more straightforward NO TREND or FLIPPER—totally fucked-up, raw and original sounding. *W. of D.* is still has more of the punk feel and is plodding right along and great. The *F'DI* tape has more of a hardcore edge/DISCHARGE influence and it's easy to see this lead to the '83 self-titled 7"; hearing all this lineage makes sense of the LP recorded in '85. This is highly recommended and awesome art-damaged hardcore punk. (RR)
(Arg!)

WHISKEY AND KNIVES – CD

Hmm, I wonder what it would be like if HATEBREED, 311 and PENNYWISE had a butt baby? Oh yeah, it sounds like the new WHISKEY AND KNIVES record. Rock on! (JH)
(Zodiac Killer)

THE WONDER YEARS – "The Upsides" CD

Slick pop-punk that reminds me of BLINK 182, the ATARIS, and TAKING BACK SUNDAY. But this is done pretty well considering all the competition in the genre. Not a masterpiece but a decent full-length. (RL)
(No Sleep)

V/A – "Untitled 21: A Juvenile Tribute To Swingin' Utters" CD

Wow! How the heck can I do justice to this?? Although I am admittedly not the biggest fan of the SWINGIN' UTTERS, I have listened to them enough to appreciate how incredible and influential they are, and to back that up there are 31 bands on this compilation of cover songs paying tribute to them, including SMALLTOWN, OFF WITH THEIR HEADS, DROPKICK MURPHYS and more… With bands from all over the place covering a wide range of styles, these tracks run the gamut from true-to-the-original renditions to completely re-worked versions. Not every song necessarily does justice to the original, but most are pretty damn good and the standouts on this compilation for me are "London Drunk" by TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET, "Five Lessons Learned" by TEEN IDOLS and "15th and T" by the SORE THUMBS. (ML)
(Red Scare)

V/A – "Warsaw Is Burning" EP

A compilation of one to two songs each (eight tracks total) from the current bands in the Warsaw, Poland scene, complete with a booklet of lyrics, links to their local scene and information on the Elba Squat in Warsaw. On the red-vinyl EP, BURST/IN plays strong modern-style hardcore; GOVERNMENT FLU delivers straight-up wicked '80s hardcore; EL BANDA has two strong tracks of moody punk with what sounds like violin assisting the melody; the BLACK TAPES play ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT-ish punk; and SIX PACK kind of sound like BL'AST—they're headed towards recapturing an early '80s sound but colored by the speed and precision of a later hardcore sound. A cohesive and across-the-board good EP, and a great representation of their local scene. Awesome! (KS)
(Refuse)

V/A – "Welcome to the Golden State Vol. II" EP

Cool and diverse collection of California bands covering a lot of different ground. Standouts here are the Bay Area's MIGRAINE, who contributes two great and completely spazzed-out tracks (think SIEGE and you're not too far off) and the IMPOSTERS, whose song I'm having a hard time describing, but it's super catchy and creative and I'll definitely be checking them out soon. Recommended. (JH)
(Cowabunga)

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Commitment: Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, NETHERLANDS, www.commitmentrecords.nl
Concrete Jungle: www.concretejunglerecords.com
Cowabunga: 144 N. Mountain Avenue, Claremont, CA 91711, www.cowabungarecords.com
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Criminal IQ: 3057 N. Rockwell 2nd Floor, Chicago, IL 60618, www.criminaliq.com
Critiscum Internationale: 1675 Salsbury Dr., Vancouver, BC CANADA V5L 3Z8
Cubicle: PO Box 911373, Los Angeles, CA 90091
Damaged Goods: PO Box 45854, London E11 1JA, UNITED KINGDOM, damagedgoods.co.uk
Darbouka: 17 Rue De La Foret, 7340 Menchhoffen, FRANCE
DC-Jam: 2733 E. Battlefield Rd., #164, Springfield, MO 65804, www.dcjamrecords.com
Dead End: 3101 Browns Mill Road, Suite 6-108, Johnson City, TN 37604, www.deadendrecs.com
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Death Agonies and Screams: deathagoniesscreams.wordpress.com
Defector: www.thedefector.com/label.html
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Dispensed: www.myspace.com/thedispensed
District 5: www.district5records.com
Don Giovanni: PO Box 628, Kingston, NJ 08528, www.dongiovannirecords.com
Do Ya Hear We: PO Box 6073, Chattanooga, TN 37401, www.doyahearwe.com
Dull Knife: www.dullkniferecords.com
EHC: www.myspace.com/ehcrecords
EXBX: www.exbxtapes.com
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5 Cobras: www.mysace.com/5cobras
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Fragment Music: Apdo. 2247, 09080 Burgos, SPAIN, www.fragmentrecords.com
Frantic City: franticcity.free.fr
Gargamboig: www.myspace.com/gargamboig
Give Praise: www.givepraiserecords.com
Going Gaga: www.myspace.com/goinggagarcords
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Goner: 2152 Young Avenue, Memphis, TN 38104, www.goner-records.com
Goodtimes: PO Box 670, Hamilton, NSW 2302, AUSTRALIA, myspace.com/xgoodtimesdistrox
H:G Fact: www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact
Inimical: PO Box 2803, Seattle, WA 98111
Insulin Addicted: 4 Juli 3a 1060, Skopje MACEDONIA, www.myspace.com/insulinaddictedrecords
It's Alive: 11411 Hewes St., Orange, CA 92869
Jump Start: www.jumpstartrecords.com
Koi: www.koirecords.com
La Vida Es Un Mus: www.lavidaesunmus.com
Local Cross: 1619 Commonwealth Ave. #2, Boston, MA 02135, records@localcross.com
Longshot Music: 980 Harrison Street, San Francisco, CA 94107, www.longshotmusic.com
Machette: 7889 Saint Denis, Montreal, QC, CANADA, H2R 2E9, www.machetterecords.com
Magnetic South: 1305 Madison, Bloomington, IN 47403
Matzugoru: www.matsugorurecords@hotmail.it
May Or West: myspace.com/mayorwestmusic
MCR Company: 157 Kamiagu, Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913, JAPAN, www.dance.ne.jp/~mcr/
Meaty Beaty: www.longshotmusic.com/mbr
Metastasis: 8707 Coastal Drive, Austin, TX 78749
Midwestern Decline: midwesterndecline.blogspot.com
Mind Rot: mindrotrecords.bigcartel.com
Mint: PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC, CANADA, V6B 3Y6
Mongrel Country: myspace.com/mongrelcountry
Munster: Apdo. 147, Santurtzi 48980 Bizkaia, Basque Country (SPAIN), munster-records.com
Must Destroy Mankind: myspace.com/banalarama
No Front Teeth: www.nofrontteeth.net
No Profit: 2724 Glastonbury Rd., Apex, NC 27539
No Sleep: www.nosleeprecs.com
Papagajuv Hlasatel: Pavel Friml, Mrstikova 393, 66482 Ricany U Brna, CZECH REP, www.phr.cz
Patac: www.patacrecords.com
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Peterwalkee: 408 Richmond Ave., Buffalo, NY 14222, www.peterwalkeerecords.com
Post Party Depression: 3607 Greystone Dr. #210, Austin, TX 78731
Proyecto Hombre: Apdo. 33.343, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN
Pumpkin: www.pumpkinrecords.co.uk
Punk4Free: www.punk4free.org
Ravachol: c/o Future Noir, PO Box 2347, 2001 Neuchatel, SWITZERLAND, futurenoir.propagande.org
Rebound Action: CP 87, 01100 Viterbo Centro, ITALY, rarecs@libero.it
Red Scare: www.redscare.net
Refuse: PO Box 7, 02-792 Warszawa 78, POLAND, www.refuserecords.prv.pl
Residue: www.residue-records.com
Ride the Fury: www.myspace.com/ridethefury
Rinderherz: Postfach 6086, 2500 Biel 6, SWITZERLAND, www.rinderherzrecords.ch.vu
Rising Riot: www.risingriotrecords.com
Rock'n'Roll Disgrace: 24 Sadler Street, Lynn, MA 01905, www.rnrdisgrace.com
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Sacred Bones: 144 N 7th St #413, Bklyn, NY 11211
SBS: www.myspace.com/supportlocalmusicsbs
Shogun: 3 Rue Du La Voir, 51140 Bovvancourt, FRANCE, www.shogunrecords.com
Signals: c/o Firehouse Bikes, 701 S. 50th Street, 2nd Floor, Philadelphia, PA 19143, myspace.com/signalsphiladelphia
Slovenly: www.slovenly.com
Slow Gold Zebra: PO Box 20506, Tompkins Square Sta., New York, NY 10009, www.myspace.com/slowgoldzebra
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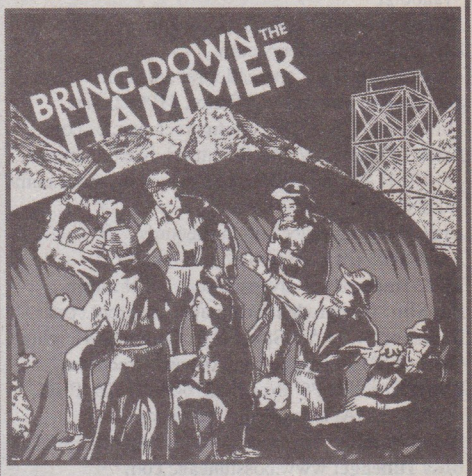

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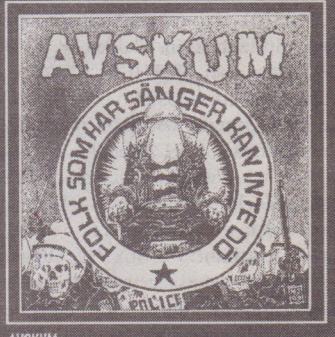

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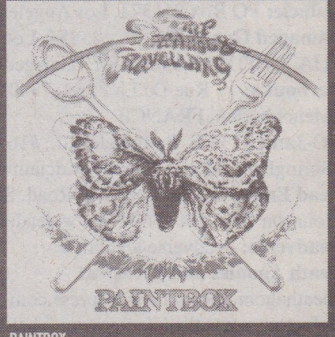

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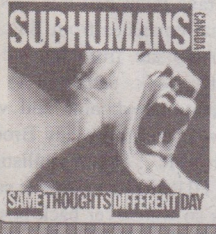

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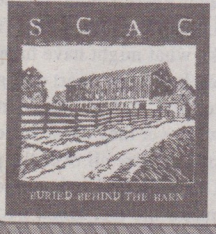

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Mariam Bastani, Robert Collins, Layla Gibbon, Dan Goetz, xYosefx.

A DISCO FOR FERNS – After a fucking atrocious whiny acoustic intro pile of shit that sucked away two minutes of my life, (fuck you for that), I was treated to six of the lowest fidelity sloppy grindcore songs I could imagine. I might guess that these in fact are not songs, but rather some nimrods jerking off with a four track. The vocals are clearly added after the fact and they kinda make me laugh. Kinda. I skipped the three minute acoustic outro song, I try to not get fooled twice during the same demo. This one is called *Sound Collage In Carrie Minor*. (Robert) (8-song CDr, no lyrics, $3ppd from OBZ Records 11777 Brazos Way, Lindale, TX 75711)

A DISCO FOR FERNS – This one is called *Chemical Burn*, and now they don't play grind at all. Sounds like an early MISFITS demo with a twelve year old singing, and they cover GG. (Robert) (6 song CDr, no lyrics, $3ppd from OBZ Records 11777 Brazos Way, Lindale, TX 75711)

A DISCO FOR FERNS – And for the third ADFF demo this month, *Look Who's Laughing*, they finally are getting into their stride. Now they play weird lo-fi grind *and* remedial punk rock on the same disc. The vocals have got to be a joke. (Robert) (10-song CDr, no lyrics, $3ppd from OBZ Records 11777 Brazos Way, Lindale, TX 75711)

BAD ASSETS – These Detroit working class punks have the stripped-down, bar friendly punk & roll thing nailed pretty well, but Oi is tough to pull off unless you have a singer with the proper pipes. (Robert) (3-song CDr, no lyrics, myspace.com/badassetsdetroit)

BEGGARS AND GENTRY – Swiss hardcore with a punk attitude. The aesthetic led me to believe I was about to jam some stripped down UK82, but then I read their band bio about preconceptions and *damn!* They got me. Not so much emphasis on the breakdown, which works fine for me, BEGGARS AND GENTRY are mostly mid tempo meaty 'core with a couple of straightforward fast licks and sweet guitar leads. (Robert) (5-song CDr/cassette, lyrics included, myspace.com/beggarsandgentry)

BOILERMAN – Melodic punk that would be just as happy opening for STRIKE ANYWHERE or NOFX as they would be playing a basement with THE ERGS. This is pop punk circa 1996 all over again, the Fat Wreck riffing and time changes with the overly emotive vocals... yeah, I've heard this. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, boilerxman@gmail.com)

BRAIN DRAIN – Fast aggressive hardcore punk, with the emphasis on the punk. Raw demo recording of good songs with some nice slow bits (but not generic breakdowns), that keep the demo from getting monotonous. Oshkosh, Wisconsin: represent! (Robert) (8 song CDr, lyrics included, myspace.com/braindrainwi)

BRAIN FLANNEL – Ironic that I drunkenly slurred this band's name and it came out BRAINHANDLE, because there are elements of Charlotte's BRAIN FLANNEL that do indeed remind me of the Pittsburgh geniuses. I think it's the bass. Killer, clean lead guitar that pierces through the mix while male/female vocals blend perfectly into the rest of the music. BRAIN FLANNEL are melodic, but certainly not poppy—as much up tempo SONIC YOUTH as they are VICIOUS... this shit is gonna catch on real fast, jump on. (Robert) (5 song cassette, no lyrics, $4ppd c/o Statue Story, 429 Pecan Ave., Charlotte, NC 28204)

THE CEILING STARES – Super fuzzed bass, jangly meandering guitars, plodding drums and vocal harmonies a la SUPERCHUNK...the '90s really have returned. Add (mellow) PIXIES and TSUNAMI (but mostly male vox) to the comparison list, and put it all in a screened stitched fabric sleeve. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, $5ppd co/ Bill Julin 4917 Cypress St., Pittsburgh, PA 15224, www.theceilingstares.com)

CHEMICAL THREAT – Rudimentary political UK punk from Southampton. From a cursory listen, these sound like teenagers just bashing out their frustrations—you know, like punks... but I cruised the www looking for some background on these fellows and I would guess that the youngest member of CHEMICAL THREAT is pushing 40. I don't know if this makes me like them more, or if it means I should hold them to a higher standard? (Robert) (5 song CDr, no lyrics, $6ppd c/o Ben Adams 82 Ivy Rd., St. Denys Southampton SO17 2JD UNITED KINGDOM)

CHLAMYDIOT – Dirgy and dirty fukked damage from Fargo. GODHEADSILO were from Fargo, weren't they? Yeah, that's what I thought. If this band moves on to make proper studio recordings, shit will sound like thunder, but this is a good start. (Robert) (7-song CDr, lyrics included, chlamydiot@gmail.com)

CHOKE UP – East coast new school 'core that tries to do too much all at once. I hear equal parts MAJORITY RULE, SNAPCASE and bullshit MTV "hardcore." Scratch that, this is total commercial "punk," and I apologize to MAJORITY RULE, who were a good band. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, chokeup.bandcamp.com)

CONQUEST FOR DEATH - Now this was a nice fucking find, a Japan tour tape from my favorite transcontinental hardcore band. Thanks you, *MRR* demo review bin gods. The members of CONQUEST FOR DEATH have all been in a ton of bands you know and love from Japan, the US and, at one point, Australia. I'm kind of sick of playing the ex-members game, though, so look it up if you care. What matters is that these motherfuckers have been around the block, and they make some seriously good hardcore. Shit, if they didn't, they'd have to relinquish their name on principle. Anyway, this tape has seven new songs (recorded in 2008 and 2009, so not all *that* new, I guess) of classic hardcore. If you like hardcore, you'll like this. If you don't like this, you should probably go back to scouring eBay for third-rate KBD bands and obscure power pop and leave the punk rock to the rest of us. (xYosefx) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 ppd from 91 Bennington St., San Francisco, CA 94110)

CRAZY SPIRIT – Tortured, weird hardcore that falls somewhere between G.I.S.M. and BRAINHANDLE. Perhaps that's a bit of a stretch, but there are so many elements here trying to gel together that it makes for a rather unsettling listen. Mostly fast, all distorted, vocalist sounds like a drunk weasel, most killer-est bass sound I've heard in ages, fukkn' punk as shit. This rules. (Robert) (11 song cassette, no lyrics, no address, but it came in the same envelope as the DAWN OF HUMANS tape if you feels like gambling)

CUDEVASO – When ever you talk to Spanish punks about their scene they downplay how awesome it is—naw it looks that way from the outside, but when you are there, there are only a few people who are doing things, etc etc. But what about when those few people are making awesome goofy spazzed out garage punk like this? As well as all the craziness that emanates from Barcelona nowadays?? CUDEVASO are from Madrid, and play furious yet bratty punk, saturated in echo and feedback with savage keyboards and vocals that sound like they would strangle any Brooklyn pseudo post-punk with a PR... This is nihilistic like TYRADES, wild like HUMAN EYE and it sounds like they carry knives so watch yer back posers... (Layla) (10-song CDR, no lyrics, Fater Discs www.myspace.com/faterdisks or www.myspace.com/cudevaso)

DAWN OF HUMANS – I have an older tape from these New Yorkers. I remember it stinking up the place, but either they got better or my memory sucks (I am getting older every single day, so that might stand to reason, yeah?). Dirty, filthy, fuzzed out hardcore that is like what might have happened to FUCKED UP if they had been smart and gotten strung out on meth after that "Police" single instead of getting hooked on whatever they chose instead of meth. Ultra weird vocals that are all over the place, I hear subtle hints of DEATHREAT in here too, and the whole thing just makes me feel kinda wrong in all the right ways. Plus, it looks awesome. (Robert) (6 song cassette, lyrics included, c/o Sam Ryser 382 State St., Brooklyn, NY 11217, poop463@aol.com)

THE DEAD PAWNS – By the numbers punk

that exists in some form in virtually every town that has beer. The lyrics to "Smile" go like this: "Whoa-oh, you cunt! // Whoa-oh, you cunt!" and then a chorus of "cunt - cunt - cunt - cunt!" and then they start playing acoustic pop music. (Robert) (14 songs, no lyrics, $3ppd from OBZ Records 11777 Brazos Way, Lindale, TX 75711)

LOS DEMOCRATAS – Catchy Spanish female fronted punk. Musically this is 1-2-1-2 punk rock, but the vocals make this shit essential; urgency and passion and anger and pretty soon I forget how simple the music is...punk rock needs at least one element to help it stand out, and for LOS DEMOCRATAS, that element is holding a microphone. I'm hooked. (Robert) (5-song CDr, lyrics included, $5ppd c/omedaunespasmo@gmail.com)

THE DIRTY SWAGGER – Grungy Alabama punk ready to take the stage Thursday night at some bar down the street. The internet reveals the singer (his name is The Blade) taking the stage shirtless wearing leather pants and sunglasses in front of a RUSH banner singing: "*pity party // pity party // sorry motherfucker that you're feeling so sorry.*" Seriously, you think I can make this shit up? (Robert) (4-song CDr, no lyrics, myspace.com/thedirtyswagger)

DYNAMITE AROWS – This is all their shit on one killer tape. Ultra-catchy, toe-tapping NYC pop punk—but I mean the kind of pop punk that is still punk, ya dig? DYNAMITE ARROWS would blow minds on a bill with THIS IS MY FIST circa 2009 or AVAIL circa 1997, timelessly catchy punk rock is a beautiful thing. (13-song cassette, no lyrics, $4ppd c/o www.mandiblerecords.com)

THE EERIES – Slow jangly garage pop, like ultra lo-fi '60s ballads. They have two different tapes, but they sound the same. (4-song cassette/6 song cassette, no lyrics, www.theeeries.blogspot.com)

FALL APART – I think it's kinda funny when wanna-be "pro" hardcore labels send *MRR* promo CDrs: Right to the demo section, chumps!! FALL APART are hard hitting Euro hardcore, who liberally employ The Breakdown and The Melodic Guitar Lead. Nothing to complain about; they know exactly what they are doing, it's fast and it's very good. (10-song CDr, lyrics included, myspace.com/fallaparthc)

FAST DEATH – As I expected from the cover, which features a helmeted and tusked skull that looks like it was drawn on someone's textbook cover during home room, there's some pretty good shit on this tape. Two songs of fast-ish, crusty hardcore/punk with some '80s thrash metal influences in a couple of parts, just a guitar lick here and there that stand out. Very aggressive, this shit rumbles and growls and the simple-as-fuck chorus gets stuck in your head like a goddamn chorus is supposed to. I want to hear more. These tracks will apparently be out on a split 7" soon, hopefully there's more where these came from soon to follow. (xYosefx)(2-song cassette, lyrics included, 27 E Man St., Dorchester, MA 02125)

FEMALE SNAKE – Powerviolence is that really nihilistic shit that goes hella fast and then stops suddenly and then feeds back and the goes ultra slow and then plays a hardcore riff for about 8 seconds and then it blasts like fuck again and it sounds like super angry the whole time, right? Like the kind of angry where you really wonder if the dudes are actually doing ok? FEMALE SNAKE are done, but they left us with an awkward opus that (thankfully) comes without lyrics or any other insight into what societal ills motivated this confusion. Members are now making even more fukked up sounds in SEX PRISONER (demo review in this issue). Raw and displeasing music. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, femalesnake@gmail.com)

GUINEA KID – Ripping hardcore from Indiana. ZERO BOYS were from Indiana, but these dudes sound more like JFA or some SoCal shits, man that drummer keeps killing the double snare hits—love it. GUINEA KID fall a little flat when they play slow, but thankfully they don't waste too much time with that slow nonsense. Hate the name, love the tape. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, $4.50ppd fromnotnormaltapes@gmail.com)

GUN OUTFIT – I love watching GUN OUTFIT play. They have this dark tense take on some of the more interesting post-hardcore SST bands, that's filtered through their North Western roots, that is so compelling. Somewhere between the MEAT PUPPETS and UNWOUND maybe? Their records have somehow lacked the atmosphere they convey live, I don't know what it is, but they grab me so instantly when I see them, yet the records have to grow on me more somehow. Anyway, this tape features some super raw melancholic jams, new and unreleased songs. They have that 5am bleary eyed up all night quality, somewhere between doom and comfort. GUN OUTFIT is a great band, and you should send off for this if the first DINOSAUR record gets constant play on your turntable. (Layla) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, gunoutfit@gmail.com)

HOA – Sounds like was recorded on CB radio, a secret message of a tape like listening to someone playing tribute to DINAH CANCER through the floorboards. A squalid 45 GRAVE styled attack, with some definite LYDIA LUNCH *Death Valley '69* appeal. This isn't no wave, this isn't Dangerhouse—it has a piano on it but sounds threatening. Secret society of girls… (Layla) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, c/o SZ PO BOX 25784, Tempe, AZ)

HPP – Apparently this band is punk in some way, or at least they play shows with bands like WALLS, SEX/VID and FINALLY PUNK. I guess all the hip kids like their punk rock toothless and slow. I'll take the fast shit that kicks my ass, myself. (xYosefx)(?-song cassette, no lyrics included, 1001 State Ave. NE, Olympia, WA 98506, vaineruditeandstupid@yahoo.com)

THE INQUISITION – Raw-as-shit, bare bones hardcore recorded in a sewer. The vocals are way high in the mix, which gives this a sinister feel. Good songs, but as much as I love raw, the power of the music is kinda lost in the mix here. (Robert) (5 song cassette, lyrics included, mmcbride01@gmail.com)

JINX & THE BACK ALLEY CATS – These nine songs are all over the place, but basically J&TBAC are folk infused melodic mellow punk. Actually, it's like budget alt-rock, but it's kinda good for what it is. (Robert) (9-song CDr, no lyrics, myspace.com/backalleycats)

KNIVES – Pretty solid Southern California hardcore punk. They keep up a steady SoCal tempo (think CIRCLE JERKS, early BAD RELIGION—not the style so much, but the *tempo*). KNIVES throw in a touch of melody, but they keep it aggressive and always seem to be churning forward. I think I said it in the first sentence: Southern California Hardcore Punk. (Robert) (5-song CDr, no lyrics, $4ppd, myspace.com/knivesband)

LORD GREEN – Stoner punk from a couple of long hairs (and another dude). LORD GREEN digs up ghosts of BUZZOV-EN on the epic instrumental intro song, and then launch into charging MOTORpunk delivered with complete ferocity. Bass tone rules, demo rules too. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, myspace.com/lordgreen420)

MAGNUM FORCE – I just reviewed this band's demo a couple of issues back, and here we already another tape from them. This is an uber-limited (numbered out of thirty) advance tape with their three songs for an upcoming split 7" with SEX PRISONER. No idea who's putting that out or when, but keep your eyes peeled, 'cause these tracks are fucking raging powerviolence just like the demo. Two originals and a fucking DESPISE YOU cover, can't go wrong with that. (xYosefx) (3-song cassette, no lyrics included, myspace.com/xmagnumforcex)

MIDNIGHT SNAX! – Shittily recorded (in a good way) pop-punk in a QUEERS or SCREECHING WEASEL vein. The first song is good and fun, the second is a cover (I believe) of a song reminiscent of a sweet RAMONES number, and the third has one of those saccharine-y single-note guitar parts that's too sweet for my liking. Good demo overall though. (Dan) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, 1142 Illini Dr., O'Fallon, IL 62269)

MOENDA – Affected damaged noisepunk/no wave. Two 15 minute aural masturbation soundscapes... if this is your thing, then it's bad ass. I could do without some of the percussion, but basically I endorse it. (Robert) (2-song cassette, no lyrics, $?ppd c/o Statue Story, 49 Pecan Ave., Charlotte, NC 28204)

NATURE BOYS – Discordant garage punk from Kansas City. NATURE BOYS use weird chords to keep things interesting, and the raw blasting guitar leads don't hurt either. The drums maintain essentially the same tempo from start to finish, but they throw in odd hiccups and the music is off kilter enough that the drums work perfectly. "Scary Larry" is a DEAD MOON style dirge that I rather enjoy. They took a paint by numbers genre and made it interesting—nice work. (Robert) (6 song cassette, lyrics included, itsabomber@hotmail.com)

NO STATIK – Seeing this band play, (or rather rage) at a generator show at Candlestick park on the Bay, with its combination landscape of industry and nature was a reminder of why punk rules, and a demonstration that it should be an endless adventure… And also how generator shows can be moved to other less police patrolled parks very swiftly when needed. Robert Collins plays bass in this group, and to his great chagrin I will list the former members of in parenthesis here! (DESTROY, SCROTUM GRINDER, END OF THE CENTURY PARTY, FUCKFACE, LBAL, MEMENTO MORI, SCHOLASTIC DETH, ARTIMUS PYLE). Ruby has the most raging stage presence, and her vocals are pummeling, as is the music. This is what scientists would term "raging hardcore," the sort of thing that you feel sandblasted by after witnessing. Mark played in Look Back and Laugh, who were

one of my favorite bands to see play live. And having seen this act a number of times, I have to say they are inching their way up into that part of my brain. Act fast chumps! This rages! (Layla) (4 song cassette, no lyrics, iamtheverybadman@gmail.com)

PORKERIA – *Killer* fast hardcore from south Texas. Heavy Spanish punk influence and D-beat delivery... the shit fukkn' rules. I saw them last year at 5 in the afternoon after I had watched 15+ bands the day before and they STILL blew my ass away. The mix is super weird, lots of bass and some bizarre effect on the drums, but after the first song gets rolling and you settle in to the sound... aw man, shit is sweet. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, adelantediscos@gmail.com)

PRAXIS DR. SHIPKE – Ultra catchy punk than comes off as a tuneful blend of '80s Deutsch-Punk and '80s USHC. Vocals are sung in a way that, at times, reminds me of EA80, which is a huge plus, and at other times sounds like a lot of the K-Town shits that the kids were super into about five years ago—and that vocal approach suits this almost D-punk perfectly. Good shits. (Robert) (8-song CDr, lyrics included, c/o Vinzent Siemer, Zur. Poggenburg 15, 49685 Emstek GERMANY, myspace.com/doktorshipke)

REAL UGLY – Guitar/drum, thrash/grind. Short blasts of technical nonsense every few songs, and the drummer's blast seems to slow down if he holds it for more than a couple of measures, but basically, this shit sounds like bad ass stripped down MAGRUDER GRIND played by hessians who had never heard punk. Instead they listened to REPULSION. 15 songs/15 minutes, zero artwork. (Robert) (15-song CDr, no lyrics, c/o PO Box 721, Frazer, PA 19355, myspace.com/realrealugly)

ROAD RASH – Ultra sloppy and zero fidelity skate thrash from Canada. It says they have a bass player, but I'll be fukked if I can hear one. All the songs are short and to the point with long intro samples, it's like I'm listening to the PRETENTIOUS ASSHOLES demo or some time and place equivalent... the breakdown in "Snakes!" is bad ass. (Robert) (5-song CDr, lyrics included, $5ppd c/o Cody Cross, 75 Russel Street Apt #3, Dartmouth, NS B3A 3N4 CANADA, myspace.com/roadrash902)

SANDWORMS – This Brooklyn band probably gets lumped under the basement pop-punk umbrella, but they have a sound that is relatively original and multi-dimensional, with a slight '50s or even "Don't Stop Believin'" flavor to it. The first song sounds like it could've been recorded any time in the last thirty years: setting things off with an anthemic sounding, palm-muted guitar hook, backed up by warm and boomy instruments, and the kind of vocals that sound like they're beaten down, but still searching for something. The rest of the demo continues similarly, but without any of the songs sounding too much like any of the others. I hope this band gets some attention, and these songs get released on vinyl. (Dan) (5-song CD, lyrics not included, myspace.com/ohnosandworms)

SAVANT – It's like angular Rough Trade-era post punk drenched in late '90s distorted, chaotic screamo and dragged through quicksand. If they did this fast, then I might love it, but in it's present state it falls kinda flat, like SCRATCH ACID without the oooomphff. As a work in progress, I'm intrigued. (Robert) (6-song CDr, lyrics included, no contact information)

SEX PRISONER – *Holy Balls!!* Total fukkn' powerviolence, shit-factory from Arizona. This thing is so noisy that I can't tell if they are downtuned to the basement or if they are simply pounding on noizemakers. This is a seriously unpleasant listen—lofi aggression to the fullest—and these do not seem like pleasant dudes... If you are brave, then you have found your proverbial jam. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, myspace.com/sexprisoneraz)

SICK LLAMA – Noise that straddles the fence between harsh mind numbing power electronics and nonsensical blips and whirrs. I was wasted as shit when I first listened to this—I liked it but it made me kinda nauseous. Today it sounds bad ass. Either way, you've got about an hour to figure it out. (Robert) (??-song cassette, no lyrics, $7ppd c/o Heath Moerland, 125 N. Gainsborough, Rotal Oak, MI 48067, myspace.com/fagtapes)

SNUFF FILM – It's like a whole crop of little kids got all growed up. Exhibit 1: SNUFF FILM, a collaboration between chaotic noisefukk hardcore band MIGRAINE and PALATKA worshipping (even if they don't know it) ECOLI. Everybody from both bands plays on this mess of a tape, and the result is pure lurching chaos with little discernible in the way of riffs, vocals, parts or songs. Even the lyric sheet it too small to read (or maybe I'm just old). HIGHLY RECOMMENDED shit, limited to 100 copies. (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $6ppd from droneerrant@gmail.com)

SPEED KILLS – What we have here are five killer songs from this Brazilian band that sound like a deliciously fast baby spawned by LIMP WRIST and some modern Italian hardcore lover that really isn't around too much, but has left a genetic mark, whoa... The vocals are gruff, scream-y and in Portuguese. The lyrics are about human waste, struggling again the odds and looking ahead, among other things, with references to *Mad Max* mixed in. This music is tight and fierce. Their track "A Cura" has some killer female vocals that made me stop what I was doing. The recording quality is great and it came with a cool DIY screened back patch that will probably be on my next vest. Try to get your hands on this, or at least watch out for this bands official release, cuz this is GOOOOOD! (Mariam) (5-song CDR, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/speedkillsparanoia)

STRIPMINES – There's something in the water in North Carolina these days; last go 'round I had THIEVES blow my mind, and now STRIPMINES are fucking killing me with Japanese hardcore drenched southern punk frustration. The title track "Failsafe" is an instant classic, and I hope it gets a proper vinyl release sometime soon, the mid tempo "Prism" comes next with its plodding fury, and then "Grates" wraps this shit up with even more DEATHSIDE worship and riff lifting. Were you scanning this page looking for The Shit? Well, you just fucking found it. (Robert) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, $3ppd c/o Ira Rogers, 1108 Kent Road, Raleigh, NC 27606, myspace.com/suburbaniterecords)

SUCIO PODER – Newish Australian band with PISSCHRIST/STRAIGHTJACKET personnel dishing out killer mid tempo '80s Spanish punk worship. There's a PARALISIS PERMANENTE cover on here, and that pretty much nails what SUCIO PODER is doing, but rawer and more punk. This was released by the band last year, but now you can get 'em with new art from Canada. Essential shit. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, $6ppd c/o Combat Action Tapes, 122 Argyle St., Toronto, Ontario M5V2K8 CANADA)

SWEET TOOTH – Any band that can make blast beats in hardcore interesting, let alone raging, is doing something right. This band is hyper, livid, youthful in a "distort the world" way with some additional moodiness that makes me think of ASS END OFFEND or VENAL IV, and the songs have plenty of competent leads and solos over everything. At times, I can almost picture the singer doing jump kicks, and would probably be doing the same if I was at a show of theirs. They end things with a excellent slooooow tortured jamout that degenerates into two guitars tangoing over feedback, and pull this off better than any of the self-consciously dirgy or "mysterious" bands trying this sort of thing (and they don't call themselves SWEETTOOTHS either). Get this. (Dan) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, 1142 Illini Dr., O'Fallon, IL 62269)

THANKS – Excellent Midwest pop punk. THANKS suggested OFF WITH THEIR HEADS as a comparison and it's not far off. Now throw in the good FACE TO FACE record and mix it with JAWBREAKER (I'm mostly talking the vocals), and you get what these dudes are going for. Nice stuff. (Robert) (13-song CDr, lyrics included, c/o 317 Raymond Ave., St. Cloud MN 56304, myspace.com/thanksband)

THICK SHAKES – Dark, distorted, organ drenched, fuzzed out '60s rock n' roll. Great minimal vocals, with sporadic (and appropriate) backups. This shit came out a long ass time ago, and I think is on a vinyl EP by now as well, but these dreary garage sounds are perfectly suited to my pro printed cassette. Excellent. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, www.snugglehound.com)

TROUBLE – If I had to explain to a visitor from another planet the culmination of Mission and East Bay pop punk/garage punk bands playing backyards, generator shows, and warehouses every weekend for the last 20 years, I would give them a copy of this demo. It's fun and creative, some songs are poppier while others are more bluesy and/or in 3/4 time, and Jennie's vocals run the gamut from sarcastic to soulful. If you live in the Bay Area, call 510-BAD-SMUT to find out about their next show. (Dan) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, 1219 Peralta St., Oakland, CA 94607, sspartygirl@gmail.com)

VIOLENT RAMP – A total mind-fuck of noise, killer hardcore, '80s punk covers and complete chaos that lasts over an hour. If you can track this down, please believe that VIOLENT RAMP offer nothing but pure weirdness. WOLF EYES personnel, good luck. (Robert) (?song cassette, no lyrics, $7ppd c/o Heath Moerland, 125 N. Gainsborough, Rotal Oak, MI 48067, myspace.com/fagtapes)

VIRUS X – Bar punk from Germany that had me yawning until the vocals came in and confused me. Total (and surely intentional) old school vibe—little bits of rockabilly and ska-punk in a couple of songs as well—but the vocals are almost as distinct as Weird Al or Jello's, though completely different from both. Anthemic and catchy songs... whatever they are trying to do, I'd say they pulled it off. (Robert) (4 song CDr, no lyrics, myspace.com/virusaxe)

ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(DA) Diane Anastasio **(JD) Judy Balmin** **(MB) Mariam Bastani** **(JB) Julia Booze** **(TB) Tim Brooks** **(LG) Layla Gibbon** **(DG) Dan Goetz** **(BG) Bob Goldie** **(MM) Marissa Magic** **(JM) Jeff Mason** **(CR) Casey Ress** **(DS) Dionne Stevens** **(VX) XYosefX**

ALL THINGS ORDINARY #1 / $3 ppd, trade or 4 stamps
4.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pages
This perzine is all about one man's shocking decision to do something he always thought was for suckers—move to Portland. He describes his solemn final days in Buffalo, NY. It's cute as hell. He sells his bike he loves so much, does laundry at the terrifying place with the horrible woman, eats a stupid amount of greasy vegetarian food at the local spot. He waxes about how different it will be to be the new guy who is capable of anything in a new town after being so entrenched in the scene in Buffalo and losing sight of whether he actually likes all the bands he sees all the time or just loves his friends and everything they do is precious. For some reason I kept thinking the author must be female while I was reading it, but it's actually this lovely sentimental fellow, Derek. How does the bumper sticker go? Question reality, doggies.
(JD)
Derek Neuland / 4914 SE 16th Ave. / Portland, OR 97202
derekneuland@gmail.com

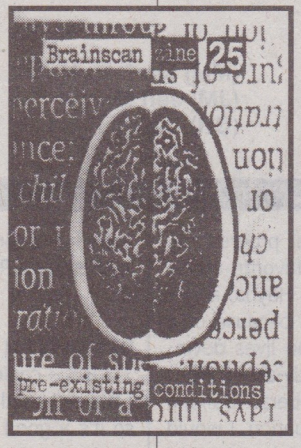
AMERICAN GUN CULTURE REPORT #5 / $6.00
8.5 x 11 – printed – 56 pgs
Upon immediate perusal, I was ready to dismiss this publication as actual garbage. The cover has a quasi-gothic, sort of boho looking Suicide Girl-style model with some vintage pistol, and the back cover has *two* of them crossing barrels. Ew. Just *ew*. But then one must actually read stuff to determine its redemptive value. This is a magazine about guns. It is filled with articles that offer an explanation of the value of self-defense, and the reasoning behind the argument that if more people were armed, the country would be safer. I would say that I was hoping it would have intelligent discourse, but I'm not sure that it can be considered discourse—there is plenty of moral and ethical reason—but still, it feels like we are hearing one side of the same old argument. I keep reading. The Second Amendment must be defended, and I think I agree, but I also keep reading that gun rights or gun control aren't a Left or a Right issue, that progressive, liberal people also like guns. My favorite article was written by a feminist, Simone Hayha, and it is about feeling safer with a gun because of a proximal threatening harasser who lives downstairs, and because she is differently-abled. I can relate to this, even with all my "liberal" training about how guns just escalate a situation. I would be interested in more theory, and less tactical advice, maybe some historical analysis of self-armed movements (like the Panthers, for example.) There is also an interview with a member of the KK, that is Kitat Konenut, a Jewish community defense militia. They patrol and defend mosques and have a network of trained and armed people to be first responders in case of a terrorist attack. I found it sensible that they feel a need to rely on each other instead of the police. All in all, this is a zine for gun-lovers, and not about evangelizing necessarily. (JB)
AGCR / PO Box 30001 / Portland, OR 97294
Agcr308@yahoo.com

ARTCORE #26 / $14ppd
8.5 x 11 – printed – 48 pages
The new issue of *Artcore* is always a treat and has been a part of punk for me since I first got into it in the '80s. Welly is still the curmudgeon he was, but the content speaks for itself with a mix of old and new. Amongst others he interviews Shitty Limits, Warprayer, Shot Baker as well as in depth histories on the Angry Samoans, House Of Commons, Cramps, NOTA and John Yates as well as a swell House Of Commons CD! The interviews and histories are well researched and informative... digging deeper than most. The look of *Artcore* is highly stylized and at times feels a little too well put together—I'm still a fan of the old cut and paste! Throughout Welly laments the slow death of the print zine and I am with him, but he labors the point, and while I love holding stuff in my hands at times that just isn't practical, for example this issue cost me around $14 which isn't cheap—and I know Welly makes nothing out of this—it's just the price of printing and shipping. I think that it's possible to embrace the present and future without losing the past. That aside, *Artcore* is still one of the most crucial zines on the planet and I for one hope he continues for another 25 years! (TB)
1 Aberdulais Road / Gabalfa, Cardiff, CF14 2PH / UK

BRAINSCAN #24 and 25 / $5
7 x 8.5 – copied – 30 and 80 pages
I haven't read any previous issues of *Brainscan*, so it's a good thing that the author Alex Wrekk made a note at the end about this one being "particularly self indulgent." The *per* aspect of this perzine is off the richter scale, if you know what I mean. This shit is *personal*. It chronicles in a creative and well-written way the turbulent ending of her marriage and the simultaneous beginning of her present relationship with a former BF. The main narrative, in black on white text, is broken up with background stories and letters that she and her boos wrote to each other in white on black text. You really get a strong sense of the serious amount of mulling that has taken place over these situations. My mind was reeling with the drama of it all, but I'll be damned, I had to get to the end of it anyhow. Regardless of the extremely distracting endless parade of the typos, skipped words, and bizarre misspellings, I was definitely sucked in to the true-life dramas of this Alex Wrekk person. That was the thick, pendulous issue #25 that took her years to write and has the very impressive screen-printed upon transparency sheet cover and miles of pale copies. It includes a short, separate epilogue zine that fills you in on how things turn out. Issue #24 is a slight mini-zine and merely lists a few of the author's obsessive-compulsive eccentricities. She wonders, "Aren't we all a little OCD?" No, Alex, I think it might just be you this time. She also tells the origin story about the name of the zine in #24, which was hilarious. No spoilers here. Just check it out.
(JD)
alex@smallworldbuttons.com
www.smallworldbuttons.com
Alex Wrekk / PO Box 17230 / Portland, OR 97217

COUNTERFEIT GARBAGE / DISTORT #29 / $3
8.5 x 11 – copied – 88 pgs
A split zine between some Midwestern hardcore miscreants, *Counterfeit Garbage* and their

Australian counterpart *Distort*. It made for somewhat confusing reading—all the writers are delineated by font only, so sometimes it's hard to figure out who wrote what, but DX's writing style is so distinctive I figured it out pretty fast. This is a mammoth guide to the music that occurred in the last decade, all the shows witnessed, flyers squirreled away, tapes burned out, the records that kept neighbors awake. Lots of Clevo worship contained in all the fonts. You know the score. I always enjoy reading *Distort* and this was no exception, and *Counterfeit Garbage* was cool too, though a lot more earnest/less cynical somehow, despite their reputation! Good representation of the current hardcore zine renaissance. (LG)
Tall Rob / 1131 N High Street Apt 301 / Columbus OH 43201
Counterfeit.garbage@gmail.com



EFFORT FANZINE #3 / $?
8 x 11.5 – printed – 84 pgs
If this fanzine is any indication, there's another youth crew renaissance going on in Europe. With a varsity font logo, ads from Youngblood Records and React! Records, reprinted classic Chain of Stength live shots and more recent photos all featuring tons of Xed up fists and crowd sing–alongs, you know exactly what these crazy Swedes think about drinking, drugs and Morrissey. All joking aside, this is an obvious labor of love, and very professionally put together. Perfectbound spine, excellent layout and design, high quality photo reproduction —this shit looks *good*. The content doesn't appeal to me all that much personally, though. This just isn't my scene, no matter how many Xs I have permanently inscribed on various parts of my self (four, at the moment). However, if youth crew straight edge hardcore *is* your scene, you'd be hard pressed to find better reading material to spend your money on. This issue features interviews with the bands Remission, Not Sorry and Give, as well as Espen Follestad (of Rectify, Onward, Sportswear, Contention, Insurance Risk, Damage Control... lots of bands) and Mark Palm (of Go It Alone, Get the Most, Keep It Clear, Drive and Devotion). The interviews are strong, far stronger than in almost any other hardcore zine I've read in a while. They read as conversations, rather than typical boring Q&A sessions, and they go more in depth and get a lot more personal than you might expect. On top of that there's page after page of photos, reviews and articles. Really, if you're into this shit you just can't go wrong with *Effort*, so check it out. (VX)
Kalle Garmark / Karlsviksg. 6 / 11241 Stockholm / Sweden

FORTUNE #1 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 16 pgs
Dean's short zine describes his experience as an automobile resident in Bellingham who decides to live a saintly life for a night with a girl by making margaritas and playing canasta. Not much else to this one but if that sounds like an interesting read to you... (CR)
nondescriptpress@gmail.com

GOT MYSELF #4 / $3 US, $4 international or trade
8.5 x 11 - copied - 30 pgs
This seems like a zine I should be 100% behind. There are no ads, it's cut and paste, and he reviews shit he is pumped on (including demos, "tape preferred"), not what some big, corny label promo'd him. He's dedicated to hardcore and his local scene, but also plenty critical, and he branches out into other kinds of wild rock'n'roll. In this issue he talks about a Roky Erikson LP he is stoked on, interviews upstate NY's Rational Animals, and a defunct local band is interviewed by a friend of theirs. There's some nice band photos and the top records of 2009 are discussed. I guess the writing and interviews fall just short of engaging me, and I'm always disappointed in "no politics," which he requests as part of his trade policies. Personally, I can't even understand what hardcore is about if you can't explicate what you're mad at, eg. this rotten system. I wouldn't score this zine regularly, but I don't wanna speak ill of it, either. (JM)
Sam Richardson / Johnson Hall Room 923 / 801 W. Franklin / Richmond, VA 23220-4103

HOPTIC TIMES #3 / $3 US
8.5 x 11 – copied – 36 pgs
The "hoptic" refers to hops in beer, clearly revealing that this zine is strongly informed by alcohol, as well as punk rock. Normally, even though I'm not straight edge or anything, I would think something like this is pretty stupid; but after reading this rag from cover to cover I have to admit that it's done well and I now consider myself a convert. The cover is a hilarious send off on the Black Flag *TV Party* EP, and the silliness is just a hint of what waits inside. Essentially, *Hoptic Times* is split between a love for hardcore/punk and beer; there are record reviews and there are beer reviews; there are interviews with punks and there are brewery tour reports. You get the idea. There are some cool photos of bands like Pulling Teeth, Burning Bridges (accompanying an interview with the singer) filling out the pages, and even a photo of Black SS on the same page as a beer bread! Anyway, after reading this I have to say that I want to hang out with this crew and get fucked up and listen to hardcore records while playing drinking games. These cats know how to have fun! (BG)
Hoptic Times / Rian Colbert / 159 Fogarty Rd. / Troy, NY 12182 / hoptictimes@gmail.com

I LOVE THE WORLD EVEN THOUGH IT'S UGLY #5 / $1.50 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 16 pgs
Theoretically I really endorse perzines that are super honest and confessional, but at the same time these things annoy me sometimes. This girl talks a lot about hating herself and crushes on boys which makes me so sad that these seem to be the things that crowd girls brains a lot of the time. It really bums me out when girls talk about hating themselves in a public forum, I mean I'm into the idea of having a space to say what's on your mind, and I'm sure there's other girls out there that relate to that (self–hatred) kind of thing and find this comforting, I just find it depressing the amount of perzines I come across by girls that seem to basically be like, I hate myself and I love this boy and I wish he would save me. Haven't you watched *Fabulous Stains*? Despite all that by the end of it I was kind of into it, then I got to the back page where it said something about it being "for Ben and our doomed love" (?????) Bummer. (MM)
Brittany / 53 Congress St. / Asheville, NC 28801

I WAS A TEENAGE ZOMBIE #3 US/ $3 or mix tape trade plus stamps
8.5 x 11 – copied – 28 pgs
This issue of the Midwest hardcore fanzine features an interview with Arizona's PIGEON RELIGION, who divulge the secrets of their first LP, as well as, how they have come to be "the best band in the world right now." Aside from this interview, the zine is filled with its usual content: epic record/tape/zine reviews, which actually end up resembling descriptive short novels about the feelings that the music evokes, rather than your typical pithy record review. It's different and refreshing to receive an in-depth portrayal of the music that is coming out of the punk and hardcore scenes right now, and these little novellas that Erik fabricates are pretty much my favorite thing about this zine, aside from the cut-and-paste photocopy aesthetic. My only complaint is that this zine very rarely (perhaps never?) features any music or zines made by people who are not white men, which fosters the idea that these are the only types of people who participate in punk. Clearly false. (DA)
Erik Meyer / 1142 Illini Drive / O'Fallon, IL 62269 / girlproblems@hotmail.com

I WAS A TEENAGE ZOMBIE #3.5 / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 26 pages
This hardcore fanzine out of the St. Louis area shows a ton of promise. Erik is a great writer that's still developing his own distinct style, and you can tell he's influenced by *Distort* (most notably in the Catatonic Youth review, which is an excellent piece that sold me on this band I hadn't heard, always a sign of a good writer), but he's already pretty good at articulating his ideas without using too much hyperbole. There's a good interview with the band Tenement, a guide to making fanzines that is one of the few worthwhile pieces on this subject that I've ever read, a reprinted Descendants interview from a St. Louis fanzine in 1986 (I'm almost never a fan of reprinted anything from the '80s in modern zines, but it makes sense here), article-length reviews of the Like Bats and Catatonic Youth 7"s, and he ends things with a better than average piece on the role of technology and apathy in

dumbing down of punk culture. The layout is pretty basic blocks of text cut and pasted with pictures here and there, but at least gets the job done without looking like shit. This has also got to be the first zine I've read where a crush is confessed, and I can't decide if the way he did it is cute or creepy, but it's gutsy nonetheless. (DG)
c/o Erik Meyer / 1142 Illini Dr. / O'Fallon, IL 62269
girlproblems@hotmail.com

IZU GIROA / 2 Euro
8.5 x 11 – printed – 46 pages
This zine is out of Bilbao and is in Basque, and contains interviews with The Stupids, Orreaga 778, Distorsion, and a few others. I wish I could comment more on the content, but the layout looks fairly basic and I'm guessing the bands are regional. After the interviews, there are some record, zine, and show reviews. (DG)
10216 Postakutxa / 48007 / Bilbo / Bizkaia – Euskal Herria
izugiroa@hotmail.com

JERK STORE #6
5.5 X 8.5 – printed – 54 pages
Aside from a handful of mediocre record reviews, this zine consists entirely of lengthy, lukewarm interviews with XOXO, Underground Railroad to Candyland, Virgins, Off With Their Heads, and the Dopamines, plus a few atrocious appropriations of cut and paste aesthetics in this zine that was not photocopied. If you're a fan of these bands and enjoy poring over interviews of theirs, pick this up. Otherwise don't bother. (DG)
PO Box 284 / Maylands, WA 6931 / Australia
jerkstorehq@gmail.com

LITTLE CITY / SMALL TOWN / $1, Free to prisoners
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
This is a collaborative zine about the places these two people live. One side is a rundown of drunken debaucherous week in Reno, the other side kind of meanders through thoughts on living in a small town ranging from sustainability to truck drivers. It majorly seemed like two different zines that were just kind of smacked together. It was entertaining; I kind of liked the drunk stories better just because they (strangely enough) seemed more focused. (MM)
Kaitlyn Young / P.O. Box 1241 / Minden, NV 89423

MIDDLE FINGER RESPONSE #1 / 1.5 or 2 Euro ppd, 1.5 or 2 Euro Intl, trades
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 80 pgs
Another Spanish language zine that is proof that knowing a second language is the fucking best. There are band interviews with Bad Taste, Antidroga, and Ciudad Del Kaos, a history of Texas punk from 1978-1983, an article debating the validity of the pro Zionist Antideustche group (great article), a history of the Amebix, vegan recipes (some of which are provided by the interviewed bands and fan recommended eateries!), book reviews, record reviews and more. There are distro ads that definitely will be getting my attention and a really awesome article about Marcha a la Macrocárcel de Zuera. A protest march to Zuera Prison, where over a hundred people have died in one year alone under torture and suspicious circumstances. I really respect fanzine makers who aren't afraid to include well-written, thorough political content as well as music reviews and band interviews. *Middle Finger Response* respects the intelligence of its audience and still gives us great music coverage. Well done! (MB)
Maria Ruis / c/Granada, 22 – 3?-A / 2-5935 Mostoles / Madrid / Spain
proukouskaya@gmail.com

MISHAP #28 / $1 or trade, free for prisoners
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pages
This is a mini perzine. Each chapter is like an entry under the heading labeled, I'm assuming, by the month it was written in. If it were chronological, that would mean that the entries in this zine would have spanned over four years. I somehow doubt that, because one November is just, "Ensiferum, the second best show ever. Yeah, like ever." It's full casual observations, such as a bit about NPR using language that implies some sexist, anti-human worldview and other bits about how metal is awesome, but ridiculous and golf courses in Oregon can be ironic by accident. Also includes an impressive list of books the author has read recently. (JD)
mishapzine@yahoo.com
PO Box 5841 / Eugene, OR 97405

MIXTAPERS DO IT BETTER #4 / donation or stamps
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
Steadfastly refusing to accede the supremacy of our digital world while still acknowledging the benefits of non-spooled musical mediums, *MTDIB* presents a collection of thoughts on the importance of maintaining the culture of exchanging tapes, examples of tapes made, and a retrospective on one contributor's first tape. The description of the dual tape deck with one deck that doesn't function reminds me of far too many half broken stereos from my younger years. While I have no nostalgia for those crappy-easily destroyed cassettes, making a mix tape and carefully creating a cover with cut-n-paste graphics is something that we as a society will regret having lost. Playists do not equal mixtapes. (CR)
Karen H. / PO Box 6912 / Grand Rapids, MI 49516
mixtapersdoitbetter@riseup.net

MOUNTZA #4 / 5 Euro / Greek and English
8.5 x 11 – printed – 110 pgs
One of the best fanzines out there right now, hands down. It's kind of unbelievable to me how much interesting and engaging content is packed into the pages of this zine. This issue has got an interview with DX of *Distort* zine fame, an article lamenting the loss of *Punk Planet* as a print zine, interviews with Detroit's totally eccentric HUMAN EYE, Copenhagen's PJ Bonnemann of the late, great AMDI PETERSENS ARME, the long-haired DARKTHRONE, Spain's punk-as-fuck DESTINO FINAL, BLACK TIME from London, master photographers, Matteus Mondini and Daigo Olivia from Brazil, Vancouver's, TRANZMITORS, Portland's KIDCRASH, Greece's SCHWARZ AND SCHWARZANDANGER ANGER and LES SKARTOI. Plus, there are top 5 lists from 2009, a comprehensive article about Japanese hardcore punk culture over the years, accompanied by a spread of Sugi's iconic artwork, plus tons of reviews and even a tour report by the RED DONS about their experiences in Brazil. The entire magazine is beautifully simplistic and absolutely essential. (DA)
www.mountza.com / mountzazine@yahoo.com

THE NIGHT OWL #6 / Free!
8.5 x 11 – copied – 1 pg
I think I have reviewed this zine before, maybe he did a Void issue a few years back? Not sure. At any rate this is an all NYHC all the time one page zine with a paragraph about a few different less talked about classic era NYHC bands, from DMIZE to Rest in Pieces. Live show reviews, tapes, radio shows... There's a download link at the end of each paragraph, making it seem almost like a blog post. This actually sort of reads like a very focused music blog. (LG)
KingCobra8291@yahoo.com

OCCUPIED CALIFORNIAN Fall 2009 / ?
10.75 x 13.5 – printed – 36 pgs
If you want to understand a bit more about the massive student demonstrations over the last few months in California, this will explain everything and then some. At first glance I was about to pass this off as a pseudo intellectual attempt to justify some seemingly trivial protest events (let's face it, a small group of college students "occupying" a school building on the Berkeley campus is not likely to face any real violence by the police nor force the larger powers to budge on their positions), but the writing on these pages goes beyond and encapsulates the downfall of the American dream. The frustration of what today's youth faces is clearly articulated here. College education has become, for a large part, a freakin' joke; universities have become money making machines that are principally conditioning students to become acquiescent consumers and producers, and worse, maintaining an illusion of preparing them for an economic system that is unsustainable and collapsing. There have been protests across California campuses mostly triggered by an incredible tuition increase of 32%, but sadly only a handful has taken the protests beyond standing en masse

(before class). Gone are the days of the 1960s, when convictions ran deep and more widespread, perhaps because the issues were more immediate to those students (anyone getting drafted to die by the thousands lately?). But even if the support is not as widespread as it should be, the people behind this publication and some of the more significant demonstrations are trying *to actually do something about it*, which is more than can be said for most who wallow in apathy and disillusionment. I highly recommend reading this manifesto and supporting the cause—it's much bigger than simply tuition increases. (BG)
Little Black Cart / http://littleblackcart.com / http://afterthefallcommuniques.info/
paper@afterthefallcommuniques.info

PROOF I EXIST #10 / $2ppd
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 64pgs
When I reviewed this before, it seemed less honest and revealing and more concealed. I don't remember exactly, but this version is hardy as well, though really, really un-self-conscious. I truly feel like I'm reading a diary. I don't mind of course, there are some heavy moments about grief and death, facing fears, and living on the edge. I feel enchanted by the stories of the writer's cowboy Grandpa, and the very tender exchanges between he and his special friend regarding performing with a guitar. There is a lot of goofy shit too, and some delightful medieval artwork. (JB)
Billy / PO Box 470507 / Chicago, IL 60647-0507

PUNK//PING//PONK #4 / $3 or trade
5.25 x 8.25 - copied - 44 pgs
Another packed issue of Selangor's finest English-language zine has been delivered to our compound. The layout is pretty clean, but the reproduction adds some dirt, so the photos look grimy and rad, but all the text is readable. As with previous issues, I'm a little disappointed that so much space is given over to ancient or reformed English bands—Hellbastard, Extinction of Mankind, and Sacrilege are interviewed, along with Diskontroll (Brazil) and Wardogs (Malaysia). The Diskontroll talk was originally printed in a Czech zine in that language, but appears in English here. It was done by Filip Fuchs and is really detailed and informative. *Punk//Ping//Ponk's* editor Pat doesn't succeed as well with his interviews—not many people do—but the one with a local band is a lot more interesting to me because the questions and answers are more distinctive. "I heard that your guitarist got caught by the police.... Do you guys take drugs? Do you guys bribe the police? How much?" The response is "...now I'm clean, just getting drunk and chaos." Also he asks how come so many Indonesian bands come to Malaysia but not the opposite, even though Malaysian money is worth more, so it should be easier. I'm way more into this than asking Sacrilege why they're selling merch again. A few pages are devoted to what seem to be message board posts about my and Pat's beloved format, the cassette. "Mix tapes are [good] for drinking to and no scratched records." Most of the music reviews are South East Asian bands; the zines are from all over. This zine is balance of pretty rad and needs improvement, and the improvement it needs (in my humble opinion) is tighter focus on fresher bands. I'm stoked on old people (26+) in punk, but start a new band for fuck's sake. (JM)
Pat / PO Box 7126 / 40704 Shah Alam / Selangor / Malaysia / punkpingponk@gmail.com

SHIT SHEET #2 / $1.50 or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 14 pages
The name *Shit Sheet* conjures up a product that is belligerent, sloppy, and sharp as fuck all at once, and all the way down to not stapling the pages of this zine together because "I'm sure you guys have a stapler, seeing as how they're always in there when I get a copy of *MRR*," this zine fits its name to a T. In between esoteric jabs at himself and other random targets, he explains song by song why *Pajama Party* is the best Poison Idea album, randomly tears apart a Citizen Fish record, and interviews Acid Reflux, American Cheeseburger, and present-day Urban Waste in an entertaining fashion, albeit one that's a bit hard to read, though that's probably the point. The layout reeks of having been assembled on a whim (and possibly a bender), which of course makes it better than 90% of what I get for review. I'd seriously love to hang out and raise hell with this guy, so if you're ever in the Bay Area... (DG)
electricmayhemrecords@gmail.com

SLICE HARVESTER #1 "Uptown Issue" / $3
8.5 x 5.5 – copied –36 pgs
He is a man with a dream... a dream to eat a slice of pizza from every Pizza joint in NYC and share his victories, defeats, tears and laughter with each one of us so that we will never eat a bad slice again. This first issue is compiled from a blog that this long time zine author, Colin, created called Slice Harvester (sliceharvester.blogspot.com) and covers uptown NYC. Each review includes a little story and description of each pizza place. The pizza critiques begins with a plain slice (cheese) and covers every little facet of what makes a good slice; crust thickness, sauce sweetness, cheese consistency, temperature, texture and much more. Punks may not always have the time or money to indulge in their favorite meals, but we all know what we love and at some point or another, the frenzied conversations about food we have all had are a close second only to those same frenzied conversations about music. For me, the correlation between a good food zine and a good music zine is a no brainer. I love *Slice Harvester*. I can't wait for the next report and to get back to NYC to test these findings!! Someone tackle Tacos?? (MB)
Slice Harvester / 442D Lorimer St. #230 / Brooklyn, NY 11206
Sliceharvester@gmail.com

SLINGSHOT #102 / Free
11.5 x 17.5 – printed – 16 pgs
It's another Slingshot! Topics this time include internet social networking creating false intimacy, anti–nuclear action, UC protests, conditions in Texas prisons, and so on and so forth. As always, a worthwhile read. (MM)
Long Haul / 3124 Shattuck Ave / Berkeley, CA 94705

STUDENT INSURGENT vol. 21, #1 / $15 for one year sub, free to prisoners
8.5 x 10.5 - printed - 24 pgs
I've seen a few issues of this and never been particularly excited, but this one in particular seems like it came out on schedule, as opposed to coming out when they had enough material. Most of the contents are local, like a transcription of the wisdom of a "homeless and transient, or just interesting" dude, and a review of a radical music event. Many of the page are given over to art and poetry. I don't think this would be the best issue to start your subscritpion with. Even if you're in prison, you can probably do better. (JM)
1228 University of Oregon / Eugene, OR 97403 / studentinsurgent@gmail.com

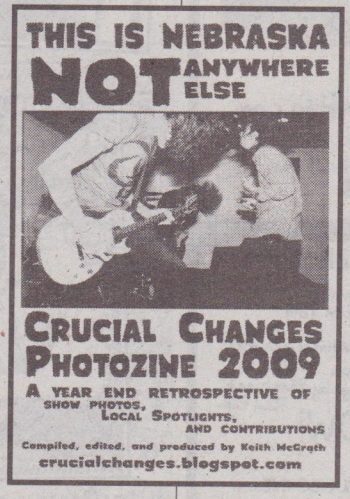
THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID / $3 US $4 world or trade
11 x 7 – printed – 116 pgs
This is a full size New Hampshire based zine with a cardstock full color cover. The focus is more modern hardcore than, uh, my focus tends to be, but I am a fan of local zines that capture a scene or community, even if it's one that I do not feel particularly part of. There's an interview with the proprietor of a local punk diner, a tattoo artist, a band called Late Nite Wars, that apparently contains a famous person called Joey. Never found out what he was famous for though. Maybe that's locals only info? Maintain are also interviewed. A vegan cupcake recipe looks delicious, there are tips on how to do cat eye make up, and a love and sex advice column... And a somewhat weird and inexplicable trend report for Fall 2009, which recommends J Crew and Barneys for all your fashion needs. Not sure that either of those conglomerates need fanzine shout outs? This zine is a somewhat endearing read, like it's her first zine, and the focus is very local. It's probably more interesting to those who love Polar Bear Club and are part of Taylor's hardcore community? (LG)
Taylor Green / 17 Brady Ave. / Derry, New Hampshire 03038
Taylaa603@hotmail.com

THIS IS NEBRASKA NOT ANYWHERE ELSE
#1 / $4
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
The title and cover image of this one-shot issue is a nod to the legendary Boston hardcore compilation, but obviously the focus here is the oft-passed over state of Nebraska. And of course, since you're reading this in the zine reviews, the only things that comprise this collection are photos and brief interviews, and not the actual music. This project is jammed full of black and white action shots taken over the year 2009, completed in an endeavor to create a more lasting and tangible document of the scene rather than the impermanent yet prevailing medium of the internet. Ironically, these printed pages were put together by the dude (plus contributors) behind the cool Nebraska-area hardcore blog called *Crucial Changes*. And I have to say, oddly, that although I completely favor the print medium over the computer, the photos on the website look a lot crisper than those in these photocopied pages. And as much as I enjoyed flipping through this, *T.I.N.N.A.E.* is undeniably for locals only—just looking at the bands, which are mostly unknown outside of the region, leaves the outsider in the dark. Man, a cassette or something of some of these bands would have been nice because my curiosity is peaked! But that's cool; supporting the local scene is what it's all about, and I'm sure the folks likely to buy this zine already know most of the bands in here anyway. (BG)
Crucial Changes / Keith McGrath / 110 S. 49th St. #410 / Omaha, Nebraska 68132 / crucialchangeshq@gmail.com
crucialchanges.blogspot.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #99 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
If you've seen this zine before, you know exactly what to expect. There are tons and tons of photos and show reviews, some lightweight political thoughts, carefully chosen words, and computery-pixelly-everythingy. This issue features a sweet little interview with Joe Jack Talcum, of the Dead Milkmen. Yippee! And there's a pic of my favorite man, Ian Svenonius in his new band Chain and the Gang. For your 100th issue, Boone, I say, shoot for the moon. Take pictures with higher resolution and learn to use photoshop so they come out better. You deserve it! (JB)
Boone / PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO 62505-1444

TRUST #140 / 2.50 Euros
11 x 7.75 – printed – 68 pgs – German
This issue of *Trust* has interviews with Nunslaughter, Magrudergrind, Limp Wrist, and Ritual, along with all the usual reviews, news, columns and features. There's a piece on skate punk, its history and flagship bands, and an interview with the Rev Nørb. I unfortunately do not speak German, but enjoyed the rad pictures from the skate punk thing, and the Suicidal style skull image on the cover... (LG)
Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

TUFF TOWN #2 / $1 or trade
4 x 4 – copied – 48 pages
Naomi had me already at envelope made from a folded up map. This is very adorable mini zine with a screened cover, typewritten text and sewn binding. She is probably somewhere around twenty years old and attends school at *a* university in Santa Barbara, CA. I wonder which one. It's very much about her trying to figure out how to be a good person while being born with so much privilege and becoming a punk that notices all the suffering and injustice in the world. She puts it well. Naomi describes various adventures such as going on some long bike trips without fully planning out all of the things they may possibly need down the road, getting arrested for dumpster diving, the subsequent trial and the local anarcho community's possibly misguided participation. At some point she almost starts a band called Helmet Fag, because that was shouted at her while she was biking. Good stuff. (JD)
Naomi / 136 Nectarine Ave. / Goleta, CA 93117
tufftown@yahoo.com



VIOLINS AREN'T PUNK / Trade?
5 x 4.25 – copied – 20 pgs
Osa, current *MRR* columnist generated controversy in these pages with her band New Bloods, when they were on the cover of this very magazine—apparently violins aren't punk... Anyway, this zine is about punk bands that feature violin, with pieces on bands from the UK DIY classic Raincoats to the hardcore sounds of Behead the Prophet No Lord Shall Live. Osa also writes about her own violin style, influenced by John Cale of the Velvet Underground, and Vicky Aspinall from the Raincoats. This is a cool zine. I liked reading about how she found her musical voice, about all the different violin punkers and about how no one questioned the validity of the New Bloods as a punk band until they were in *MRR*... (LG)
Osa / 1228 N Broad Ave/ New Orleans, LA 70119

WORD ATTACK #2 / $1 or trade
8.25 x 12 – copied – 10 pgs
True fact: Australia has more hardcore/punk zines per capita than Norway does shitty *n*th–wave black metal bands. I often think that Australia has more zines than it does bands, since most of the zines seem to interview the same few local bands. I know that this is untrue, though, which leads me to wonder why so many excellent bands seem to never get interviewed while everyone rushes over each other to interview whoever it is that *Distort* already interviewed, usually much better, an issue or two back. But I digress, for to the best of my knowledge Daniel has yet to interview Bloodclot Faggots. Really, that's their band name. For the record, that is a fucking stupid band name. The interview is short, dull and goes nowhere. It's also the only interview in here. There's also an even shorter and possibly less informative write–up on Sex/Vid's recorded output, a few pages of reviews, a list of records to smoke pot to and some random writing here and there. Well, it's only one dollar, so they have that going for them. You could have worse bathroom reading material for a buck I suppose. File under "meh." (VX)
14 Moray St. / East Bentliegh / VIC 3165 / Australia

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #26 / $3
5.5 x 8 – printed – 51 pages
What is typically so miserable about zine reviews is that you usually only have the misfortune of reading one asshole's opinion about any particular zine. You get the reviewer that doesn't like cats and it's just over. That issue will be lost to the winds of dismissal in whichever rag happened to be reviewing it. How fabulous it is that *Xerography Debt* has a team of expert-level zine-consumers all reviewing many of the same zines for one publication? The only down side is that all of these reviewers themselves are zine writers. Bunch of damn softies. They love everything. By, the way, I'm reviewing a zine for a zine that is zinesters reviewing zines... Jesus. Further down the rabbit hole indeed. In this issue, you'll find multiple reviews of *Brooklyn*, *Hungover Gourmet*, *Miranda*, and so much more. And I have to say, I love reading about people who are traumatized by awful *MRR* reviews they have received. Jeff Somers goes into it a bit in this issue. It really feels great to know that you have reached at least one person. Ha! (JD)
Davida Gypsy Breier / PO Box 11064 / Baltimore, MD 21212

ZINE WORLD #28 / $4 US $5 Canada
8.5 x 11 – printed – 50 pgs
This is a guide to zinemaking, zinesters, and general news in the zine world from postal box traumas to a Japanese zine report. It looks like a great resource for those consumed by zines, but I had a small gripe—they reviewed an audio zine, which was about the kid who found a rare Velvet Underground acetate at a garage sale, and the person who reviewed it disparaged the music of the aforementioned band as discordant noise. Surely you would give someone something to review that they at least vaguely understood? Though I know, as coordinator of *MRR* that that isn't always possible... anyway, I liked reading the zine reviews and if you are looking to find zines this would be a good place to start.. (LG)
PO Box 330156 / Murfreesboro, TN 37133

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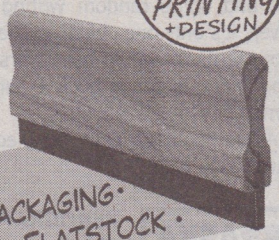

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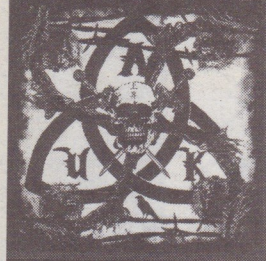

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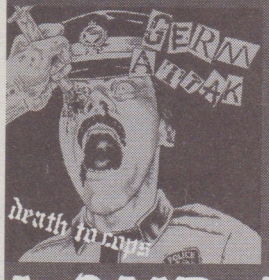

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GERMS, IT'S.... ROEHRS

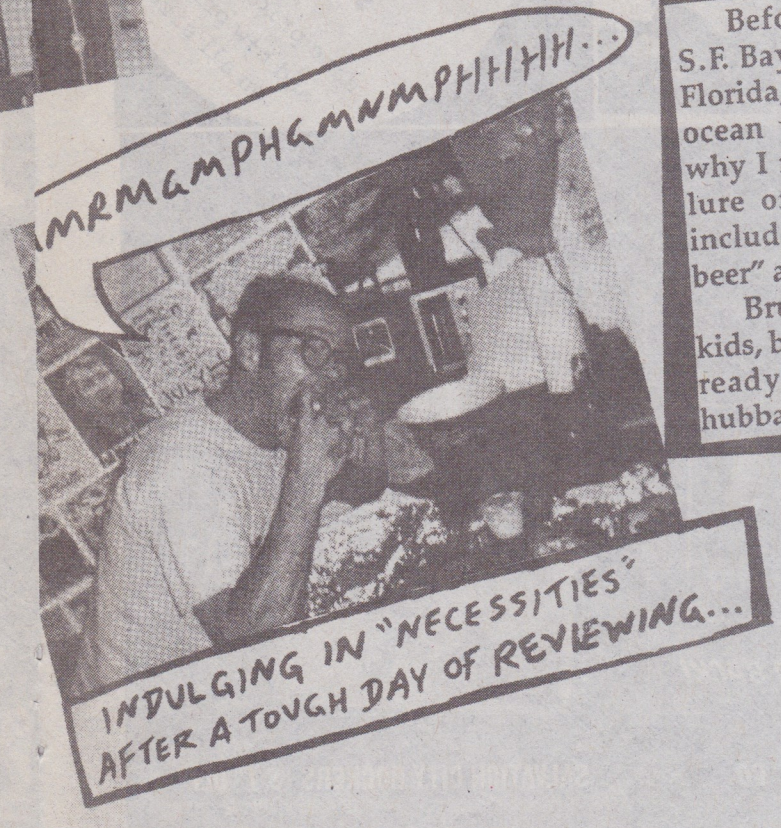
Unlike other staffers, Bruce has never written a zine, set up a show, or played in a band. "I tried to play guitar but couldn't learn," he laments. "I cannot play one instrument. I'm totally tone deaf. Can't even tune it. That's why my teachers told me to give it up."

What he lacks in musical ability, he more than compensates for in enthusiasm. Unlike some of the other cronnies around here, Bruce is a staunch supporter of new talent. "I get pissed off when people get too nostalgic about the 'good old days' ", he explains. "I like buying a beer for the young bands, and if they have a record there, I like to buy it right from them in person. I like telling them 'great show' and just showing enthusiasm up front, getting sweaty, and making a complete fool of myself, and not worrying what other people think. To me, that's the highest compliment I can give them."

SHITWORKER

Bruce's vast knowledge in all realms of music is astounding and though he speaks as a scholar, he has had no formal musical education. His mental encyclopedia is the result of plain old "curiousity". This quest has lead him to favorites like Woody Guthrie, Bob Dylan, The Dwarves, Ramones, Fear, Hendrix, and old DEVO.

Although he isn't a music scholar, he did earn a degree in sociology, though he has never used it. He currently rakes in the bacon doing construction but has spent previous years as a mover, cab driver, carpenter, house painter, school bus driver...in his words, "A lot of grunt work."



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